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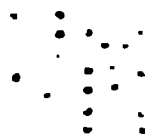
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By FOUR VISITING JUSTICES. 1862.
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THE public mind of England awakes periodically, and with a start, to a sense of the danger it incurs by the presence of a large criminal population in the very heart of the community, which is dealt with on no rational or consistent system, watched by no adequate police, and disposed of in no conclusive manner. We rave against the evil, we abuse our rulers, we insist upon a remedy being found, we listen eagerly to every quack and every philosopher, we discuss the subject passionately, illogically, and superficially; and we end by adopting some fresh plan which touches only a small fragment of the mischief and darns only a small rent in the tattered garment, and which is usually some ill-digested and unworkable compromise between old habits and new fancies. We then grow sick of the subject, ashamed of our panic, and stupidly satisfied with our mild aperient and our emollient plaister,—and go quietly to sleep again for another term of five or seven years. Meanwhile, however, there are two classes of men who never sleep: the criminals, who are always at work to invent new modes of preying on society and new dodges for evading justice; and the officials, who are always, after the fashion of their kind, and by a sort of ineradicable instinct, wriggling back into the old channels, and falling away into their normal inertness. There was such an awakening as we have described in 1853; there was another in 1857; there is another now. Let

us see whether this last cannot be made to yield some better and more lasting fruit than its predecessors.

That the evil is a very great one no one can doubt. It amounts to a positive insecurity of life and property which is disgraceful in the richest, most civilised, most complicated society on earth. At this moment, the number living by depredation and outrage, and known to belong to the criminal class, is estimated to reach in the United Kingdom to 130,000. In this year, 1863, a considerable portion of the respectable inhabitants of London are reduced to carry concealed weapons for their own defence; and this from no groundless apprehensions, but because they *may* any day be called upon to use them, and often *are*. We annually commit to, and liberate from, our county jails in England and Wales, at least 130,000 offenders, a very large proportion, if not the majority, of whom are habitual pilferers, burglars, or in other ways violators of the law, and recognised preyers upon the industrious and peaceful part of the community. Besides these, we turn loose every year, at the expiration of their sentence of penal servitude, or shortly before its expiration, 3000 convicts, nearly all of whom are professional, finished, hardened offenders, and all of whom, with scarcely any exceptions worth naming, have been confined for crimes in which ruffianism and dishonesty were combined. Of these 3000, at least 2500 on an average are liberated in this country, and almost invariably go back to their evil courses, more vicious, more skilful, more irreclaimable than ever. Many of them have been convicted several times, never dream of adopting an honest mode of life, and could not do so if they wished. In a word, we have among us an army—very active, very well trained, tolerably organized, very resolute, and in part very desperate—of internecine enemies and spoliators, as numerous as the troops of most European kingdoms, and more numerous than the military and police forces in our own country combined. This is the evil we have to deal with. It is an evil, in some degree and in some form, incidental to every large and populous community; but the form and degree depend entirely on our own management. We may reduce it to the minimum which human temptation to wrong and the imperfection of human powers of repression must always leave,—a minimum which would be seldom heard of and little felt, and which should be always tending to decrease. Or we may suffer it, as we are in a fair way to do now, to augment and intensify year by year till it reaches the maximum compatible with a comfortable existence and a secure civilisation. Now what we affirm is, that, for the height to which it has reached at the present moment, we have only ourselves to thank. For a long time back, in spite of ceaseless warning, and ignoring all the lessons of experience, physio-

logy, and common sense, we have done little to repress crime and much to encourage it. Our plans of dealing with it have been based upon no clear understanding and no settled principle; the changes we have introduced from time to time, have been either inconsistent *nibblings* or mutually destructive fluctuations; we have neither aimed at felling the tree, nor at cutting off the nourishment from its roots; we have simply pruned the branches, and contented ourselves with wondering that it should flourish still. We believe that all this is remediable still, though the mischief has assumed such vast dimensions; but that what is imperatively needed before we can hope to remedy it is, that we should boldly face all patent facts; that we should courageously accept all undeniable conclusions from those facts; that we should at once and for ever place sentiment under the control and supremacy of sense; that no inconvenience should drive us to do injustice to others; and that no expense should make us shrink from doing justice to ourselves.

Criminals, the moment we look at them closely and analytically, divide themselves into two distinct categories—the casual and the habitual. Many of the more trifling, and some of the most heinous offenders, belong to the former class. Temptation there will always be; and this will be liable to increase with the progress and complexity of civilisation, as long as some are poor and some are rich, and as long as the appliances of wealth are spread out in the sight of the struggling and needy. Defective moral natures there will always be—natures weak to resist and prone to fall; but these, it is to be hoped, will diminish as comfort and instruction penetrate among the masses. Passions will always exist among all ranks, and passions will occasionally burst through the restraints of morality and law. Boys will thief who are no worse than idle, neglected, and ill trained. Poor men, who are habitually respectable, will steal under circumstances of sudden and desperate necessity. Clerks will occasionally forge or rob to avert exposure, to meet debt, or to purchase vicious pleasures. Any man, in any rank, of violent or malignant temper and ill-disciplined mind, may, in a moment of provocation or of fury, be guilty of manslaughter; or, if he be thoroughly bad and licentious, may outrage a defenceless woman, or murder one whom he hates, or whose possession he desires. Crimes and criminals of this sort, however, are not those that embarrass our police, and perplex our rulers and philosophers; they do not constitute the social problem we have to solve. They are the casual outbreaks of human vice and passion, incidental to all stages and forms of civilisation, and incurable by any. But besides and independent of these cases, we have among us a large population, numbered by thousands and tens of thousands,

who *live by* outrage and depredation ; to whom crime is an employment and *profession* ; who are brought up to it ; who have no other teaching, no other vocation, no other resource ; to whom the respectable and industrious portion of society is the oyster they have to open ; who prey upon the community, and sometimes hate it also. They are simply the enemies of society ; and the protection of society against them constitutes precisely the difficulty which at this moment our thinkers have to master, and the duty which our rulers have to discharge.

Now we do not say that the obstacles and embarrassments with which the solution of the problem is surrounded are not actually great, because they are. But the problem itself is neither difficult nor obscure, as soon as we take pains to place before ourselves distinctly its precise nature and conditions. The thing to be done is simple enough ; the impediments in the way of doing it are nearly all of our own creation, arising partly out of ignorance or thoughtlessness, and partly out of wilfulness,—partly because we have not fully understood what we had to do, and partly because we have been unwilling to accept the consequences and incur the annoyance and expense of doing it. Divested of all complications, our task is *defend ourselves* against the criminal population, the professional criminals,—to guard society against their outrages and depredations in the most prompt, effectual, and enduring fashion we can devise. That is all : we have NOT to *punish* them ; and we shall only confuse our minds and perplex our action if we try to do so. It is the almost universal neglect of this vital distinction, more than any other error, which has led us into such grotesque and inconceivable blunders. *Individuals* may regard these offenders in any light which harmonizes with their several idiosyncracies. Some may look at them as objects of vengeance ; some as objects of compassion ; some as subjects of conversion ; some as patients to be cured ; some as unfortunate lunatics to be carefully and comfortably confined : and there may be much truth in all these different views, and they may be allowed to influence some of the *details* of the practical treatment of criminals in prison and on their discharge from prison. But *the State*, as we said, has only got to protect the community against them—to regard them as domestic foes, against whom self-defence is legitimate and necessary. The reason why it should not seek to *punish* them, in the strict and proper meaning of that word, is, that it has not the knowledge requisite for the just discharge of that function. It cannot possibly apportion the penalty it inflicts to the *guilt* of the offender, which apportionment constitutes the very essence of *punishment*. Neither the wisest judge, nor the most patient and enlightened jury, nor the most omniscient police officer, can do

more than form a plausible conjecture as to the *moral criminality* of any convict,—since this, it is obvious, must depend on the organization which he inherited, on the antecedents which have surrounded him from the cradle, on the degree of instruction he has received, on the special nature and *adaptation* of the temptation, on a multitude of circumstances which we neither can know, nor could estimate if we did. The State, too, is just as incompetent to estimate the severity of the infliction as the guilt of the offence. How is the legislator who awards, or the judge who pronounces, to ascertain the weight and bearing of any given sentence upon any individual culprit? The same penalty which to one man would be almost too lenient for a theft, may, to a differently organized and differently trained offender, be too severe almost for a murder. The educated convict, whose ungoverned passion led him to a heinous but a single crime, would be driven mad by the association and the *entourage* which the habitual and hardened ruffian would find congenial and even pleasant. Punishment which *retributes*, like vengeance which repays, can, by its very term, belong only to that higher Intelligence which can estimate aright both the debt to be repaid, and the intrinsic value of the coin in which repayment is awarded.

The thing to be done, then, being ascertained, the next point for consideration is how to do it. Now, society may protect itself against habitual criminals in three ways, separately or in combination. It may deal with him so as to *deter* him, to *reform* him, or to *get rid* of him. It may so arrange and contrive its penalties as to frighten him from bad courses, or to incapacitate him from recurring to them, or to persuade him to amend them. And, putting out of view the very few whom it will or can hang, it has to effect these objects by such secondary punishments as lie within its reach, as the public purse will pay for, and public conscience and feeling will allow the State to inflict.

I. *Detering Penalties*.—There are several reasons which prevent us from being very sanguine as to the effect of any *feasible* punishments which can be inflicted in our jails in deterring the habitual criminal from relapsing into crime—reasons which suggest themselves at once to the mind, and the soundness of which all experience confirms. In the first place, such men are not to be deterred by *chances*, unless, perhaps, the chances are very much against them, and the stake very serious indeed. If detection followed *invariably* upon crime, and followed speedily, and involved a much-dreaded infliction when it did come, then crime would be minimized at once, and the professional rogue or villain would cease to exist. It is the certainty, the promptitude, and the realizability of punishment that deter from crime.

Now, as we well know, our punishments are very uncertain, very slow, and almost never visible. It is estimated that an average thief may count upon six years' impunity. The chances against his being caught in each particular offence are very numerous. He seldom grows rich; he seldom escapes altogether; but he lives, sometimes luxuriously, for years, and he may always *calculate* on escaping this time and next time. He knows, moreover, that, even if he is detected and convicted, there is still another set of probabilities in his favour. He may have committed a number of very great crimes, and yet may be caught in a very small one; and then, unless previous convictions can be proved against him, he will be dealt with not as a regular, hardened, and heinous criminal, but merely as a casual and venial offender. Again, he may be captured and tried; but he has still other chances of safety, positive or comparative, in the lenience of the judge, in the folly or mercy of the jury, in the skill of his counsel, in the countless possibilities of legal irregularities or flaws in evidence. In fine, you cannot hold out in *terrorem* before the practised depredator or ruffian more than the *contingency* of a *remote* retribution.

In the second place, to these men crime, we must remember, is a calling, a profession, which it is very difficult for them to change, and the incidental disadvantages and risks of which they have long been accustomed to consider. The jail, the convict ship, the treadmill, the quarry-gang, are among the *unfavourable possibilities* of their profession, which have been familiar to them from infancy; and which no more make them recoil from that profession, than the chance of death, or wounds, or a foreign prison, makes the soldier desert or shrink from his more honourable calling. They are things to be avoided with sedulous caution, but are neither dreadful enough, nor certain enough, nor near enough, nor *realized* enough, to prevent them from embracing that career, or pursuing it with activity and daring. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the probability of penal servitude or lengthened imprisonment, to the habitual thief, is as great as that of violent death or mutilation to the coal-miner, or of an early grave by a painful malady to the Sheffield grinder; yet we know that neither of these two latter prospects are sufficient to outweigh the attractions of large earnings and an early independence. Why, then, should we hope to alarm the malefactor by a slighter chance of a slighter suffering?

Something in the way of determent might, however, be effected by our secondary punishments, if only they were severe enough and visible enough. If they were seen and known, as hanging, public flogging, and working in chains were in former times, they might frighten away the young from the threshold of a profession

that included such inflictions even among its chances. Many, not yet trained, not yet hardened, not yet seeing all other means of living closed to them, would shrink from the possibility of being flogged or hanged, who think little of the probability of a clean cell, and a comfortable diet, and moderate exercise under the name of labour. Many villains, again, who bring up their children without remorse to one set of chances, would not be unfeeling or unaffectionate enough to expose them deliberately to the other. Finally, if penal servitude were really a wretched position; if it involved inflictions that were really *penal*, and positively dreaded; if it at all resembled, for example, the life of a galley-slave in France (which some have been known to commit suicide to escape from, or to avoid being re-consigned to); if, in a word, it was made so bad—as doubtless it might be—that no man who had once encountered it would wittingly or lightly risk it again, there can be little doubt that we should have far fewer re-committals than at present. The convict, when he came out of jail, instead of relapsing immediately into his old habits, as he now almost invariably does, would, while the recollection of his misery was fresh upon him, make fresh efforts to escape from his evil courses, and would at least second with earnestness the efforts that others made to put him in an honest way of life. Therefore, while we may not be too sanguine as to our power of frightening away hardened criminals from crime, we may be quite sure that we have been both foolish, and clumsy, and wrong, if even our severer sentences have no terrors for the evil-doer, but are accepted by him as coolly as the announcement that he had drawn a blank in a lottery would be by a gambler, or that he had to pay forfeit would be to a better and a blackleg. Now, it is notorious that a sentence of penal servitude (as carried out in England at least) *has* no terrors for the convict; and a few explanations as to the meaning and practical execution of that sentence will make us understand why this is so.

The sentence is carried out according to Sir Joshua Jebb's notions, and all his plans are based on, or pervaded by, the idea that convicts are to be *persuaded* and induced into good behaviour while in prison, and abandonment of vicious courses when they leave it, by rewards rather than by punishment. They are made comfortable if they conduct themselves with decency, and are made more and more comfortable, by a regulated scale of increased indulgences, as time goes on, unless they do something to forfeit this amended treatment. They are first confined from seven to nine months in a separate cell at Pentonville or Millbank,—a cell which, though certainly confined and deprived of every luxury, is as comfortable as cleanliness and good air can

make it;—and we admit at once that it would not really be feasible to make it otherwise. Their confinement is nominally *solitary*: that is, they have no communication either with their fellow-prisoners or with the outside world; but they are visited daily, or almost daily, by the chaplain, the warder, the school-master, the instructing tradesman, and often by the governor. They attend prayers, and often attend school. They are saved from the tedium of idleness by having work provided for them. It is a period of seclusion, and as such, is often felt by them as very irksome; but much of the painful monotony and solitude of it is broken by the various devices and visits we have named. Still, it is the only part of their sentence which *approaches* even to the character of a severe infliction, and it lasts only from about a tenth to a fifth of their total term. During this period they are fed upon wholesome, well-cooked, and varied food in great abundance—in an abundance and of a quality which no veteran soldier, no innocent pauper, no hard-working labourer can command,—such as even themselves, in their periods of liberty and crime, do not *habitually* enjoy or expect. They have meat nearly every day; they have cocoa; they have excellent bread and vegetables. Now, when we bear in mind what sensualists nearly all criminals are,—how their god is their belly, and their body the only thing they care for,—we must feel at once that good lodging, good food, and plenty of sleep, constitute elements of their condition which must go far, both in their anticipation and their recollection, to counterbalance the few painful features in their jail life—or rather its only painful features, namely, loss of liberty, and enforced abstinence from women, spirits, and tobacco. It is said that the physical and nervous effect of separate confinement is so depressing to the system, that very nutritious food, in ample quantities, is found indispensable to counteract this influence. We believe the allegation to be perfectly true: it is in full accordance with a well-known physiological law; though, considering that the Irish convict dietary is considerably lower than the English, it may be questioned whether this consideration has not been carried somewhat too far. But the necessity for a generous diet does not at all affect the argument which we are now enforcing—viz., that the fact of such diet being one of the known and recognised concomitants of prison life, prevents that life from being looked upon with dread, or with any very vivid dislike, by the regular and professional offender.

When the convict passes from the first to the second stage of penal discipline, and begins to work in gangs at Portland, at Portsmouth, or at Dartmoor, the period of anything that can be called *punishment* (beyond the mere deprivation of freedom) is virtually over; unless, indeed, he should bring chastisement or

restriction on himself by gratuitous turbulence or disobedience. The hours of work are short; the work is discontinued in wet weather; the amount of work done is trifling in the extreme—indeed, a mere gentle and intermittent exercise, by which no man could earn a decent subsistence. Mr Coode, engineer to the Admiralty, estimates the work performed by one free labourer at Portland as equal to that of *two and a-half or three* convicts. The food allowed during this stage is ample and progressively appetizing: meat is habitual, beer frequent, pudding and tea (if wished for) procurable by mere negative good behaviour; considerable gratuities are earned; and though tobacco is not formally permitted, yet it is in evidence that the convicts find little difficulty in procuring it from, or by the means of, the free workers employed in the skilled labour needed on the island. Intercourse and conversation is allowed between the convicts when at work and at exercise, and indeed could not well be prevented; and permission to *see their friends*—*i.e.*, their old associates and accomplices—is one of the special rewards conceded (with increasing liberality as time goes on) to all convicts who are guilty of no prison offences,—*i.e.*, who have the ordinary discretion to be neither turbulent, fractious, nor disobedient. We need scarcely comment on the extreme want of judgment displayed (as it seems to us) in all these arrangements. We only wish here to point out, that, if we except the bare fact of detention, there is literally nothing in the whole discipline to which the convict is subject *that deserves the name of punishment*, or can be expected to exercise any deterrent influence whatever. He is better fed, better housed, better clothed than when at liberty; his health is more cared for; his physical comfort in most points more secured; no work is exacted from him that bears a comparison in severity or amount with that which every honest peasant or artisan must undergo; he is only partially and for a time secluded from his habitual and mischievous society; and he is subjected to no suffering, except for fresh offences while in jail.

We need not be surprised, therefore, at the now proved and published consequences, as shown by 'the Visiting Justices,' in contradiction to Sir Joshua Jebb's utterly untrustworthy statistics. Penal servitude, as actually carried out, contains nothing to deter convicts, and, as a fact, does not deter them. It appears nearly certain that *one-half* of those discharged, on ticket-of-leave or at the expiration of their sentences, from Government prisons, are re-convicted; and it is shown that sixty-two per cent. of these *recidives* (as the French term them) are sent back *within a year* after their liberation.

Now we know all that may be said, and that is so confidently urged, to prove that mere imprisonment *cannot* be made

deterrent; that convict cells must be kept clean and well ventilated, and that cleanliness and good air involve and imply a great amount of comfort; that men in confinement, and especially in separate confinement, require much more nutritive food than men at large, and that both health and intellect break down if it be withheld; that the cooking in a vast establishment like Pentonville or Chatham, *must* of necessity be better than that of a labourer's cottage, and that good cooking inevitably makes food appetizing; that it is next to impossible to exact severe labour from unwilling and unrewarded labourers, except by such perpetual corporal inflictions as public opinion will not tolerate; and that, in order to induce criminals to merely negative good conduct (*i.e.*, simple manageability) in prison, you must hold out to them the inducement of various small mitigations and indulgences. We admit that there is a large and undeniable element of truth in all these representations. We regret deeply that the lash, as applied for the more heinous offences in the army and the navy, is not made a portion of the sentence of all offenders, whether old or young, who are convicted of crimes of violence or brutality, or exceptional atrocity of any kind. We are satisfied that the cat would do more to deter ruffians from their worst crimes than ten or twenty years of penal servitude; that it could by no possibility do them any harm; that it would be peculiarly appropriate to their case; that if every garotter or violator were flogged (as desperately bad soldiers are flogged), those descriptions of crime would become rare in the extreme. But, apart from this suggestion, for the adoption of which public opinion may or may not be prepared, we have ample proof that penal servitude might be made far more painful, more dreaded, and more deterrent than it is under Sir Joshua Jebb, because it has been made more so in Ireland. The *separate* stage is made more severe by a much lower diet during the earlier portion (a diet from which meat is excluded), and the withholding of any occupation except the most tedious and disgusting. The food supplied throughout the whole period of the sentence is decidedly inferior to that in England; and the lodging, in the intermediary prisons especially, involves little beyond shelter. The labour, too, is more arduous and better enforced; but, as we shall see presently, this labour is not to be reckoned among the *inflictions* of the system. That labour might, however, be made to constitute a very significant and effective portion of a deterring punishment, the annals of ordinary prisons fully testify. Imprisonment with hard labour in a bridewell or penitentiary used to be regarded as one of the severest of secondary punishments, and was felt to be so by its victim; for the labour was the treadmill or the crank, and was exacted to the utmost limit that the

prisoner's strength would bear. The reason for the partial or total abandonment of this system was, not that it was ineffective and contained no terrors for the evil-doer, but the very reverse. Novelists and philanthropists cried out against it as *too* terrible and *too* hard. Even now—we were assured the other day by a judge of great experience, and who has had much intercourse with convicts, not only from the bench, but in the cell—habitual criminals dread a sentence of two years' imprisonment in most county jails more than one of five years' penal servitude; partly because the latter involves variety and change, which the former does not; partly also because the work in the former case is more severe, distasteful, and monotonous than in the latter.

II. It is not, however, in its *detering* so much as in its *re-forming* operation, that the Irish system has proved so immeasurably superior to the English, and has shown how effective for its purpose penal servitude may be made in the hands of a judicious and conscientiously laborious officer like Sir Walter Crofton. We admit at once that the *ultimate purpose* and definite *aim* of prison discipline, or of any scheme of punishment, must not be to reform the criminal. His reformation may be an incidental and most felicitous consequence of the treatment he receives and the sentence he undergoes. It may be, also, and often is, and might be generally, the most efficacious *mode* by which society is protected against his future depredations and hostility. But it is not the end itself—only a means by which the end sought is to be obtained. That end, as we have already seen, is simply and solely the defence of the community against an internal foe. Our object is, having once got possession of a criminal, so to deal with him while in our hands, that, on his liberation, he shall be neither desirous, nor capable, nor under the necessity, of resuming his vicious and lawless courses. The object of the process, as pursued in Ireland, is to extinguish the criminal desire, to obliterate the criminal habit, and to remove the criminal associations; to render an honest life attractive and possible to the *expiree*; to turn him forth with an appetite for labour, and with labour, and therefore maintenance, provided for him. The English system can scarcely be said to make any attempt at these objects, except by making labour too easy to be very distasteful, and by handing over to the liberated convict, as he leaves the prison door, a gratuity so considerable, that *want* at least need not drive him back at once to crime. No attempt is made, either by a sound general system or by careful action on individual character, to render steady labour attractive, to create habits of voluntary and real industry, or to teach and enforce work by which the prisoner who has undergone his sentence may

thenceforth earn an adequate subsistence. No attempt, or none worthy of the name, is made to start him, on his liberation, in an honest livelihood, or in regular employment. His railway fare is usually paid to the place from which he came, or to his native town, or he is sent back to his *friends*—probably the very worst people to whom he could be sent. Often these friends, it is said, are waiting for him at the prison door. Finally—and this is the worst and wickedest feature of the whole—no attempt is made to *prepare* him for freedom, or to test his fitness for it, and the probability of his using it well. He is at once allowed to step from a condition of absolute control to one of absolute emancipation. For five years, or for ten, all his acts are ordered for him, and all his wants supplied to him; he has to eat, to wake, to sleep, to work, to go to school, at the word of command; he has no liberty of action, no self-responsibility whatever. At the expiration of this period, suddenly, without the slightest gradation, he is turned out into the world, his own master, with money in his pocket, with power to go anywhere or to do anything he likes, with all his appetites to regulate, all his passions to command, all his temptations to resist, with every inducement to self-indulgence before him, and with nothing behind him but a prison which contained no serious terrors, and implanted no virtuous resolutions. Is it too much to say that *nothing* has been done here to eradicate the vicious will or to impair the vicious habit? Could any plan be devised more calculated to *ensure* his return to crime and to punishment?

The system pursued in Ireland is the reverse of all this. Knowing that, as a rule, all convicts would have to be discharged at home, the directors set themselves diligently to work to devise some plan by which such discharge might be effected with tolerable safety to the community. It is in evidence that they had a particular bad lot of ruffians to act upon, and that for nine years none have gone to Western Australia; so they had few advantages to facilitate their operations. Their first step was to render the convicts assistants and accomplices, as it were, in the change of character and habits that it was sought to work upon them. In the first half of the stage of separate cellular confinement, the diet is very moderate, and no work except the most tedious is allowed. After four months of this treatment, the prisoners are found desirous of real occupation,—some trade or toil by which they can beguile their *ennui*, and earn some marks which will be carried to their credit. They thus learn to associate the idea of work with pleasure. It is no longer penal—it is a means and a step towards their ultimate emancipation. It is then explained to them that everything in future depends upon themselves—their advancement to progressive stages, the gradual re-

laxation of their bonds, and the curtailment of their period of detention—in a word, that both their comfort in prison, and their earlier liberation from it, will be determined by their *conduct*; but that this conduct must be not merely marked, as on the English plan, by abstinence from turbulence and fractiousness, by mere *negative* good behaviour, but by *absolute* exertion, industry, and improvement. Each convict must attain a certain number of marks before he can be promoted from one class to another; and these marks are assigned (1) for regularity and orderly demeanour, (2) attention and diligence in school, (3) for industry at work. Any ill conduct forfeits marks, and relegates the offender into one of the inferior classes. The prisoners are very anxious about these marks, and very jealous of a forfeiture of them; and a hearty co-operation with the authorities is secured by the conviction which is speedily engrained in all their minds, that in everything they do, and learn, and forbear, they are in reality working *for themselves*.

But perhaps the most peculiar and essential portion of the Irish system is to be found in the Intermediate Prisons. After the first stage, that of separate confinement, is passed, the convicts are set to work—if labourers, at Spike Island; if artisans, at Philipstown. Here they work for the most part in association, but under strict vigilance, night and day. As their period for liberation approaches, they are (if their previous conduct have deserved it) removed to the intermediate prisons at Lusk or Smithfield. The account given of these establishments by the ‘Four Visiting Justices,’ is interesting in the highest degree. At Lusk, which is merely a waste common, enclosed and brought into cultivation by convict labour, there are scarcely any of the appliances of a prison. There are no walls; there are no soldiers; there are no policemen; there are warders, indeed, who superintend and join in the work of the convicts, but would be quite inadequate either to restrain or resist them if inclined for mischief. The diet is only moderate, and the lodging the very reverse of luxurious. Escape would be easy, but escape is never attempted. Misconduct would be natural, but misconduct is very rare; and the punishment for it consists in being sent back to the ordinary prison. The work allotted must be done, and the prescribed rules rigidly adhered to—that is all. Sixpence a-week is allowed to the men to spend as they please; and many of them spend it in bread. The explanation of this extraordinary good conduct in originally bad subjects is twofold: they know that escape would be followed by recapture, and a fresh sentence, or the addition of a considerable term to their old one; while there is no severity of treatment which should drive them to so foolish and losing a game. The men sent there, too, have *earned* the

privilege of this comparative freedom; they have struggled up through the preparatory stages, in any one of which failure or ill-desert, as shown by the marks, would have detained them; they have already *proved* their fitness for a larger degree of responsibility and self-management, by the way in which they have exerted and restrained themselves previously. They have, again, no motive to misconduct themselves, or to abuse their *quasi*-freedom, since the first step in that direction would make all the fetters of ordinary prison life close round them once more. In this manner they are prepared for freedom, and their state of preparation tested. By their mode of acting when *almost* at liberty, we can judge how they will act when altogether liberated. They *can* go wrong if they please, just as they can after the expiration of their sentence: it is a proof of good sense and self-control if they do not; and this good sense and self-control will stand them in the same stead when they are suffered finally to mix with the community at large.

At the intermediate prison of Smithfield, their reformation and desire to do well and honestly are still more curiously and courageously tested. Smithfield is in the heart of Dublin, and,

‘Being a prison, does not afford the same apparent liberty as Lusk. But the test of character supplied by the latter is made up, in the former, by its position in the midst of the temptations of a great city, from which the prisoners are not wholly secluded. The work at Smithfield being all of a kind that can be measured, the prisoner’s gratuity is made to depend on the work done by him, in such proportion as to be about 2s. 6d. a-week,—a little exceeding, or falling short of, that amount, according to his industry and skill. Of this he is allowed to retain in his own possession sixpence a-week, which he may save, or expend, as he pleases, in anything but spirituous liquors. This affords an opportunity for the exercising real self-denial of present gratification by saving for the future, or an indication of character by the mode in which he spends it.

‘A still severer test is this:—A prisoner taken in roster from those whose terms of detention are drawing to a close, is placed on messengers’ duty daily; he is then permitted to make purchases of articles of dress, diet, etc., for the other prisoners. It was considered advisable to prove whether or not the confidence of prisoners in each other was equal to that entertained by the authorities. As the prisoner has frequently fifteen or twenty shillings at his disposal, the test is considered valuable. The ordinary temptations of the world, in the shape of public-houses, etc., of course constantly present themselves to the messengers; and, strange to say, only one case has arisen of a man having been drinking. In this case, though his duty was accurately performed, the breach of rule was immediately punished, and the culprit forthwith removed to an ordinary prison.

‘This was after twenty months’ trial. Two years later, the super-

intendent of Smithfield writes :—" With reference to the conduct of the prisoners both here and at Lusk, only eight breaches of discipline took place during the year, some of them being of a trifling nature ; yet, for example's sake, those men were remanded to an ordinary prison to undergo a longer probation. The messengers continue to give the fullest satisfaction ; and in only one instance did any of them swerve from his duty, and that was by attempting to bring a prohibited article into the prison. It is, indeed, a wonderful thing to think of those prisoners walking daily through the public streets of Dublin, and never yielding to any temptation, never idling or outstaying their time, but delivering their messages with perfect correctness, and then returning to their prison with a punctuality which is most creditable to them, and truly surprising, when one thinks that these walks are the first they had taken with freedom—in fact, at liberty—for years. The prisoners continue to receive sixpence a-week out of their earnings, and I find they evince every desire to spend it to advantage ; for instance, in the purchase of clothing which will be useful to them on their discharge. These purchases, as usual, continue to be made by the messenger on duty ; and *I have never seen an instance where such trust was betrayed*, but, on the contrary, every one of them is anxious to assist to lay out to the best advantage ; neither *has there been any instance of a dispute between them on the subject.*"

'It is hardly to be denied, that a character thus tested, and, standing the test, thus strengthened, as it must be, by exercise, is as different a thing from our English "prison character," as that of the soldier who has been under fire, from that of the raw recruit.'

It remains to be seen what is done with and for the Irish convict, who, after having passed through these reformatory testing stages on his way to freedom, is at length liberated on ticket-of-leave, or unconditionally on the expiration of his sentence. It is to be remembered that, by training in the preparatory stages, he has been taught to associate labour with progressive relaxation and with ultimate freedom, and therefore to seek it, and to like it ; and, further, that the effect of this treatment on his character, in forming habits of steadiness and self-restraint, has been tested in the intermediate prison. He can, in consequence, be liberated with some degree of confidence, and can be *recommended for employment* hopefully and conscientiously. Employers of labour know that a ticket-of-leave from Lusk and Smithfield is in reality and honestly a certificate of character ; they know that it is not granted either carelessly or with levity, but that it truly means what it implies. Many are therefore willing to try the liberated convict on the recommendation of the directors, who take great pains to find him a good and willing master ; and as there has scarcely occurred an instance of these men behaving with either violence or dishonesty in their new places, those who have tried some are willing to take more, and

the public generally have acquired confidence in the class. The masters, in many cases, have assured the directors that the licensed men are, as a rule, better conducted and more reliable than the average of ordinary labourers. The *employers* are always made acquainted with the antecedents of those they receive; but the secret is carefully kept from others. But a second and most efficacious precaution is adopted in Ireland: the ticket-of-leave man is required to report himself to the constabulary station of the district in which he is employed, or to which he may remove, on the first of every month; failing which, or in case of any idleness or irregularity of life, his licence is at once revoked.¹ At first the men do not like this restriction at all, and remonstrate against it earnestly; but it is found to operate most advantageously. It shows them that the eye of justice is still upon them; it compels the continuance of caution and self-control; and in no instance, we believe, has it been found to act as any impediment to them in finding honest occupation. Indeed, in several cases they admit that the constabulary have assisted them to find places.

But this is not all. It is felt that a new scene and a new world must always offer to men of these unfortunate antecedents better prospects, and an easier course of fidelity and self-redemption, than a country where they may be recognised, and where, at all events, they are liable to meet with old associates and old temptations. Emigration is therefore recommended to the expirer as urgently as possible, and *facilitated*, though not *assisted*. While still in the intermediate prisons, he is made acquainted, by means of lectures and books, with the advantages of the various colonies and foreign lands, with the wages of labour prevalent in each, and the sort of labour most in demand, as well as with the cost of a passage thither. He is thus made to feel that his chances elsewhere would be greater than at home, and, in a great number of cases, is thus induced to emigrate; but nothing whatever is done either to urge or to assist him to go, beyond placing him, if he desire it, in communication with the emigration-agent at Liverpool, and paying him the gratuity which he has earned,—a gratuity which, in the case of the Irish convict, is usually only one-half that given to the English one.² To our amazement, we find, from the Report on the Chatham Mutineers, that some of these convicts (and some of the worst among them) would have been entitled, on their liberation, to sums varying from L.27 to L.33 each.

¹ A portion of the gratuity to which he is entitled, moreover, is withheld, and is only ultimately granted to him on a certificate of his good conduct furnished by the police inspector.

² We find that about 25 per cent. of the men discharged have emigrated, and, as far as they can be traced, are doing well.

We may now sum up, in a few words, the net results of the system pursued in England and in Ireland; and we shall do so mainly from the well-sifted facts and figures given by the 'Four Visiting Justices,' whose account every one desirous of mastering the subject should read and digest. The results show two things very clearly and beyond dispute: *first*, What may be done, and has been done, by a sound system; and, *secondly*, How wilfully and obstinately we have, in England, persisted in *not* doing it. They fully bear out the assertion we made at the beginning of this paper—that our difficulties and our dangers are all of our own creation and our own perpetuation. They are not inherent, but artificial, and laboriously and ingeniously superinduced.

1. We have seen that, if facts were duly registered and statistics conscientiously and fully drawn up, at least 50 per cent. of the convicts discharged unconditionally or on license from English prisons, are sooner or later re-convicted, to say nothing of those who, though unconvicted, are believed to have returned to a life of crime; and that of this number, from 60 to 70 per cent. relapse within one year of their liberation. So often and so speedily do many of them relapse, that Baron Bramwell declared from the bench (and ascertained and published cases fully bear him out), that he has had instances of criminals brought before him with '*three sentences overlapping each other*,'—*i.e.*, who had been convicted, liberated on license, re-convicted and again liberated, and a third time re-convicted, before the period of their original sentence had expired. How any official, or any Home Secretary, under whose reign such a shameful proceeding occurred, or was possible, could retain his post, we are unable to conceive.

In Ireland, out of 1800 men discharged on license, only 75, or *four* per cent., have been re-convicted; and out of a total of 4643 convicts discharged since the establishment of intermediate prisons, only 460, or *ten* per cent., have returned to jail, either by revoked licenses or re-convictions.

2. In England, in 1854, there were in Government prisons (independent of considerable numbers at Bermuda and Gibraltar), 7916 convicts in all. In 1861, there were about the same number, 7794, although during this period there had been drafted off out of the country, 1566 to Bermuda, 1306 to Gibraltar, and 3307 to Western Australia,—in all, 6179, all of whom may be considered as being, and ought to have been, permanently disposed of. That is to say, England, notwithstanding the aid afforded her by her colonial and military penal settlements and outlets, *has not been able to reduce her convict population*, but has her jails as full as ever.

In Ireland (independent of several hundreds in Bermuda and Gibraltar), in 1854, there were 4278 convicts on the hands of the Government. In 1861 (there being only 30 left at Bermuda and elsewhere) the number was reduced to 1492, or *one-third*,—though, in the interim, not a single one had been sent to Western Australia, and only 650 to Gibraltar and Bermuda. That is, without extraneous aid, the Irish convict population has been reduced by two-thirds, and several of the jails shut up.

3. The *preventive* or deterring effects of the system pursued may be measured by the fact, that the yearly number who become convicts—*i.e.*, who are sentenced to various terms of penal servitude—fell off, in Ireland, from 710 in 1854, to 331 in 1860,—a decrease of 53 per cent. ; while in England, for the same period, the diminution was only from 2418 to 2219, or 8 per cent. The *minor* sentences passed at sessions and assizes since 1856 (at which time the Summary Jurisdiction Act introduced a change of system which renders it impossible to carry our comparison further back), have diminished, in Ireland, from 3630 to 2675, or 26 per cent., and in England, from 12,234 to 9780, or 20 per cent.

4. The expense to the country fully confirms the above results. Not only do Irish convicts cost L.25 per head a-year, while the English cost L.32 (no deduction being made in either case for the fancied value of their labour) ; but while the Parliamentary vote for the Irish convict establishment at home is L.50,000 less than it was six years ago, that for the English establishment is L.77,000 more.

Let us now, by the light of the facts we have detailed above, and a few others which we shall lay before our readers as we go along, lay down some of the principal conclusions as to the mode in which our criminals ought to be dealt with, which flow logically from what has been proved, and as to the general soundness of which (apart from mere details of management) there can now, we apprehend, be little difference of opinion among those who have attended to the subject.

The *first* clearly is, that prison life must be made more unpleasant than it is to those who are sentenced to it. It is meant as a punishment, and must be made such in reality. It must be made such, that those who have once experienced it will shrink earnestly from undergoing it again. The convict jail must be looked upon as a place of terror, not as a refuge or a comfortable and fattening though restricted home. The diet must be reduced and *altered*. We are aware that it cannot be made bad. We are aware that it must not be made scanty. We know well that it would be practically impossible to reduce it to the ordinary

level of the honest labourer,—scarcely to that of the parish pauper. It has been proved that, if *permanently* kept low, the prisoner loses not only health, but possibly reason and life. His brain, while in confinement, soon loses its physical activity, unless stimulated by good food. But the Irish experiment has clearly shown, that *for a while*—a couple of months at first, and occasionally afterwards—a low diet does no harm, yet is severely felt by men devoted to sensual gratifications. Moreover, it is found very serviceable, especially when combined with light labour, in taming the animal propensities, and rendering prisoners both manageable and impressible. It should, therefore, be resorted to as frequently, and continued as long, as the medical officer pronounces can be done with safety; and should be more freely used than at present as a punishment for prison offences. The labour, too, must be made more severe and real. A certain measurable amount should be exacted; failing which, scantier food, degradation to a lower class, such a forfeiture of marks as will entail a prolongation of imprisonment, and, if need be, the black hole, solitude, and the lash, should be resorted to. Severe labour *might* be exacted, if vigilance and physical force were adequate; and might be exacted easily, as in Ireland, if the co-operation of the convict were secured, as it is there, by making his comfort and his term of servitude notoriously and inexorably dependent, not on mere abstinence from disorder (according to our wretched system at Portland and Chatham), but on zealous and steady industry. The reasons which are urged in favour of a generous diet while in the separate cell, are not valid when the convict lives out of doors, and works and associates with others. There is no ground *then* for feeding him more highly than the free labourer. It would be found, moreover, that really *hard* work would be of inestimable value in preventing outbreaks and restraining turbulence. The convicts are nearly all men in whom the animal predominates, and a great point is gained by *using up*, if not exhausting, day by day their physical energies. Any physiologist might have taught our authorities how necessary this is. Possibly the alarming mutiny at Chatham and at Perth, and the undesigned revelations of ‘Female Life in Prison,’ may serve to teach it now. Hitherto Sir Joshua Jebb’s plan has been to feed and *train* his men up to the highest point of animal vigour, to use that vigour as little as possible, by assigning to them a degree of work which is exercise only, and not toil—in fact, to keep them perpetually on the verge of the *explosive point* in the animal thermometer. Practically there need be no difficulty in finding work. Prisons might be made nearly self-supporting; and since moveable prisons were invented, all the rougher Government work ought to be, and might be, done by

convicts. We know, too, that in many of the best managed county jails the work exacted is made really hard and penal, and is the part of their sentence which the criminals most dread.

There has been some discussion lately on the propriety of reviving the punishment of the lash, as administered to the worst class of naval and military offenders, in the case of convicts confined for crimes in which great brutality and ruffianism have been shown, as for outrages on women, and robbery with savage violence on men. The matter is no doubt open to dispute. For ourselves, we cannot feel any hesitation in pronouncing in favour of corporal punishment, for three simple reasons: that it is the retribution specially appropriate for such offences; that it is the infliction most intelligible to, and most dreaded by, ruffianly natures, and therefore peculiarly calculated to deter both those who have once undergone it and those younger offenders who only hear of it; and that, if *kept for the proper set of criminals*, it can do no harm,—for it is simple nonsense to talk of its ‘brutalizing’ effects on villains whose hardened and remorseless brutality is proved by the very nature of their crime. How can a convict, who has been brute enough to violate or kick a woman, or to beat a prostrate man into insensibility, be made more of a brute by receiving fifty lashes? It is what a ruffian *does*, not what he endures, that brutalizes him.¹

Next to women, drink, and idleness, what the sensual natures of professional criminals most desire, is the society of their old associates and their fellow-criminals. What they most dread is pain, labour, and seclusion. It appears to us clear, that visits from guilty associates—indeed, from all so-called ‘friends’—ought to be sternly forbidden, unless in the most exceptional cases, and as a rare and hard-earned indulgence. There should not be, as is the case in England, certain fixed days set apart, on which all convicts who have reached a certain stage of their confinement are privileged to ‘receive.’ As to association while at work with their fellow-convicts, we are aware how difficult, perhaps how impossible, it would be to prevent this; but we are perfectly sure that, as a rule, the endeavour should be to seclude the prisoner as much as possible from all intercourse with those who have followed a similar course of crime with himself, and whose conversation can have no influence except to perfect him in villany, and to crush out any good seeds that solitude, the schoolmaster, and the chaplain, may have succeeded in sowing in his breast.

¹ It cannot fail to be remembered how frequent were attempts, real or pretended, on the life of the Queen, by men of vicious or ill-regulated tempers, till an Act was passed subjecting all future offenders to a flogging. *Not a single offence of the sort has been heard of since.*

There can be no doubt as to the second principle,—viz., what ought to guide us in our treatment of confirmed and professional criminals,—though there may be very considerable doubt as to the extent to which, in the present unenlightened state of the public mind upon the subject, it will be possible to carry it out. Liberation, whether final or on license, should be *made conditional on proved fitness for liberation*. Common sense dictates that those only should be turned loose upon the community, who can be turned loose with safety to the community. Any other system at once negatives, stultifies, and foregoes that very object which we have seen to constitute the definite aim and the sole justification of all punishment, viz., social self-defence. The State is bound to protect society from the depredations of incorrigible depredators—from the enmity of inveterate foes. When it has once got hold of a convict known to live by crime, proved by previous convictions and recorded character to belong to the class who habitually, professionally, for profit and as a craft, prey upon and outrage the peaceful and honest community, it is obviously guilty not only of a foolish solecism, but of a gross dereliction of duty, if it let him go till it is satisfied that in some way or other—either by terror, or reformation, or altered habits and circumstances—it has removed him from this class. The law does not condemn a dangerous lunatic to be confined for three years, or for five years, or for ten, *but till he is cured*. Why should we adopt any other principle in dealing with habitual and regular criminals, who, as far as their relations to society are concerned, are precisely in the same category? Such is the plain principle we ought to follow; let us now see how far we can expect practically to be allowed to carry it out.

And, first, as to ‘ticket-of-leave’ men. Notwithstanding the recent outcry against the system of licenses, by which a well-conducted convict is permitted to be discharged from jail before the full term of his sentence has expired, we maintain that the *principle* of the system is at once sound and indispensable. As regards Sir Joshua Jebb’s practice in distributing these licenses, and the Home Secretary’s conduct in endorsing them, the public indignation was perfectly just and well-merited. Nothing could well be conceived more flagrantly absurd or more deeply culpable. They have been habitually, and as an invariable rule, given to men as to whom not the slightest doubt existed, or was even pretended, in the minds of the authorities, that (miracle apart) they would go back to crime and dishonesty on the earliest occasion. That is, the known enemies of society were systematically turned loose upon society, some months before there was any necessity of doing so. But, as regards the ticket-of-leave men, as distinguished from other discharged convicts who

had served their full time, the public alarm and outcry was inconsequent and unwarranted. It is not only, nor specially, the convicts who are out *on license*, but nearly all the convicts who are out *at all*, that resort to crimes of violence, and constitute our recent accession of garotters and burglars. A ticket-of-leave man is only a rascal who is let loose in April instead of October,—or in 1861 instead of 1862. If the licensing system were abolished to-morrow, the same number of convicts would be let loose in the end in each year, and would be let loose just as vicious, just as hardened, just as uncured, and yet more vindictive. All that we should gain would be, that our houses would now be broken into, and ourselves garotted, by the villains who were incarcerated in 1856, instead of by the set who were incarcerated in 1857. We have, therefore, no wish to abolish the license system. Indeed, we hold it to be all but indispensable, both as a means of securing the docility of the convict while in jail (a most difficult and important point), and as an instrument in that reformation to which (so long as we will neither hang him, nor flog him, nor imprison him for life) society must mainly trust for its future security. It has everywhere been found, that the prospect of being able to abridge his term of durance by abstinence from disorder or by active exertion, is, of all influences which can be brought to bear for good upon the convict's mind, incomparably the strongest. How powerful an instrument it may become, has been shown in Ireland. What, however, the public have a right to insist upon, and what the Government will be simply insane if they do not enact without waiting for coercion from without, is, that the English mode of administering the license system shall forthwith be assimilated to the Irish: that is, that *positive* and not mere *negative* good conduct shall be required; that no man shall be liberated one day before his full term shall have expired, who has only abstained from what is prohibited, and has not also done what is desired; who has not *earned and worked out* the curtailment of his sentence; who has not shown earnest and regular industry in the earlier stages, and who has not survived the test of steadiness and self-control to which he is submitted in the intermediate prisons;—in a word, that no one shall be released on license till he has *proved* his fitness for such release, and has proved it not to the chaplain but to the warder and the overseer; not by words but by deeds; not by promises and prayers, which might be mere hypocrisy, nor by quiet and docility, which might be mere crafty sense, but by persistent and active exertions and forbearance—by real co-operation in his own amendment. 'Prison characters,' as we all know now, are worth absolutely nothing. Every man with the least experience will assure us that the most incorrigible, habitual,

and desperate offenders are, as a rule, the best conducted men in prison: they are too shrewd and too well acquainted with the penal servitude system to be otherwise. In the case of the Chatham outbreak,—one of the most violent and formidable with which we have ever had to contend, which had to be put down by a large military force, and to be punished with frightful severity,—out of 857 convicts who were implicated, 713 were men whose ‘prison character’ was recorded as ‘exemplary,’ ‘good,’ or ‘very good;’ the licenses of several of them were actually in the governor’s hands at the time of the mutiny, and others had already been recommended for discharge, and were entitled to large gratuities.

But we would go further than this. However ill a man behaves in prison (short of actual fresh crime, which he has scarcely the means of committing), however indolent and recalcitrant he may be, however obvious, in fine, it may be to the authorities that he is a hardened and irreclaimable scoundrel, who is certain, and who may even avow it, to resort to robbery and outrage as soon as he is free—still, as the law now stands, when his sentence has run out, when he has served his five years or his seven, he must be set at liberty, and recommence his course of enmity to, and depredations upon, society. We therefore propose to meet this anomalous absurdity by one material change in penal sentences (in addition to other regulations, to be hereafter adverted to). We would introduce *labour sentences* in place of fixed terms, in the case of all heinous crimes and all second convictions—wherever, in fact, we have reason to believe or know that we are dealing with habitual malefactors. There is not yet philosophy or comprehensiveness enough diffused among the British public to enable us to hope for an Act empowering the judges to sentence such men (as we should wish to do, and in consistency and prudence ought to do) to be ‘imprisoned and kept to hard labour *till they are cured*,’—i.e., till they have satisfied the jail authorities that they are cured. But we may do the next best thing, which in its practical operation would probably be much the same: we may empower and direct the judges to sentence men, not to be in penal servitude so long, but to earn in penal servitude so much. In place, for example, of condemning a garotter, who has been once or twice ‘up’ before, to five years’ penal servitude, we would have him sentenced to earn (say) L.200, by way of repayment and atonement to the public which he has robbed, and which has had to pay for his incarceration; and another L.50, to be paid to him (in certain *instalments*) after his release, by way of enabling him to start in an honest course of life, or to pay his passage-money to other shores. We would double or treble these sums for longer terms.

The rate of remuneration for labour, as well as the sort of labour allotted, to be, of course, at the discretion of the authorities—among which authorities, as discretion is implied and required, Sir Joshua Jebb must not be numbered. The result would be, that the convict—knowing that he *could* work himself out, and that he could get out in no other way; that the duration of his punishment, in fact, depended wholly on himself; that it would be long if he were idle and refractory, short (comparatively) if he were docile, strenuous, and steady,—would become as anxious to give good measure as the authorities now are to exact it from him; nay, far more anxious, and incomparably more successful. Prison discipline would at once become easy, punishments far fewer, exuberant diet less necessary, because the excitement and interest of labouring for self would supply its place; and the convict establishments would become at once self-supporting, and nearly self-controlling. No one who has watched the Irish experiment, and no one who has studied the past history of the ‘convict question,’ will be disposed to entertain much doubt on this head. But this would be by no means the whole—nor the best. It is in the nature of things in the highest degree improbable, not to use a stronger word, that men who had been working for five or six years *for themselves* to escape from irksome confinement and privation, and to regain their cherished liberty and indulgences, should not, in the course of this process, have acquired a taste for labour, as they would assuredly have formed habits of labour. Every spadeful of earth moved, every stroke of the pick, every yard of cloth wove, every tale of bricks made, would be associated in their minds with pleasure, not with pain—with the desired aim to which every exertion was bringing them nearer, instead of with a forced infliction, which was imposed upon them by and for others. Labour would cease to be distasteful, because it was a step towards freedom, and the only portal of escape open to them; and it is not unreasonable to expect that, in the majority of cases, industrious tastes and habits thus acquired would survive the compulsion (mainly moral, by the way) which gave them birth. And the lash and the black hole would seldom need to be resorted to, when every day of idleness and every act of insubordination entailed its own sure penalty, as certainly as every special act of energy or steady toil brought the day of emancipation nearer.

It is known to all who have investigated this subject with anything of a philosophic spirit, that besides the few regular criminals who can be deterred by the severity of the penalties awarded, and the comparatively many who can be reformed, in their habits at least, if not in their character, by a judicious system of prison discipline, there remains a considerable residue of evil-doers whom

no infliction can terrify, and whom no treatment can amend or humanize,—whose redemption from a career of crime and dishonesty is practically and notoriously hopeless,—who, from defective organization, or early mal-training, or the inveterate and engrained habits of a lifetime, may safely, and without any lack of charity, be pronounced incorrigible,—on whom all influences have been brought to bear in vain, and who return to jail again and again so certainly and so soon, that with them incarceration is the rule, and freedom the exception. What is to be done with these men? They are not always bad enough to be hanged; and virtually we have abandoned hanging for anything short of murder. Flogging, however cruel, would be thrown away upon them, for their nature is too inveterately criminal for any infliction to operate effectually upon it. They are not men to transport, because their return to vicious courses would be just as absolutely certain in the colonies as at home; and they are too thoroughly bad decently to be made a present of to any country. Clearly they *ought*, without scruple, to be imprisoned for life after the second or third conviction. Virtually they *are now* imprisoned for life, with short intervals of liberation, which are invariably and actively employed in adding to their already heavy catalogue of crimes. But as there is an irrational objection in the public mind to shutting a man up avowedly for life, nearly as strong as that which prevails against cutting him off from life altogether, the same object might be attained by the infliction, in these cases, of very heavy labour sentences—by condemning them to earn such large sums, or so many marks, as would almost certainly never be reached by ruffians who are usually incurably idle as well as incorrigibly vicious. Most assuredly, the one thing which we ought not to do—the one thing which the State cannot do without making itself *particeps criminis* in all those men's future offences—is to let them loose upon society on any terms, or after the lapse of any time.

It now remains to be considered, what is to be done with the convict when the day of his discharge arrives, when the term of his sentence is expired, or his good conduct has entitled him to conditional liberation,—when he has either undergone his awarded time, or earned his allotted sum. This is the most critical period of all. As matters are at present conducted in England, all the facilities and most of the inducements lie in the way of a relapse into crime; most of the obstacles are in the path of virtue. It is in every way far easier for a liberated convict to resume his old course than to commence a new one; and we have taken considerable pains—partly from bad judgment, partly from carelessness, partly from helplessness—to make it easier

still. On the one hand, the labour market being usually rather overstocked than the reverse, it is particularly difficult for a man who has seldom or never sought honest employment before, to begin to find it now; few masters will take him without knowing something of his character and antecedents; and, as things are now arranged, a prison character and prison antecedents are (in England at least) the very worst a man can have. Unless he be a man of unusual determination and unusual energy and resources, it is scarcely possible for him, *unaided*, to establish himself in any regular and paying industry; and when his prison gratuity is spent, he commonly finds himself with the only alternatives of starvation, mendicancy, the parish workhouse, or a life of theft. Who can wonder if he falls back on that which is at once the easiest and the most familiar? On the other hand, he comes out of prison naturally with a strong appetite for the ease and luxuries from which he has been debarred so long; and sensual indulgences almost necessarily lead him into bad company. Then he longs for companionship; and his old associates, even if they are not waiting to receive and *re-capture* him, are those whom he can most easily approach, and whom he best knows where to find. To them, therefore, he as a rule resorts, and in that case it is all over with his reformation. In plain truth, it is scarcely too much to say that the discharged convict must and will relapse, if left to himself and to his own resources,—unless, that is, we both assist him to go right, and watch against his going wrong.

The first thing, therefore, which is most especially necessary, is that he should *not be released from supervision*. At present, as we have seen, the men who are discharged on license in Ireland are never lost sight of by the police; they have to report themselves at head-quarters frequently and periodically; the life they are leading is well known and closely watched; and they *must* lead an industrious and reputable life, or go back to prison. We have described the admirable results of this system. In England, so far from being obliged to report themselves to the police, and being vigilantly though quietly looked after, the police have special orders to let them alone, to shut their eyes as far as they can to them; in fact, to treat them not only as men earnest in the pursuit of honesty, but strong and confirmed in its practice; and we have seen the result of this plan also. Sir Joshua Jebb defends this proceeding on the ground that, if they were kept under *surveillance*, they would never be able to get into work; that the fact of such surveillance would transpire, and betray their secret, and ensure their dismissal. The ticket-of-leave men have been said to complain bitterly that they are hunted by the police; and that, as soon as they had got employment, or

a good place, some officious peeler informed their master of their antecedents, and ensured their immediate dismissal. If this be true—and we have little doubt there is some truth in it—we can only say the police have been guilty of a great wrong, and must have had very inadequate or very injudicious instructions; for surely there is all the difference in the world between *supervision* and *delation*. In Ireland, as we have seen, the policeman is the friend of the really struggling and well-intentioned *licensee*; and the surveillance there exercised does not betray him to his fellow-workmen, and it is not needed to warn his master, who has already been informed of his antecedents. The duty of the police seems to us clear; and it might easily be made so intelligible by those who give them their instructions, that they scarcely could go wrong. They should *have their eye* upon every discharged convict: if he is in regular work, keeps good company, and abstains from suspicious haunts or proceedings, they should be absolutely silent and unrecognising. If, on the contrary, he consorts with thieves, or otherwise gives ground for believing that he is likely to relapse, and perhaps rob his employer, let the police warn *him* at once that they are watching him, and that, unless he alter his course, they will have to inform his master or remand him to prison. If instructions to this effect are issued and enforced, the ticket-of-leave man who is really endeavouring to do well, and recover his position, will have no ground for complaint, and his employer no ground for remonstrance; for the police, as a rule, are judicious and forbearing as well as intelligent. But, most assuredly, to relieve him at once from all surveillance, is to deprive him of the most effectual aid and motive to his new-born and halting virtue.

So much for ticket-of-leave or conditionally-liberated convicts. But we propose to extend the principle of police supervision much further, so as to include all who have been more than once convicted of theft or other crime, or against whom, after *one* conviction, proof can be brought that they are addicted to dishonest courses, and belong, in fact, to the class of habitual or professional malefactors. What we should propose with reference to such men is this: that, *as a part of their sentence*, they shall be awarded to remain for three years, or five, or ten, after their discharge, at the discretion of the judge, under the same conditions as the ticket-of-leave men are in Ireland—*i.e.*, that, unless they emigrate, they shall be required to present themselves before the inspectors of police at stated periods, and to satisfy them that they are leading respectable and industrious lives; failing which, their licenses shall be revoked, or rather their discharge shall be cancelled. The effect would be to place every known thief and every proved malefactor under the perpetual, or at least the pro-

longed, vigilance of the authorities ; and we should escape from the singular anomaly of our present system, under which many thousands (45,000, according to the last volume of 'Judicial Statistics') of malefactors are at large, living by crime, ever on the watch to commit crime, and perfectly well known to the police as such, and yet who, under the present law, cannot be interfered with unless taken *flagrante delicto*, and against whom the community are not, and cannot be, protected.¹ There is no injustice, and there would be no hardship, in such an enactment as we suggest : there would be none even if we were to add to it a decree that these regular depredators should be compelled to procure recognisances for their good behaviour, as a condition of being suffered to remain at large, or to be discharged at all. The English law, and common charity as well as common sense, presume every *ordinary* man to be innocent till he has been proved guilty, and regard every man as entitled to be at large till he has proveably forfeited this right ; but the presumption of sense is, that every relapsed convict and every known thief is guilty unless he can prove his innocence ; and this ought to be the presumption of the law likewise. A man who is known to be the enemy of society has forfeited his natural claim to be at large. In ordinary cases, the *onus probandi* is properly thrown upon the community which accuses : in the cases specified, the *onus probandi* would be justly thrown upon the offender who protests his purity. A man who has been twice or thrice in prison, or who, after previous convictions, gets a sentence of penal servitude, has no *primâ facie* claim whatever to be *supposed* to be leading an innocent or honest life, and it is simply impudence to advance any such claim. Society has a perfect right to say to him—and it is imbecile and suicidal if it does not say—' You have forfeited your privilege to rank among common citizens or honest men : you have twice at least sinned against society ; and society, after dealing with you, has forgiven you, and you have returned again to your malefactions : henceforth, for at least such or such a term of years, it cannot trust you, and its officers shall not lose sight of you. We will not, for your pleasure, have to do our work over and over again : for the period specified, therefore, *your liberty is only provisional* : you are at large, indeed, but you are not free, as uncontaminated men are free.' We say to a man who has committed such and such a crime or felony, that, in addition to his other punishment, he shall be declared *incapable of ever* holding office, etc., etc. Why not, in the same fashion, say to a professional ruffian or thief that he shall be incapable of ever (or for long) recovering unfettered and unwatched liberty ?

¹ This is in addition to 39,000 more who are 'inspected.'

If the simple regulations we have here urged were adopted,—all of which approve themselves to common sense, and most of which have been tested by actual experiment, at one time or another, and on a larger or smaller scale,—every magistrate and police inspector of experience will bear us out in confidently anticipating, not, indeed, the extinction of the class of professional malefactors and depredators, but such a large and rapid reduction of them as would make dealing with them a very easy matter. The *schools* of many of the most skilful and inveterate of them would be virtually closed by the perpetual incarceration of the schoolmaster; and a large proportion of the young pupils in villany might be dealt with and cured by the multiplication and improvement of juvenile reformatories. Numbers who are not yet irrecoverably hardened or committed to a life of crime would be cowed, and recoil where they found the probable penalties so much more real and so much more formidable than they expected. Numbers more, having earned their liberty by industry and self-control, would endeavour to preserve it by the same means, and the habits acquired in prison would stand them in good stead when they came out. Those with whom nothing could be done would come out no more. Those who did come out, would come out, as it were, with a halter round their neck—with a vigilant eye ever upon them—and would be obliged to be honest, as the sole condition of being free; while, having once been assisted in the first steps towards honest industry, it would be their own fault if they ever left it. The community could be efficiently protected, because fifty thousand rogues would be no longer able to congregate and plot in sacred security; and crime, which we now only permit ourselves, in such rare cases as we can, to detect and punish, we should then be able to watch while hatching, and to hinder from coming to the birth. The only further requisite—‘Discharged Prisoners’ Aid Societies’ on a large scale—we have left ourselves no room to dwell upon, yet it is about the most important of all. Much has been done in this direction, but much more is wanted. The greatest practical difficulty, no doubt, which our criminal reformers have to deal with has always been the nearly insuperable obstacles experienced by the discharged convict who sincerely wishes to do well, in obtaining employment for the first time. Unless we can help him to do this, all our other contrivances can seldom avail to save him from nearly unavoidable relapse.

At the risk, however, of wearying our readers, we must not conclude without a few words on the question so much in men’s mouths at present—the proposed revival of TRANSPORTATION. The suggestion is by no means creditable to the heads and hearts

either of the writers who have so recklessly urged it, or of the public, which at first seemed so well inclined to welcome it. The readiness with which it was made and received, was too indicative at once of indolent desire to evade the necessity of facing a difficult and painful problem, and of a selfish determination to regard only our own perplexities, and to trample without consideration on all the claims of justice to others, and of plain and peremptory morals.

For a long series of years after the first establishment of penal colonies, they were felt as a vast relief and resource by those who had to deal with the criminal classes of this country. They disposed easily, conveniently, and for ever, of large numbers whom we could neither hang, nor manage, nor reform. They answered also another purpose—that of preparing, at Government expense, for the settlement of free colonists, and of tempting colonial capitalists by the promise of cheap labour. We may concede at once that they greatly facilitated the colonization of Australia, and paved the way, in early days, for much of the progress and prosperity which has been so remarkable. It may, however, be doubted whether their reflex action on the great problem we are considering has, on the whole, been beneficial. We could get rid of our convicts so readily, that we cared little how fast they multiplied. Had we had no penal settlements to send them to, we must long since have come face to face with the problem which is perplexing us now. Had our colonies continued as willing to receive our criminal population as they used to be, perhaps that problem would have been neglected still.

A variety of circumstances, however, combined to close this outlet to us somewhat suddenly and for ever. The public mind at home was awakened by some startling revelations of the social and moral character of the community which we were founding at the other side of the globe, and a committee of the House of Commons reported strongly against the continuance of transportation. A rapid succession of Colonial Secretaries, each with his own special notions on the subject, introduced unmanageable confusion into the whole system. Lord John Russell, in 1840, decreed that no more should be sent to New South Wales; and Tasmania, in consequence, was inundated with them at the rate of 3500 a-year. Lord Stanley, in a fit of economy, ordered that no free settlers should obtain convict labour without paying a full price for it. The poor Tasmanians, whose only inducement to become settlers was, that they had calculated upon it at half-price, were unable to endure this new arrangement, and threw back the convicts on the hands of Government. The Government had no means either of employing, or of guarding, or even of housing, such an accumulation of rascals; so Mr Gladstone

was obliged to suspend all transportation for a while. Lord Grey organized a better system, and tried to send a number of picked convicts to the Cape; but the Cape rose in rebellion at the idea. The Australian colonies about the same time, at last fully awoke to the mischiefs ensuing from the vast numbers of convicts and ex-convicts who mingled with the now teeming free emigrants, refused to receive any more; and the discovery of the gold-fields (which rendered Australia about the last place in the world to which criminals under punishment ought to be sent), added to all other considerations, finally decided the Home Government to give up transportation altogether as a punishment,—except as regarded the few who could be disposed of in Western Australia,—and to substitute penal servitude instead.

Now, the reasons why transportation, once abandoned, cannot and ought not to be revived, lie in a very small compass, and may be stated plainly enough. Transportation may be looked at either as a *resource* or a *punishment*; i.e., it may be either an exile to a populous community which will absorb the criminal, or imprisonment in a foreign jail, which will confine him. Let us look at it in both lights. In the first place, it is no doubt most advantageous to have a large and well-peopled country in which liberated convicts can obtain employment on liberation, can recommence life under a new sky, away from old associates and old temptations, and with known antecedents not always hampering them in every effort to become honest and respectable. The value of such a colony or nation could not be exaggerated for the convicts *after they had endured their punishment*; and whether they endured this at home or in the colony, was a question of detail which mattered very little. But the very primary essential for such a community is that it should be *populous*—capable of really absorbing and utilizing the rascality poured into it—so full of honest, industrious, flourishing inhabitants or settlers, that the convict element shall be little felt, shall be no more than a drop in the bucket, shall not perceptibly affect the social system or modify the moral tone of the mass. If it cannot do this; if the convict element either constitute the community or preponderate in it, or form a very large portion of it, we at once come upon the difficulty which proved fatal to the system in New South Wales. Now, the only remaining colony which, in any approximate degree even, offers the above requisite is Western Australia. It is the only settlement which will receive our criminals. The old colonies, the populous colonies, will never suffer the landing of another ship-load; so it is idle for Home Secretaries to hanker after those lost lands of Goshen. How many convicts, then, can Western Australia really *absorb*? Obviously not above 500; some say 1000, and these only for a

time.¹ The colony is a small one, and by no means hitherto particularly prosperous. The present free (that is, untainted) population is only 11,000, of which 5400 are women. The present convict population is 5800—including the ticket-of-leave and conditionally-pardoned men—and *all these are males*. That is to say, the criminal element already outnumbers the honest element; and if the colony is to retain its absorbing power—if it is not to become a mere community of liberated convicts—it is clear that *transportation* ought to be suspended for a series of years, and every encouragement given to *emigration* till the balance is restored.

Practically, therefore, the demand for the revival of transportation resolves itself into the demand for a new penal settlement—i.e., a prison or convict establishment in some distant quarter of the world—to which our ruffians can be at once removed, and where, after they have undergone their sentence, they can be made to remain as colonists, cultivate the soil, become farmers or shepherds, and form the nucleus and originators of a future colony. This is avowedly the idea in the head of those who advocate this scheme for disposing of our criminals. Of course it is intended that the convicts shall remain there; otherwise the settlement would not permanently relieve England at all—it would be merely a larger Pentonville or Portland in another country, with no superiority whatever over those establishments at home, and with the additional disadvantage of being vastly more expensive, less secure, and more mismanaged. Is it then possible, or would it be permissible, to found a colony with such materials in any corner of the globe, however desert and uninhabited it may now be? Let us test the idea by a few close questions. Is it designed that the liberated convicts shall live on as gardeners, or stock-keepers, or hunters, in single wretchedness, with no females among them, and to die out one by one when their time comes? This, of course, is not contemplated. We know too well what would result from such an arrangement, and what such a community would become. (We leave out of view the certainty that from such a life all the victims would sooner or later escape—by land, if Labrador were the locality; by means of whalers or otherwise, if the Falkland Isles were selected.) Well, then, since a settlement cannot be founded without women, and no such foundation ought to be dreamed of for a moment, whence are the women to be provided who are to become the wives of the original population and the mothers of the future community? Are they to be native women—savages? But in none of the proposed quarters do aborigines exist in any numbers; and, if they did, are we pre-

¹ The number we *must* dispose of yearly—the number liberated from our convict prisons—averages 2500.

pared to send the refuse of our jails, the lowest specimens of Anglo-Saxon ruffianism, to compete with the Esquimaux and the Patagonian for the possession of their few filthy females, and can we look with complacency upon a mixed breed thus originated? The mere statement of the scheme is its sufficing condemnation. Are we to send out female convicts as well as males, that the two sexes may pair when liberated? In the first place, this would only partially meet the case, since the men committed to our convict prisons outnumber the women in the proportion of five to one. In the second place, no one who has followed the history of the convict system in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, where female convicts used to be sent, would ever be disposed to repeat the experiment. Mr Elliot, in his evidence before the Transportation Committee in 1861, was very distinct upon this point. No good and much evil resulted from the mingling of the depraved of both sexes; and the female convicts proved far the most unmanageable and incurable of the two. Are we to send out the wives and families of the convicts to them as soon as their period of penal detention has expired? In some cases where this has been done in the Australian colonies, the result has been very satisfactory. But this would be a very inadequate resource, since comparatively few of the convicts are married; and of these many are such ruffians, that nothing could induce their ill-used wives voluntarily to rejoin them. Finally, are we to seek for free female emigrants, whom the bribe of an outfit and a free passage might induce to venture out, to become the companions of the congregated and half-reclaimed ruffians with whom we have peopled our new colony? But what decent or pure woman would go? And are we prepared to ship off the unfortunates who crowd our streets, like the Athanasian creed with *quicumque vult* written on their foreheads,—and abate our other 'social evil,' not by cure but by removal? Is it not obvious that in no way and by no means can we face this problem? In a word, dare we attempt—dare we even propose—to found a community of which the parents and sources—the 'Pilgrim Fathers' of the future race—shall be the ruffians and harlots whom we call into existence wholesale, but whom we dare not keep at home? Is it not clear to demonstration, that neither the old colonies, whom we have disgusted, nor any new one we could form, can be henceforth a resource for the disposal of our criminal population?

We hope we have now made it abundantly evident that there is a better way of dealing with and diminishing our criminal classes than the one we have so pertinaciously pursued in this

country, and that there could not well be a worse. As soon as the public, and through it the Government, is convinced of this, the only important obstacle towards the adoption of the sounder system we have sketched out lies in the expense which must at first attend it. Considerable outlay may have to be encountered at the beginning, in providing a greater number of reformatories for juvenile delinquents; in increasing the amount of cellular accommodation in ordinary prisons, so as to enable separation to be carried out more universally and for a longer time; in building or procuring a sufficient number of convict jails for the reception of those criminals whom it is desirable to detain for long terms or for life; in selecting and maintaining a large number of intelligent officers and warders both to supervise the execution of the 'labour sentences,' and to *individualize* the management of the prisoners; and, finally, in providing adequately both for the supervision and the assistance of the convicts when restored to freedom, so as to check those who might otherwise relapse into crime, and to aid those who are struggling back to an honest course. The expense, however, would only be temporary, and, when once the new system was at work, would lessen every year, as it has been found to do in Ireland. But the cost of the improved mode of treatment—whatever sum it may amount to—will not, we are sure, weigh one feather with any sensible or thoughtful man, when we reflect that no plan of keeping criminals can be half so expensive *as allowing them to keep themselves*; that they cost far more out of jail than in, feed themselves more luxuriously, help themselves more wastefully; that the most effectual way of diminishing the cost of our criminal classes is to reduce their number; and that every thief or ruffian who remains at large is busily occupied in training and creating others. We have some means now of ascertaining the sums which the crime of the community exacts from its resources,—how much, in a word, it now costs us every year to watch, to punish, and to maintain our rogues and depredators, whether incarcerated or at large. The materials for this estimate are furnished by the Parliamentary volume of 'Judicial Statistics' for England and Wales for 1862, and the result is startling. The following are the items:—

Police and constabulary salaries and expenses,	L.1,580,000
Outlay in local prisons,	430,000
Vote for convict establishments at home and abroad,	465,000
Outlay for reformatories,	50,000
Proportion of judges' salaries, and incidental expenses,	35,000
	<hr/>
Carry forward,	L.2,560,000

Brought forward, . . .	L.2,560,000
Supposed <i>real</i> value of prisoners' labour (a mere estimate),	160,000
	<hr/>
	L.2,400,000
Maintenance of 90,800 registered thieves, re- ceivers, tramps, etc., known or confidently be- lieved to be living at large by crime and pilfering (at L.30 a-head, the prison cost, probably it is much more), say	2,700,000
	<hr/>
	L.5,100,000.

This is a formidable amount enough, and there is too much reason to believe that it is below rather than above the truth. But these returns relate to England and Wales alone; that is, to scarcely more than two-thirds of the population of these islands. If the cost and quantity of crime in Ireland and Scotland were at all proportionate, we should have to swell the above figures to a very startling result. But, though we have no accessible information which would allow us to speak positively, or with much pretence to accuracy, a comparison of the criminal returns of the different parts of the United Kingdom warrants us in saying that such an assumption would be certainly excessive. If we add L.1,400,000 for Ireland and Scotland, we shall probably be near the mark; and the aggregate total would then show SIX MILLIONS AND A HALF sterling as the tax yearly levied by the crime of the country upon its industry and its wealth. This is the pecuniary view of the problem we have to solve.

- ART. II.—1. *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.* By Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London, 1862.
2. *An Introduction to the Old Testament, Critical, Historical, and Theological.* By SAM. DAVIDSON, D.D. London, 1862. (Vol. I., Portion on Pentateuch.)
3. *Introduction to the Pentateuch.* By the Rev. DONALD MACDONALD, M.A. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1861.
4. *The Veracity of the Book of Genesis, with the Life and Character of the inspired Historian.* By the Rev. WILLIAM HOARE, M.A. London, 1860.
5. *A Few Words with Bishop Colenso on the subject of the Exodus, etc.* By CHARLES T. BEKE, Ph.D. London, 1862.
6. *The Pentateuchal Narrative Vindicated from the Absurdities charged against it by the Bishop of Natal.* By JOHN COLLYER KNIGHT. London, 1862. Etc., etc.
7. *Considerations on the Pentateuch, addressed to the Laity.* By Isaac Taylor. London, 1863.

THE history of books, like the history of individuals, seems often ruled by a sort of accident or caprice. A production which, in certain circumstances, would pass noiselessly into existence and remain unheeded, will, in others, create a universal stir, and give rise to extensive agitation and even permanent results. The quarter especially from which it proceeds, the place and position of the writer, appear at times to have the singular power of imparting a measure of their own greatness or insignificance to the offspring of his brain; and it is not so much *what* is said on the particular subject of discussion, as *who* it is that has said it, that awakens inquiry, and sets the springs of thought in motion. Were it simply matters of taste and fashion, or even the affairs of political life that are so affected, it were not much to be wondered at; for there, to a large extent, the conventional bears sway, and the will of individual minds virtually determines what is to prevail. But it ought surely to be otherwise, when the disclosures and averments trench on the acknowledged principles of science or facts of history; and still more, if possible, when they materially affect the statements of Holy Writ: for here the truth alone is of moment; it is not the person who speaks, but the way in which his words stand related to the verity of things, that should chiefly weigh with intelligent and thoughtful minds.

In reality, however, other elements enter largely into people's

consideration, and often exercise a predominating influence over their judgment. Of this we are furnished with a remarkable proof in the respective fortunes of the first two productions placed at the head of this article,—those, namely, of Dr Colenso and Dr Davidson. The writers were neither of them unknown to fame, before their common labours on the *Pentateuch*; although it must be admitted that the ex-professor of the Lancashire Independent College had acquired for himself a more conspicuous place in theological authorship than was known to belong to the Bishop of Natal. This relative superiority also is maintained, so far as regards theological learning and laborious inquiry, in that portion of Dr Davidson's work which runs parallel with the Bishop's; while it is certainly no way inferior in its tendency and purpose to disparage the authority of the books of Moses, and undermine their historical character. There is not a difficulty or an objection worth naming urged by the one, which had not been pressed about a twelvemonth earlier by the other; and in the volume of Dr Davidson there is both an array of learning and an industrious marshalling of arguments and authorities on the sceptical side, which far exceed anything to be found in the critical researches of Colenso. Yet Dr Davidson's work produced no sensation; even yet it has attracted no general notice; and nothing that we know of has transpired to show whether or how far it has had the effect of overthrowing the faith of any of its readers in the credibility of the books of Moses. Dr Colenso's production, however, notwithstanding its narrower range and scantier materials, was from the first descried as a portent; its appearance was heralded by fearful notes of alarm; and the moment it issued from the press, thousands of copies were eagerly bought up—such was the feverish anxiety among the religious public in England to know the nature and the grounds of the danger it betokened to our common faith. Since the moment of its publication also, not the periodicals merely which are devoted to strictly religious or theological interests, but the common press of the country, may be said to have been labouring with the subject; for it has unceasingly been presenting attacks or vindications of the views thus unexpectedly brought into vogue.

The ecclesiastical eminence of the writer, and the relation in which he stands to the highest functionaries in the Church of England, no doubt constitute here the chief source of the profound and widely diffused concern that has been manifested. An ex-professor of an Independent College—known to have been removed from his chair some years ago, expressly on the ground of having embraced lax and dangerous opinions—may put forth what sentiments he pleases: a certain tendency to

extremes is only what may be expected of him ; and whatever of this description may proceed from his pen, directly affects himself alone,—it compromises no ecclesiastical party, it imperils no time-honoured institution. But it is another thing when a bishop of the Church of England is found to have caught the infection, and, constrained by a moral necessity, comes forth to declare himself incapable any longer of believing in the historical verity of an important part of the sacred writings. For now the danger is perceived to be at once palpable and imminent ; it is ‘as when a standard-bearer fainteth,’ surrendering into the enemy’s hands the cause he had sworn to defend, and turning the advantages of his position into grounds of attack or aggravations of peril. Could so many restraints on the side of a scriptural faith have been broken through, and an attitude so markedly antagonistic have been taken up, unless some fresh and startling discoveries had come to light on the field of Biblical interpretation ? So people are disposed to ask, when an ecclesiastical dignitary acts the part that has been acted by Dr Colenso ; and if one might distinguish between bishop and bishop, the surprise undoubtedly becomes greater, and the recoil of feeling more profound, when a *missionary* bishop—one who has left home and country on the high errand of bringing savage tribes and wretched idolators under the influence of divine truth—is the person who confesses himself convinced of the unhistorical character of the earlier accounts of Scripture, and ready to sacrifice position and calling rather than stand committed to an implicit faith in its testimony. What has told with such effect upon him, it is but reasonable to infer, may be working in the same direction upon others called to like sacred functions, and prompting them, if they would not belie their convictions, to swerve in like manner from the faith of God’s word. And where, then, is the matter to end ? Can the Church retain within her bosom those who are shaking the foundations on which she stands ? Or can she herself continue to rest on foundations which are meeting with such assailants ?

Serious and thoughtful minds could scarcely fail to be agitated by considerations of this sort on the appearance of Dr Colenso’s work ; and yet, on perusing it, a feeling of respect and tenderness for the man involuntarily springs up. While giving way to sceptical tendencies, he betrays no unbecoming levity of spirit, and abstains from all spiteful or contemptuous expressions towards those who are of simpler and more confiding faith than himself. His difficulties were not of his own seeking, nor can they be fairly imputed, in any considerable degree, to a paradoxical or troublesome humour ; they have rather come upon him from without, and have grown, in spite of apparently honest struggles to master

them, into convictions which he found himself incompetent to withstand. With perfect frankness he has recounted the efforts he made, and the helps he resorted to, for the purpose of obtaining relief from his perplexities ; and has also stated the grounds on which he refuses to accept their explanations. The results to which he was conducted, he anxiously foresaw, could not but awaken painful emotions in the minds of others, as they had at first done in his own ; and he speaks with some feeling of the risk to personal comfort and position which he ran by giving them to the world, as well as of the general unsettling of opinion, or possibly in some the total shipwreck of faith, of which they might prove the occasion. But with all these considerations pressing on his mind, he found no way of escape from the course he has actually taken : he could ‘ no longer shut his eyes to the absolute, palpable self-contradictions of the narrative (in the Pentateuch) ;’ and apart altogether from any grounds of disbelief connected with the miracles or supernatural appearances it records, ‘ the conviction of the unhistorical character of the (so-called) Mosaic narrative seemed to be forced upon him by the consideration of the many absolute impossibilities involved in it’ (pp. 10, 11). What, then, it may be asked, is the precise attitude now held by Dr Colenso in respect to the Book which contains so much that he considers undeserving of credit ? Has he formally cast off its authority in matters of religion, and made his retreat to a sort of Christian deism ? Or does he still cling with reverential, though halting, belief to the sacred volume ? We look in vain to the work before us for any satisfactory answer to such questions : the author seems yet uncertain how far his principles, when consistently applied, may carry him ; and what he says in one place appears to run counter to what he confesses in another. Since ‘ the cord snapped in twain which bound him to the ordinary belief in the historical character of the Pentateuch’ (p. 10), it looks as if he did not know where to lay his head. Historically untrue as he esteems it, he would still not entirely quit his hold even of the Pentateuch—nay, he ‘ fully believes it to impart to us revelations of the Divine will’ (p. 8)—though it is difficult to understand what these can be worth, or with what confidence they can be derived from a record which ever and anon shocks his belief by its incredible stories, or his moral sense by the improper actions it imputes to ‘ the holy and blessed One.’ Indeed, the inevitable bearing of his conclusions on the subject he himself sums up by quoting, with emphasis, a passage from Butler, which, if it have any meaning in such a connection, must be understood to indicate a virtual renunciation of the Bible as an authoritative guide in spiritual matters—‘ general incredibility in the things related, or inconsistency in the general turn of the history, would

prove it to be of no authority.' But such incredibility, such inconsistency, are precisely what Dr Colenso thinks he has made good in regard to much that bears the character of history in the Bible. And it can, therefore, be deemed nothing more than the natural sequence of the conclusions he has reached, that he should speak of a 'belief in God remaining as sure as ever, though the whole Bible were removed,' and of its 'being perhaps God's will in this our day to teach us, among other precious lessons, not to build our faith upon a book' (p. 12). No one who is at all read in the history of opinions can fail to recognise in such language the acceptance, in its fundamental principle, of the deism of a former age. Tindal's 'Christianity as old as the Creation,' and similar productions, which held the only real revelation to be the law of nature written in the hearts of mankind, and discarded all in the Bible that did not accord with this, find anew their echo here; but in the one equally with the other we are left all uncertain as to what there shall be of faith to build up, when once the Book is gone which is faith's grand bulwark, and, indeed, only sure warrant.

If the discoveries which Dr Colenso makes of himself in respect to the change of sentiment he has undergone, tend to conciliate our regard toward him as a man, they certainly shed a somewhat disadvantageous light upon his position as a theologian. Every one expects that a bishop of the Anglican Church should possess at least respectable attainments in theological scholarship, and that in the course of his academical training, or subsequent application to study, he should have made himself tolerably acquainted with the more prominent features of divine revelation, and the questions of doubt or difficulty to which they have given rise. But the strange thing to theological readers in this volume is the apparent absence of all serious thought or attentive consideration on the part of Dr Colenso, up to a recent period, in connection with some of the most remarkable events and most distinguishing peculiarities of the Bible; so that when a Zulu savage starts certain objections against them, or indicates a doubt respecting their reality, he seems taken quite aback, and knows not where to turn for help to meet the emergency. We see in him the distressing spectacle of a man advanced to the dignity of a Christian bishop, and charged with the onerous task of planting the church in a foreign land, who yet flounders like a novice on points of theology, which, however encompassed with difficulty, ought to have been made the subjects of careful examination, and, to some extent, of settled belief, before he entered even on the commonest spheres of pastoral labour. How one so little prepared, by his own confession, for the more peculiar duties of an expounder of God's revealed will, and the founder of a church

that was to be 'the pillar and ground of the truth' in a heathen land, should have been by others called to occupy, or should himself have undertaken, a position so weighty and responsible, may well excite surprise; and the results of such an appointment in the present case, alike hurtful to himself and disappointing to the friends of foreign missions, may surely be expected to tell with a salutary effect on future nominations. But as regards the theological points brought into consideration, it will hardly be supposed that either the Bishop of Natal or his Zulu doubter are precisely the parties in the present day whom it will be found most difficult to deal with. For considerably more than a generation, the keen-eyed critics and sceptical thinkers of Germany have had their minds directed to the same field of inquiry; and have not only extracted from it a more extended list of passages, involving, as they think, questionable or incredible statements, but have also availed themselves of much more varied resources in endeavouring to establish their hostile positions. Hence, as already stated, there is nothing properly new in the mode of investigation pursued by Dr Colenso, or the results to which it has conducted him; and any one who would set himself to vindicate the historical accuracy and divine authority of the Pentateuch, as that requires now to be done, will need to bring under discussion a considerably wider range of topics than those examined by the Bishop of Natal, and prove himself also to be more at home in the specific acquirements and lines of investigation appropriate to the subject.

The work of Dr Davidson, as already indicated, is a much fuller repertory of objections to the Mosaic authorship and historical verity of the Pentateuch; and nearly all may be found there, gathered with laborious industry, and set forth with hearty goodwill, by which the more extreme sections of German rationalism have endeavoured to shake the credit and depreciate the value of this fundamental portion of Scripture. It is entitled an 'Introduction;' but what it chiefly introduces us to, so far as the Pentateuch is concerned, is the infinite number of things which, according to Dr Davidson's authorities, prove the writings composing it, with a few exceptions, to be the supposititious productions of a comparatively late age, and in the accounts they profess to give of historical transactions predominantly mythical or legendary. The veritable facts are only like a few grains of sand enveloped in mountains of fable. And in setting forth this, Dr Davidson presents himself to our view, not, like Dr Colenso, as an anxious inquirer struggling with difficulties, and feeling his way to what seem the proper conclusions, but as a thoroughly enlightened and competent guide, who has got beyond all doubt, and reads forth, as from the chair of authority, what has been concluded by the

men of mark, and what none but the ignorant or the bigoted can presume to dispute. In these respects his work not only stands in sharp contrast to the comparatively unpretending production of the Bishop, but is itself, considering the peculiar ground it traverses, and the many vexed questions it handles, the most assured and petulant contribution to English theology that for a considerable time has fallen into our hands. Even if we could, to some extent, have sympathized with the author in his views, we should still have condemned the manner in which he has propounded them, and the treatment he has given to his opponents, as highly unbecoming. We notice it the rather, as it seems to indicate a deliberate attempt on the part of Dr Davidson to import into our theological literature the arrogant and supercilious dogmatism of his two greatest German authorities—Ewald and Hupfeld—who denounce all as sciolists in learning or babes in discernment who refuse to concur with them in their destructive and arbitrary criticism, and even assail one another with a kind of senseless fury, because on certain points neither will own the supremacy of his rival.

Mr Macdonald, the author of one of the works named in our list ('Introduction to the Pentateuch')—a work creditable alike to the learning and the judgment of the writer—seems to be the special object of Dr Davidson's hostility; and not unfrequently unhandsome imputations constitute the chief reply he condescends to give to the statements advanced by Macdonald. Thus at p. 9, with reference to the latter's explanation of such expressions used concerning Moses as at Ex. xi. 3 and Num. xii. 7, that 'they occupy a necessary place in the history, being, in every instance, called forth by the occasion, and that the object of their insertion was by no means to magnify Moses,' the tart rejoinder is, 'Rather do the words and their context disown the determination of such apologists to shut their eyes against all evidence contrary to their prepossessions.' At p. 113, the same author is sarcastically styled 'a pretentious writer,' and an observation of his treated simply with contempt. But others, and among these some of the most distinguished names of Germany, share the same fate. The explanations of Kurtz, on a certain point, are declared to be 'so far-fetched, that nobody but one determined to shut his eyes would transcribe them; they serve, however (it is added), to fill up English books' (p. 68). Hengstenberg, Hävernicks, Keil, and Kurtz, are classed together at p. 56 as belonging to an altogether uncritical school, whose views are suited only to 'the ignorant and intolerable evangelicalism of England.' And with reference to one of the safest and most conclusive modes of proving the early existence of the books of Moses—namely, the traces to be found of them in the later books

of Old Testament Scripture—Dr Davidson thinks himself entitled to write in the following offensive and magisterial strain:—‘One has only to take up Hengstenberg’s two volumes on the Pentateuch, where no less than seventy-eight pages are filled with proofs of Moses’ writings in Hosea and Amos, and fifty-five with the same in the books of Kings. His Christology will furnish more of the same sort. From Hengstenberg the collector may pass to Hävernicks, where he will enlarge his stock. Keil may then be consulted. He is a faithful disciple of the critics just named, and has transferred the results of their researches into a few pages of his Introduction. Like them, he, too, marshals passages from all the historical books, beginning with Joshua; from the prophetic literature, commencing with Obadiah; and from the poetical books. In this way many pages of an English book on the Pentateuch may be filled perfunctorily with evidences of the latter’s early composition. The list will be long enough to impose on the reader who does not care for *quality*, if he can have *quantity*. Nothing is welcomer in England to a very large class of theologians than such a *cumulative* argument; because it is ready for acceptance in the lump, and saves the trouble of sifting. The true critic can estimate it at the real worth, which is small. The stereotyped and timid divine is prepared to swallow the draught, because it is *orthodox*, at least in the eye of his ignorance’ (p. 120).

We cannot too strongly reprobate the offensive charges cast in this passage (and there are not a few such in Dr Davidson’s volume), not only upon evangelical theologians generally in this country—as if such were incapable, by their very position, of knowing their right hand from their left in matters of this description, and could adhere to the views entertained by them only from interest or prejudice—but upon some also of the most eminent and deservedly esteemed theologians of the Continent. If Mr Macdonald often follows in the track of such men, and avails himself of their labours, it is no more than Dr Davidson himself has done in regard to another class of continental theologians; and we venture to say it, without the least fear of contradiction from any competent and unbiassed judge, that the marks of Dr Davidson’s indebtedness to foreign sources, and leaning upon foreign authorities, are certainly not less than those to be found in Macdonald. After a pretty careful perusal of his volume, we have lighted upon nothing that can justly be deemed original. The highest merit it can claim is that of an industrious compilation; and the sneering depreciation of other men’s labours in the same department—especially of those who have established for themselves a name for their scholarly and independent investigations—which is improper even in an Ewald or a Hupfeld,

becomes simply ridiculous in the author of such a production. Very different is the language in which they are spoken of by the more thoughtful and unbiassed scholars of their own country, even by such as differ from them in some of their results. We shall take leave to refer here to a few of the testimonies which might be produced of this sort; for it is manifestly the object of Dr Davidson to put the men he has named in the above extract out of the category of the learned, in the stricter sense, and to represent the really learned as all of one mind in their denial of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and of the historical character of many of its contents. Bleek, who is one of his leading authorities, when noticing the works of Baumgarten, Hävernicks, Hengstenberg, Delitzsch, and some others, and expressing his dissent from their style of interpretation, yet admits that they are not deficient in penetration, and general as well as philological learning.¹ Even Von Bohlen, one of the earliest and more extreme opponents of Hengstenberg on the Pentateuch, speaks generously in his memoirs of 'the extraordinary attainments in Arabic literature' and other branches of scholarship made by his great rival. And Delitzsch, whom Dr Davidson can occasionally, at least, include in his list of the most accurate and distinguished Hebrew scholars of the present day (as at p. 158), though it is often omitted where it should be found, ranks Hengstenberg and his school among the greatest writers of the age on Old Testament subjects. The investigations of Ranké, one of this school, concerning the Pentateuch, written in opposition to the fragmentary hypothesis, and in proof of the internal unity of the Pentateuch, he characterizes as 'a perfect pattern for its depth of research, the objective character of its representation, and its well-sustained tone.'² To Hengstenberg himself, and to his labours, he refers, as constituting an epoch in the interpretation of the Old Testament. 'With joy,' says he in the introduction to his admirable work on the Psalms (p. xiv.), 'I seize here the long-wished-for opportunity of delivering a public testimony in behalf of the man to whom belongs the immortal honour of having recovered, for the theology of the Old Testament, its ancient place in men's believing confidence, which had been lost in the license of wit and freethinking.' And in regard to the specific argument in support of the antiquity of the books of Moses, which Dr Davidson, in the extract already given, treats as deserving only of supreme contempt from all genuine scholars, Delitzsch formally sets his seal to it. He points with confidence to the proof that has been established by Hengstenberg, of the traces of the Pentateuch in the subsequent historical books, and the prophets; confirms the line of argument by many details of

¹ *Einleitung*, pp. 25, 145.

² *Commentar über Gen.*, p. 44.

his own; and concludes by saying, 'In short, all the history, prophecy, proverbial wisdom, and poetry of Israel, has its root and being in the law of Moses. Deuteronomy is the Deuterosis (repetition) of the law; and all the other parts of Old Testament Scripture is the Deuterosis of Deuteronomy. Though David was a greater master of lyric song, and Isaiah of the prophetic word, than Moses, yet without the law of Moses there had been neither a David nor an Isaiah. And we abide by the undeniable fact, that the Law, however it may have arisen, is as necessarily presupposed by the whole of the post-Mosaic history and literature, as for a tree is the sustaining and nourishing root.'¹

The object of these references is merely to show that the points here in debate cannot be settled by a simple appeal to authorities, and that the attempt to do so on either side must be characterized as unfair. Scholars of high name, and possessed of all requisite literary qualifications for discussing the questions at issue, are here found ranged against each other; and nothing ultimately is to be gained by constituting the one class absolute authorities, at the expense and by the depreciation of the other. The mere fact, that there are men furnished with such scholarly attainments, and arriving at such different conclusions, seems to imply that a number of the considerations brought into notice are not in themselves of a decisive character, but come to be reckoned such only from the doctrinal position and aim of the writer. If the views of evangelical divines respecting the general character of Scripture naturally dispose them to attach little weight to certain lines of argument, there are others which will assuredly find as little regard from those who stand at the opposite pole of religious belief; and the ultimate question comes to be, Which class select the points that are in themselves of greatest moment, and that ought chiefly to prevail with sober and intelligent critics? To a certain extent, therefore, the position of the writer must be taken into account—not, certainly, as of itself determining his *literary* competence, or the reverse, for handling the matters in dispute, and still less for charging him with an unreasoning attachment to party interests; but to perceive distinctly the point of view from which he contemplates the field of controversy, and the eye he may hence be expected to have for certain specific features of it, as contradistinguished from others. We are the more entitled to do this, if his position be an extreme one; for that will necessarily exercise a sort of creative power over some of the most important elements connected with the

¹ Commentar über Gen., pp. 12–14. See also p. 5, where he says of the Thora (or the Pentateuch), in opposition to the dislocating hypotheses of recent times, that it is 'a many-membered, united, world-embracing work of history out of the sixteenth century before Christ.'

controversy, at once nullifying what exists, and out of airy nothings constructing whole lines of argumentation. It was so, as is well known, in the case of Strauss, when, in the interest of his mythic theory, he made his attack on the historical character of the Gospels. Strauss's position was that of a philosophic unbeliever in the supernatural (his unbelief resting on the pantheistic basis of Hegelianism); and, consequently, all that appeared of the miraculous in the evangelical history of our Lord, was set down as, *ipso facto*, a proof of the fabulous. 'The climax of the wonderful (he held with axiomatic certainty) to be the climax of the unthinkable.' So that, while he went to his work, as he himself boasted, untrammelled by a religious doctrinal position, the defect in that respect was amply compensated by a position of another kind, derived from his philosophy, which armed him as with a coat of mail against all that, to a humble believer, is most clearly indicative of the divine character of the accounts contained in the Gospel history. The supernatural element, which, in the eye of the one, is indissolubly linked with the very substance of the Gospel, became to the other a vantage-ground of disbelief, and a weapon of assault against its credibility.

It is not materially different in the case before us. The assault now made by Dr Davidson and the German authors whom he more especially follows, on the historical character of the books of Moses, has also for its constructive aim the establishment of a fabulous or mythic theory; and as regards its negative character, it too is based on the ground, not, indeed, of a pantheistic infidelity, but of a philosophical naturalism, which, equally with the other, ignores and repudiates everything properly miraculous, either in word or deed. The fact now stated, and its bearing on the main point at issue, may be rendered patent by a few decisive references. Thus, the passages in Genesis which make promise to Abraham and Jacob of kings destined to spring from them (xvii. 6-16, xxxv. 11), are held to be of late, that is, of spurious origin, because the idea was one 'which would not suggest itself to the mind of a Hebrew till after a king had been appointed' (p. 47)—implying, of course, that the supernatural, or strictly prophetic element, could have no place, and that the word, whenever spoken, could not have exceeded the limits of human sagacity. In like manner, the Song of Moses at the Red Sea, the dying prophecy of Jacob, and many other portions of a similar description, are brought down, for the period of their composition, to subsequent times, on the ground of their containing allusions to circumstances or relations which did not transpire till after ages. Of Jacob it is said, 'The Deity did not see fit, as far as we can judge, to impart to any man like Jacob the foreknowledge of future and distant events. . . . The true way

of dealing with the prophecy is simply to ascertain, by internal evidence, the time at which it was written, on the only tenable and philosophical ground of its having been put into the mouth of the dying patriarch by a succeeding writer. It has the form of a prediction; but it is a *vaticinium post eventum*' (p. 198); in plain terms, a fictitious representation, pretending to be what it was not, and was morally impossible that it should be. What in such passages is implied respecting the supernatural element in the words reported to be spoken, is explicitly affirmed regarding the miraculous occurrences related in other parts of the sacred narrative. Of the 'crowd of extraordinary interpositions of Jehovah on behalf of the people as they journeyed through the wilderness,' we are told that they 'show the influence of later traditions in dressing out the narrative with fabulous traits. The laws of nature are unchangeable. God does not directly and suddenly interfere with them on behalf of His creatures; neither does He so palpably or constantly intermeddle with men's little concerns' (p. 103). And again: 'Ignorant as the Israelites were of Western metaphysics, they did not scruple to connect interference on the part of the Supreme Being with things that we know to happen according to the unchangeable principles of His moral law, or the uniform agency in nature which He established at first. But the majestic laws of all-sufficient wisdom, by which the universe is regulated, are inflexibly maintained for the good of boundless creation, without being altered in relation to the fancied fortunes of individuals' (p. 242).

There is no mistaking the meaning of this language. The writer's philosophy has won for him a position as firmly entrenched, as was that of Strauss in respect to the supernatural in Gospel history, against everything in the books of Moses which bespeaks the direct agency or miraculous interposition of God; and the traces which appear of that kind, like self-convicted witnesses, are made to bear evidence to the late origin, and consequently to the legendary character, of the accounts in which they are found. Here also the climax of the wonderful is the climax of the unthinkable; the cause is prejudged; and on the ground of an *a priori* rejection of the assumed character of the narrative, an array of proof is deduced from it to the prejudice of its authenticity. This indicates an advance beyond Dr Colenso's position; for he professes himself ready to accept the accounts of miraculous or supernatural interference in Scripture, if they were only authenticated by a veracious history (p. 10). But were the history otherwise ever so veracious, Dr Davidson would reject it, on the score simply of its wonders,—so far taking his stand distinctly and avowedly on sceptical ground. And he does so, besides, in regard to various other things connected both with

the form and with the matter of the revelations they contain. For example, the directions reported to have been given to Moses concerning the structure and furniture of the tabernacle are pronounced 'trifling,' 'incapable of proceeding from God;' and the passages which more especially represent God as speaking and acting in a very human manner, 'descend below the dignity of the subject,' and 'degrade His nature' (pp. 240-242). Of the precepts generally attributed to God in the Pentateuch it is said, that they 'cannot without profanity be said to have been all uttered externally by the voice of God' (p. 131). The record of creation at the commencement of Genesis is charged with positive scientific errors, and with a false representation concerning the institution of the Sabbath (pp. 159-162). The command said to have been given to the Israelites on the eve of their departure from Egypt, to borrow or ask from the Egyptians articles of gold and silver, it is affirmed, represents Jehovah 'as commanding an immoral thing; showing the imperfect development of the divine to which the author's age had attained' (p. 236). And, of course, the extermination of the Canaanites was still more distinctly marked by that character: 'morality rejects every war of extermination;' 'God could not charge His subjects with carrying out any such purpose in harmony with His own perfections.' And in reality there was no such charge: the idea of founding a theocracy was of God; but the mode of setting it up in Canaan by the extirpation of its previous inhabitants was of man, which the imperfectly enlightened consciousness of the Israelites only attributed to God (pp. 440-444).

Now, without the slightest wish to prejudge the question, whether the higher criticism (as it is styled) may have discovered grounds sufficient to justify such a position being assumed, and to which we shall presently advert, let it be noted what the position itself involves; it is manifestly a position quite antagonistic to the Pentateuch as an authoritative part of divine revelation. It is simply a revival of the so-called Christian deism of the last century, which did not deny that there were many things in Scripture worthy of God, especially in the sayings of Christ; but that, as there was not a little also of a different description, it belonged to men, according to the light of nature that was in them, to search out the divine ideas from the mass, and reject what seemed to them of another character. The Bible as a whole, the Pentateuch in particular, had not in their view, as it has not in Dr Davidson's, any special or distinctive claim to their belief, founded on its inherent character, as recording testimonies or disclosing communications from heaven; it was merely the production of writers who spoke under the impression that they knew God's mind, though some spoke with

a nearer approximation to the truth than others, while some altogether mistook it : so that, if one may call them inspired, they were 'inspired in different degrees;' and their testimony must be sifted like that of other men—to be received where it coincides with right reason, to be disowned where it is not. Let it be so, we reply : this is at least not the view taken of the matter by our Lord and His apostles ; and the criticism which rejects the authenticity and strictly canonical authority of the books of Moses, inevitably carries along with it also the authority of New Testament Scripture. Beyond all reasonable doubt, the aspect under which the Pentateuch is presented there, is that of a production which (whether all written or not by the pen of Moses), at least, bears on it throughout the imprimatur of his Heaven-commissioned authority,—a production which, not in some mythical or transcendent, but in its plain and obvious sense, contains a veritable record of God's dealings with mankind in the earlier periods of their history, and not supposititious, but actual, revelations of His mind and will. In a whole series of passages (which it is needless to specify, because their existence and import are not denied), both Christ and His apostles identify themselves with the Pentateuch as an integral and fundamental part of that Scripture which they affirm to have been all given by inspiration of God ; accredit both its commoner and its miraculous accounts ; and instead of disputing either the truthfulness or the morality of any of its statements, often throw themselves back for support on the great facts and principles it embodies. How is all this met by the advocates of the higher criticism ? On a principle of rationalism, which does not materially differ from the deism already noticed, and which deprives New as well as Old Testament Scripture of its authority as an infallible guide in the things of God. 'Christ and His apostles' (says Dr Davidson, p. 126), 'did not come into the world to instruct the Jews in criticism. In some things both adopted a wise (?) accommodation to popular views. They did not in matters of moment ; but with such unimportant points as the authorship of the Pentateuch they did not interfere.' It is felt, however, that this does not quite reach the demands of the case ; and so it is observed further respecting even Christ, that 'historical and critical questions could only belong to the sphere of His *human* culture,—a culture stamped with the characteristic of His age and country.' Here is a door wide enough to admit, in the way of exception to our Lord's teaching, whatever any one's religious consciousness may choose to thrust into it. Under cover of this alleged spirit of accommodation to Jewish prejudice, or subjection to the influence of the age, the rationalists of the last generation eliminated almost every distinctive feature or

doctrine of the Gospel, while professing to submit to its instructions ; and as regards the point now more immediately in hand, it gives scope to the widest latitudinarianism. Our Lord, it tells us,—and still more, of course, the apostles,—stood upon the level of their age and country in respect to the historical records of their sacred books—erred where others erred, mistook the ideal for the real, the fabulous for the true, where others did so ; and in this ignorance or imperfection of historical insight, what, according to Dr Davidson, do we find them doing ? Not simply in the general ascribing to Moses what Moses never wrote, but holding for explicit and important utterances of God words that were never spoken (those, for example, reported to have been heard at the bush, Luke xx. 37) ; founding lessons and warnings upon transactions which never happened (as the deluge, Luke xvii. 26) ; accrediting miracles which were never performed (1 Cor. x. 1–10, Heb. xi.) ; setting their seal to accounts of revelations which, as they stand, degrade the nature of Deity, and are even chargeable with profanity. And yet Dr Davidson has the assurance to say, that the results he has arrived at neither destroy the authority of the Pentateuch, nor undermine the pillars of Christianity, and that to talk of them ‘as deeply affecting the faith of the Church is the cant of uneducated minds’ (p. 129). To our thinking, it is the invincible logic of common sense—the conclusion to which every ninety-nine men out of a hundred will infallibly come. The question, in this form of it, is not one that lies between comparative degrees of learned and unlearned : an intelligent artisan is as competent to pronounce on it as one who has a whole bevy of tongues at his command ; and if the case be so, as is here represented, with the contents of the Pentateuch, and with the relation held to it by Christ and His apostles, then the authority alike of New and of Old Testament Scripture, for anything beyond the merest common-places of truth and duty, is irrecoverably gone ; and if it is not the cant, it is assuredly the infatuation, of learning to imagine it can be otherwise. Unmistakeable results in history will soon put that beyond a doubt.

These remarks are made simply for the purpose of presenting in a distinct and intelligible form the nature of the contest that is now proceeding, and the magnitude of the interests that are at stake. The question, however, is not thereby settled, which relates to the authenticity of the Pentateuch, and the credible nature of the events it records. This must be determined on its own grounds ; and the testimony of our Lord and His apostles in favour of the traditionary belief of the Church is only to be regarded as a valid and authoritative confirmation of that belief, if nothing can be shown to be conclusively against it in the his-

torical records themselves. Should proof be forthcoming from any quarter of their late origin and unreliable character, then the authority both of the original accounts, and of the sacred writers who have accredited and used them as divine, must give way. But, in proceeding now to turn our inquiries in this direction, we must request our readers to keep distinctly in view what has just been stated respecting the stand-point of the more critical and imperious theologians who take here the part of assailants. From the indispensable requirements of their position, there arise at once the obligation to reject the Mosaic authorship and historical character of much that is in the Pentateuch, and no inconsiderable part of the arguments by which they seek to justify their rejection. We have referred to Dr Davidson, but he only gathers up and retails what had been already set forth in the works of De Wette, Tuch, Hupfeld, Ewald, and partly also in Bleek. Differing in subordinate points, these all concur in regarding the formal representation, which appears in the Pentateuch, of a direct supernatural intercourse between God and the more prominent representatives of the human family, from Adam to Moses, as of itself conclusive evidence that the legendary, rather than the historical, is the prevailing character of the accounts. They acknowledge only a certain substratum of history, which later times wrought into a kind of theocratical epos, or traditionary myths. Another proof of the same is found in the miracles interwoven with the accounts, which, simply because they contain what is miraculous, must be connected with times long subsequent to those they profess to belong to,—the miraculous being, as De Wette expresses it, a kind of ideal or poetic clothing, which a remote posterity throws around the actual occurrences of bygone times. Everything prophetic, as a matter of course,—whatever song, whatever announcement appears in a particular clause or expression to anticipate the future,—is directly assigned to the same category; it is an utterance after the event. One has only to glance over the several portions of the Pentateuch which contain passages belonging to one or other of those classes, to see what a multiplicity of proofs they must yield to the proficients of the higher criticism. But they do so, it must be remembered, simply on account of the philosophical assumption or hypothesis taken up by that school, and with this they necessarily stand or fall. It is not the superior learning of the party which furnishes them with this class of arguments; they might have found every one of them without knowing a word of Hebrew, or even of Greek; nothing more is needed for it than a strong anti-supernatural feeling, which is opposed to the spirit of the Bible as much in its New as in its Old Testament records. They who, on such grounds, resolve into myths

and legends the more remarkable accounts of the Pentateuch, may as readily find them—and for the most part, indeed, do find them—in the narratives of the Gospel.

It deserves to be noted, too, that the exceptions taken on the ground of this supernatural element go farther than might at first be suspected; for there are cases in which the narrative, as it stands, is pronounced unnatural, and held to be indicative of a later age, merely because the implied supernatural element, which sufficiently accounts for the existing form, is silently ignored. Thus the circumstance of Sarah having been coveted and taken by Abimelech, when she had reached the age of ninety, just as she had at an earlier period been coveted and taken by Pharaoh, is thought improbable, because it is remarkable that two such events should happen in one person's history, and still more, that Sarah should have preserved her beauty to so late a period of life. Dr Davidson deems it so peculiar and incredible in the case of one person, that he twice refers to it (pp. 62, 67), and can only explain it by supposing a double authorship—one of them, of course, fabricating instead of narrating. Now, simply admit what the sacred narrative itself so distinctly introduces, what forms, indeed, the very hinge on which the later portion of Abraham's history turns,—namely, the supernatural revivification given in advanced life to the animal frames of himself and his wife, in order that the child of promise might be born to them,—and the strangeness of Sarah's apprehension by Abimelech at once disappears. She had, meanwhile, through the power of the Highest overshadowing her, virtually renewed her youth: the freshness and vigour, and with these, no doubt, the bloom of earlier days came back upon her, so that the attempt of Abimelech, rightly understood, served much the same purpose in regard to the divine operation upon Sarah, as the action of the restored paralytic at Capernaum, in being made to bear away his couch; it was the palpable evidence of a supernatural reflux of the powers of life. The same explanation also will account, in the case of Abraham himself, for his having possessed such unwonted vigour as is implied in his marriage to Keturah after Sarah's death, and having a family of sons by her. This, too, is a stumbling-block to Dr Davidson and the school he represents; it is the clear indication of a later hand (p. 69). Why should it be so? However it may now seem to one versed in 'Western metaphysics,' the man, at least, who could speak of Abraham receiving, at a certain stage of his career, a fresh lease of life's powers and energies direct from Heaven, might surely, with perfect consistency, write of these continuing their action to a correspondingly advanced stage in the future. Can that criticism be entitled to the designation of fair or reasonable, which first denudes a series

of transactions of their germinant principle, and then presents the remainder as the incoherent patchwork of diverse and mutually discordant traditionists? Persons whose doctrinal position obliges them to tamper after such a fashion with the narratives of Scripture, may doubtless find appropriate employment in disputing their genuineness, or, like Dr Colenso, in calling in question their historical veracity; but their position itself, from its very nature, disqualifies them from producing what can, in any proper sense, be regarded as an introduction to the books in which the narratives are contained.

But we must become somewhat more specific; and, in doing so, must distinguish between the authorship of the Pentateuch and the credibility of its accounts. These have hitherto been viewed conjointly, because to a large extent they are so by those who here take the part of objectors. But they are properly distinct questions, and the one also greatly more vital than the other. Whether Moses was strictly the author of the entire Pentateuch or not, may be a question even among those who are perfectly agreed as to the authentic and authoritative character of its contents. Here, within certain limits, there is room for difference of opinion; but the historical truthfulness and credibility of the accounts it transmits of God's dealings with man in earlier times, and men's dealings with God, bear directly upon its proper nature and design. If any charge of error could be successfully established against it in this respect, or if even any grave suspicion could with a measure of probability be fastened on its testimony, a blow would inevitably be inflicted, not upon the Pentateuch alone, but upon the whole Bible as a revelation from Heaven. To this point, therefore, as the more important of the two, we shall devote the larger portion of the space that remains for us.

It were vain to say that the subject, in this aspect of it, is beset with no difficulties, or that it is entirely free of what, in an age like the present, is calculated to give rise, for a time at least, to certain doubts and misgivings in the minds of sincere and honest inquirers. Several considerations might prepare us to expect this. First of all, the remoteness of the periods to which the accounts refer, and because of that remoteness the peculiar, in many respects abnormal, condition of things (as seen from our point of view) to which they relate—this alone lends to the speculative reason a great advantage in starting plausible objections against the credibility of the accounts. How many things of a like description could be named in connection with the antiquities of a particular country—our own, for example—in which (partly on account of the peculiarity of the circumstances, partly from giving heed to incidental and collateral

considerations) the most veritable accounts have sometimes been involved in controversial difficulties! And shall it be thought strange, if persons who are in search of such things should find them in accounts which reach back to the infancy of the human race itself, and embrace the earlier evolutions of the divine economy? Even those who cannot be said to seek for objectionable matter, yet from the mere accidents of their position—as living in an advanced stage of the world's history, and imbibing their impressions of what is fit and probable, or the reverse, from the things most familiar to themselves—may readily enough discover in what is written of the remote past statements or occurrences that seem open to objection; they will do so, if they are incapable of appreciating the diversity of circumstances, and insist on extending to one age what properly belongs to another. The actual, the true, in such cases, is not always, by any means, what would at first sight be deemed the likeliest by this generation.

Another feature in the earlier narratives of the Bible, which might be expected to work in the same direction, is the singular brevity of most of them—as if written with no eye to curious inquiries or critical judgments, but in a spirit of unsuspecting confidence, and with the view simply of presenting a condensed record of things spoken and done, which it much concerned men of all times to know. Accounts so constructed naturally leave not a little to be supplied by the good sense and wise discretion of the reader; and if, forsaking these, he gives way to the academical doubtings and microscopic inquisitiveness which a critical age is so apt to engender, he will not fail to detect apparent negligences and complications in the story, which may without difficulty be made to look like serious discrepancies or actual blunders. Along with the brevity of those records of primeval and patriarchal times, there is also to be taken into account in this connection the particular setting of many of the notices contained in them, which naturally savours of the period of their origin. Truth, of course, must always constitute the staple of historical narrations, which cease to be historical whenever, and in so far as, they depart from the faithful exhibition of things as they actually occurred. To preserve a trustworthy record of these is their professed purpose and aim; but with this common aim, and in subordination to it, there may also be specific aims, arising out of the position of the writer, or the relations in which he stands to those more immediately in his eye, and appearing in the particular point and form given to his narrative. Here age, to some extent, will differ from age, country from country: what appears fit and natural at one time, will look strained and peculiar at another; and if any one should go to the more ancient records of Scripture oblivious of such differences, can it be matter

of wonder if he should, in some respects, misjudge them—should think it strange, perhaps, that certain things are introduced, and again, that others are omitted?

The considerations now adverted to are all of a perfectly intelligible nature, and obviously germane to the subject: no one scarcely will dispute that *some* weight is due to them in dealing with the earlier historical documents of Scripture; and if only *due* weight is ascribed to them, it will go far to remove some of the more plausible objections which are urged against the credibility of the books of Moses. Take, for example, that which stands in the very front of Dr Colenso's charges of incorrectness—the account given in Gen. xlv. 19 of the family of Judah, as connected with the settlement of the chosen seed in Egypt. Among the seventy souls spoken of as coming with Jacob into Egypt, five are reckoned to Judah beside himself,—three sons, Shelah, Pharez, and Zarah; and two grandsons, the sons of Pharez, viz., Hezron and Hamul. But as Pharez was not born to Judah till after even the youngest of his first family had grown to manhood, it is impossible that Pharez should have become old enough to marry and have two children by the time that the family of Jacob went down to sojourn in Egypt. For as Joseph was at that time certainly not more than forty, Judah (according to the computation of the Bishop) was probably about forty-two; and he can hardly, with any show of probability, be made upwards of forty-six or forty-eight. Indeed, the former, according to our view, comes nearer to the probable age than the latter. But it is needless to go into detail on the subject, or contend in such a case about half-a-dozen of years; for, allow Judah to have been even fifty at the time in question, it is quite incredible that Pharez and Zarah, his sons by Tamar, should have already become full-grown men, and one of them the father of two children. Beyond all reasonable doubt, therefore, Judah's grandsons, Hezron and Hamul, were born some considerable time after the settlement in Egypt. And so also must it have been with most, if not the whole, of Benjamin's ten sons (xlv. 21); for Benjamin was by much the youngest of the family of Jacob, and a year or two before the descent into Egypt, he is spoken of as comparatively young or little, a mere lad (xliii. 8, xlv. 20): he could scarcely, indeed, be above twenty-four at the latter period, and cannot be supposed to have had more, at the utmost, than two or three sons. Yet all the ten sons, as well as Judah's two grandsons, are specified among the seventy souls who went with Jacob into Egypt; and after this, the number seventy, so made up, is referred to as the well-known aggregate of the Israelitish settlers in the land of Goshen (Ex. i. 5, Deut. x. 22). Dr Colenso, therefore, following in the wake of many others, finds

here palpably incorrect statements, and holds the account as it stands simply incredible. But he should have prosecuted his inquiries a little farther; for when the matter is so plain as to its variance with historical fact, how shall we account for such representations having ever been made? The natural improbabilities or historical anachronisms in question are no new discoveries; they have been the subject of discussion for generations, and have not been overlooked even in general commentaries. Shall we suppose that the genealogical register, with its historical setting, was the production of so stupid and bungling a composer, that he drew it up regardless of inconsistencies which the most inexperienced eye can detect, or that the authorities (whoever they might be) who placed it and kept it where it is, were equally incapable of perceiving them? A supposition of this sort, which is the only alternative left us by the criticism we are considering, really makes a somewhat heavy draught on our faith. It is hard, and, for our part, impossible to believe, that the records composing the book of Genesis (considered merely as human productions) took shape in this hap-hazard style, under the hands of persons so devoid of common shrewdness and sagacity. We rather conceive that, where things obviously at variance with this and with historic fidelity occur, respect may have been had, in the construction of the record, to some method or principle, which, though it may, perhaps, carry a strange or artificial aspect when contemplated from a modern point of view, yet approved itself to men of other times, and fell in with their peculiar modes and habits of thinking.

If this appears to be no more than a fair and equitable rule of judgment generally respecting those ancient records, there is no portion of them to which it may more fitly be applied than their genealogical registers. These were brief compends of history, the mere bones and skeletons, one may say, of many-sided and often far-reaching family relationships—the very brevity of which, coupled with the desire to render them as comprehensive in matter, and as distinctive and memorable in form as possible, sometimes contributed to impart to them strained, and even fantastic forms. Curious examples may be seen of this in Lightfoot and Schöttgen, in connection with the genealogical register in Matt. i.; and that register itself is, in more respects than one, a remarkable illustration—in respect, for example, to the female names it mentions (which are only four, and all of an abnormal character,—Tamar, Rahab, Ruth, and Bathsheba,—because seen, doubtless, to be special precursors, types of Mary, in whom the abnormal rose to its full culmination), in respect also to the division of the entire roll into three sections of equal length, and still more in the omission, for the purpose of making out this,

of three names in the second division (those of kings Ahaziah, Joash, and Amaziah). A mere verbal critic, who cannot look beyond the letter of the text, will hold all these peculiarities to be matter of caprice, and charge the omission of so many names as a falsification of history. But one who seeks to do the part of a skilful interpreter, will throw himself back upon ancient times, and take into account the views and circumstances which gave rise to such peculiarities; and he will be the more induced to do so, as the departure just noticed from the strict letter of history could not possibly, in this case, have arisen from ignorance or oversight, but must be ascribed to intention. In like manner, he will deal with the genealogical register associated with the descent of Israel into Egypt. Here, also, there is a manifest regard to certain numbers—to the 7 and 10, the conjoined symbols of sacredness and completeness, and when multiplied together, so as to make 70, a strongly intensified symbol of the same. In order to exhibit this as realized in those who went down with Jacob to sojourn in Egypt, Jacob himself is included in the number (reckoned among the 33 sons of Leah), Joseph also and his sons, who were already in Egypt; yet to them, too, applies the general statement, ‘All the souls of the house of Jacob which came into Egypt were threescore and ten.’ Why should it be deemed strange if certain additions from the future were also introduced to complete the requisite number, especially if those additions represented the heads of so many families in Israel? That such actually was the case appears from a comparison of the genealogical register in question with that of Num. xxvi.,—the immediate descendants of Jacob who, in the latter, are represented as having become heads of tribes and founders of distinct families, being, with a few slight differences (arising, no doubt, from changes that took place during the sojourn in Egypt), the same with those given in the first. Hence, though other sons beside Manasseh and Ephraim appear to have been born to Joseph in Egypt (Gen. xlviii. 6), and others of Jacob’s family probably had sons born there, yet, not forming heads of tribal stems or family circles, they are not mentioned, because the offspring took rank under one or other of those actually given. So that, as 12 remained the ideal number for the tribes, even after they became 13 by the adoption of Manasseh and Ephraim, so 70 remained the ideal number of tribes and families together—of the entire community—because that was the number at the initial period, when the several divisions began to take form,—the period nearly coeval, though not absolutely identical, with Jacob’s descent into Egypt. Such regard to numbers and family distinctions may appear to us unnatural—it may seem to want critical exactness; but the real question is,

whether it did not exist, having certain ends to serve, certain ideas to embody and landmarks to keep up, which were important for the time being, and might otherwise have been lost? For, if so, then it is as much our duty to consider it, and make reasonable allowance for it, as to ascertain and determine the idioms of language and forms of expression, in which the original records of Scripture are preserved. Only through such knowledge and consideration do we get at a correct understanding of their real import.

The explanations now made respecting the first objection of Dr Colenso, will, without material difference, apply also to several others—in particular, to the apparent incongruity he brings out between the actions reported to have been done on certain occasions, and the number of persons that must be supposed to have taken part in them. Thus, all Israel, or the congregation of Israel, is occasionally represented as called to assemble, or as having actually assembled, at the door of the tabernacle to hear certain words, and witness certain ceremonies. But taking the numbers given as genuine, they would have required, even if closely packed, a space immensely too large either for seeing or hearing. To make the incongruity more palpable, the Bishop represents them standing nine abreast, forming a line about the width of the tabernacle, and extending in a direct course of twenty miles (p. 83). Should not the simple absurdity of this—an absurdity palpable to every eye—have convinced him, that such could never have been the meaning of the historian (whoever he was), and that to deal with the narrative so, is to deal with it unfairly? Reduce the numbers even by ten—suppose that, instead of hundreds of thousands, there were only so many tens of thousands of grown men with Moses in the wilderness (which, at the very least, would be required to meet the other conditions of the historical problem), such portions of the narrative would still, if so interpreted, not be relieved of absurdity. But many other portions of Scripture, and indeed of all histories which deal in general and comprehensive descriptions, might equally be turned into extravagant and incredible accounts. Thus St Matthew says of John Baptist, that there ‘went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him.’ Who would dream, unless under some sort of hallucination, of sitting down, in connection with such a statement, to gather statistics of the probable population of the places here specified, and after summing up the account into so many hundreds of thousands, to ask whether we can reckon it at all credible that John really had such multitudes attending him, and with his own hand actually administered baptism to them all? It is only necessary

to bear in mind the extreme brevity of such accounts, and to give credit to the writer for a fair measure of common sense, as he doubtless accredited his readers with the same, to take up a proper impression of his meaning. And in regard particularly to what is said of the assembling of the congregation about the tabernacle, and of Moses speaking such and such things to the whole congregation, since nothing is said as to the mode, it ought to be understood that the matter was gone about in some practicable manner—by representation, or by successive detachments, as the case might require. Did people in those times not know how to execute a general order in detail, or to effect in a representative capacity what could not be done by them collectively? The early divisions among the Israelites into families and companies, with their respective heads, rendered it comparatively easy and natural for them to fall upon such methods.

A special application is made by Dr Colenso of his arithmetical powers, for the purpose of showing the improbability of the account in Exodus respecting the institution of the passover. He calculates that not fewer than 150,000 male lambs of the first year would be required for the feast, on the supposition of the Israelites numbering 600,000 full-grown men. But the existence of 150,000 *male* lambs would argue as many *female* lambs of that year; and 300,000 lambs of one year, he learned from a sheep-master in Natal, would imply (if allowance were made for an adequate surplus of males besides those killed for the passover) an entire flock of about 2,000,000. And where was pasture to be had, even in Goshen, for the grazing of such a flock, along with very much cattle, which the Israelites are said to have had besides? Or in the wilderness how could they all possibly find support? *There* the Israelites are constantly represented as living together in a compact body, and for long in the desert of Sinai, which is an entirely bare and sterile region: the flocks and herds, if they had existed in such vast numbers, must have perished for want, or they must have been scattered over immense tracts far and wide, of which there is no account; while in that case, also, they would have been exposed to the assaults of hostile tribes, and cut off. Every way the account seems enveloped in difficulties that exceed belief. Such is a summary of the Bishop's calculations on this head, and his arguments founded on them. We must again remind our readers of the brevity of the sacred narrative, which, presenting only incidental notices and graphic outlines, renders it comparatively easy for objectors to start questions and urge apparent improbabilities. Of course, manifest inconsistencies or proved impossibilities would be fatal to its credibility; but have we such here? The circumstances of the first passover were altogether peculiar; it formed

the consummation of a whole series of remarkable phenomena, and the eventful crisis of a formative period in the history of Israel as a people. Matters, we may be sure, did not move at such a time with the calm and equable pace of ordinary life; the people's minds were wound up with lofty expectation, and nerved to achievements which put to flight the calculations of worldly prudence, and which in less exciting moments might have seemed even to themselves impossible. When they saw how much depended on their doing the part assigned them on that memorable occasion, who can tell what exertions would be put forth, and what resources plied to execute the plan of Heaven? Wherever lambs could be had, means would assuredly be taken to secure them; other flocks beside those of the Israelites, so far as accessible, would be resorted to; and as God did not then, any more than at other times, demand impossibilities of His people, if in any cases a lamb of sacrifice could not be procured, a substitute of some sort (as under the law) would doubtless be accepted in its stead. Besides, who can tell how the families would assort themselves in so great an emergency? Josephus informs us (*Wars*, ix. 6, 3), that in ordinary times the companies that met together as one family to eat the passover often numbered as many as twenty; and that on a particular occasion, with the view of ascertaining how many persons might be congregated in Jerusalem, the paschal lambs were counted, and found to number 256,000. A startling proportion, no doubt, of the male offspring of the flocks for sheep-masters and arithmeticians! Yet the demand, great as it was, was somehow met by a regular supply. And may we not much more imagine this to have happened on the one occasion in Egypt which formed the grand crisis of Israel's destiny? Or, if some difficulty was experienced in procuring the requisite number of victims, might not the people congregate, not by twenties merely, but by thirties or even forties, for such an occasion? To overlook all that was special and extraordinary in the transactions of the period, and draw inferences from them as if they had been occurrences in every-day life, is to betray an incapacity for estimating aright the forces which are brought into play by great movements, and bespeaks rather the speculative turn of a recluse than the sagacity of one accustomed to handle matters of stirring interest and national importance.

We hold it, therefore, to be utterly impossible to form any definite idea of the number of lambs that would, in the circumstances, be actually needed at the first institution of the passover, and consequently foolish to attempt to build upon such hypothetical grounds conclusions as to the total number of the Israelitish flocks. We are assured in the history that they had considerable posses-

sions in these, and herds also of cattle; they left Egypt, it is said, 'with flocks and herds, very much cattle.' But this is a very indefinite statement, indicating only a relative greatness, which, with reference to modern ideas, might possibly be esteemed small; and it is not till the close of the wilderness sojourn that what might be called very ample possessions in flocks and herds are mentioned—even then only as connected with three of the tribes (who appear to have chiefly devoted themselves to that line), and after considerable accessions had been made to their stock from the successful wars against Midian and the occupants of Bashan. How such flocks and herds, as they doubtless possessed when they departed from Egypt, were supported in the region which lies around Horeb and Sinai, cannot now be ascertained, and should be left among the points we want materials for determining. It has always presented itself as a difficulty to modern travellers, which (as things now stand) they find themselves incapable of solving. At the same time, they have told us of many wadys in the region, which, at certain periods and in favourable seasons, yield a considerable herbage. Burckhardt, who knew the whole district well, makes mention of 'fertile valleys in the highest region of the peninsula, which produce fruit trees. Water, too, is always found in plenty in this district, on which account it is the place of refuge of all the Bedouins when the low country is parched up.'¹ Besides, indications have been pointed out by various scientific explorers, and are briefly described by Stanley,² of a greater fertility and productiveness having belonged to the entire region than is now found in it. 'There is no doubt' (he says) 'that the vegetation of the wadys has considerably decreased. In part, this would be an inevitable effect of the violence of the winter torrents. The trunks of palm trees washed up on the shore of the Dead Sea, from which the living tree has now for many centuries disappeared, show what may have been the devastation produced among those mountains, when the floods, especially in earlier times, must have been violent to a degree unknown in Palestine.' Then he refers to the reckless waste of the Bedouin tribes, who frequently destroy, but rarely replenish, and who have, of late years, been carrying on a considerable traffic in charcoal derived from the acacia trees, which they still find in particular districts. Places are also specified which are known within historical periods to have been green and fertile, but which are now absolutely bare. Such circumstances, partly probable and partly certain, ought fairly to be taken into account in thinking of the resources which might be available for both the Israelites themselves and their cattle, whether as sojourning in the immediate neighbourhood of Sinai

¹ *Travels*, ii., p. 571.

² *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 24.

or in other regions of the wilderness. Nor ought it surely to be forgotten (for one part of the scriptural account must not be taken to the exclusion or prejudice of another), that they were all the while under the special providence and guardianship of Him who has at command the varied elements of nature, and can make the rain to 'drop on the pastures of the wilderness' as it pleases Him.¹

It is impossible for us here to go minutely into the tangled web of calculations which the Bishop has attempted to weave out of the numbers given for the different tribes of Israel in the wilderness, as compared with the genealogical tables, and the length of time between the descent of Jacob's family into Egypt, and their coming out of it a nation more than two millions strong. A series of what, if they were as he puts them, must be regarded as physical impossibilities and palpable inconsistencies, is thus made out against the Scripture accounts, and on the professed ground of assuming nothing, but taking the accounts in their plain and obvious meaning. In reality, however, a good deal is assumed that is by no means to be taken for granted, and which is denied by some of the most competent and thoughtful inquirers. It is assumed, for example, that the genealogies are complete records, containing all the names of the successive generations of Israel in Egypt, and of the sons belonging to these generations. But for that, as has been already stated, there is no proper warrant. The genealogies were constructed with certain specific aims; and they might in consequence sometimes omit names which more general and critical purposes would have rendered necessary. It is certain, indeed, that they did so. Thus, in the genealogy of Levi, Ex. vi., four sons of Kohath are given—Amram, Izhar, Hebron, and Uzziel; after which follow the sons of three of these; but Hebron is omitted, as if he had died childless. Yet, when we turn to the genealogy in 2 Chron. xxiii., we find no fewer than four sons ascribed to Hebron, who, no doubt, had their descendants. Again, in the case of Izhar, three sons are given in Exodus, while in Chronicles there is only one, and he, apparently, a different person from any of the three. The probable reason of such differences was, that the registers had special respect to the formation of family heads in the respective lines; and as these from time to time differed, so certain names disappeared from the more public registers, and others took their place. All this, however, is ignored by Dr Colenso; he makes no account of the additional names referred to in the

¹ We have thought it best to leave out of view Dr Beke's solution of the problem, who rejects the traditional site of Sinai, and would transfer it to the neighbourhood of the land of Midian, to the south and east of the Dead Sea. His view is not likely to meet with acceptance from competent judges, at least in its present form.

later lists, but assumes the one in Exodus to be full and complete, as he does also in regard to that of Moses and Aaron, which exhibits only two intervening links between them and Levi—Kohath the son of Levi, and Amram the son of Kohath, and father of Moses and Aaron; while, for the same period, we have in the family of Joseph ten generations between him and Joshua (1 Chron. vii. 22–27). We know this is a disputed point among the learned; but to us it seems scarcely possible, that the two in the one line could have stretched over the same period which required ten (or say nine, counting Nun, Joshua's father, to be of an age with Moses) in the other. There were probably two Kohaths or two Amrams in the list (as in the table 1 Chron. vi. 9, 10, two Azariahs occur shortly after each other), and the intermediate links, for the sake of brevity, or some other reason, omitted.¹

It is also assumed by Dr Colenso, that the whole period of sojourn in Egypt was 215 years, the half of the 430 specified in Ex. xii. 40,—an old Jewish opinion certainly, and not without some plausible grounds of support, which have disposed many still to acquiesce in it; but resting in good part on the brief genealogy of Moses just noticed, which appears to us demonstrably incomplete. Yet the Bishop's calculations respecting the numbers of Israel in the wilderness are based on that abbreviated period of sojourn, and cease to be of force if the longer should prove the correct one.² It is further assumed, that the families of Israel at the time of the exodus must have been all the lineal descendants of the twelve sons of Jacob. They were all, no doubt, reckoned to these; but it by no means follows from this, that they must have sprung by direct descent from Jacob. As the men, by intermarrying with those who were not of the tribes of Israel, so the women, by becoming wedded to husbands who were not native Israelites, yet willing that their offspring should

¹ Compare Ezra vii. 3, where, of the two Azariahs in 1 Chron. vi., only one is given, and the intervening links are omitted, precisely as we suppose to have been done in the genealogy of Moses. The case of the latter is well put by Tiele in his *Chron. des A. Test.*, p. 36: 'According to Num. iii. 27, the Kohathites were divided in Moses' time into four families—Amramites, Jehezarites, Hebronites, and Uzzielites; these composed together 8600 men and boys (women and girls not being reckoned). The fourth part, or about 2150 men and boys, would fall to the Amramites. Moses himself had only two sons. If, therefore, Amram, the son of Kohath, the father of the Amramites, were identical with Amram, the father of Moses, Moses must have had 2147 brothers and brothers' sons. But as this is an impossible supposition, it must be admitted as proved, that Amram, the son of Kohath, was not the father of Moses; but that between him and his descendant of the same name, a considerable number of generations has been dropt out.'

² Ewald, Keil, and most of the more recent authorities, adhere to the 430 years. But how much the period has been toyed with by theorists may be inferred from such extremes as those of Bunsen and Lepsius—the former making the sojourn in Egypt 1440 years, while Lepsius confines it to 90.

be counted of the seed, might, and probably did, add considerably to the numbers. Further accessions would be made from the class of home-born servants, who, when the era of deliverance came, would naturally become associated in standing and prospects with their masters. Even the mixed multitude that followed them from Egypt, such of them as remained steadfast to the Israelitish banner, must have been associated with certain of the tribes; for there was no recognised class separate from the tribal stems; only as connected with one or other of these could they have a part in Israel. How much the sources now indicated may have contributed to swell the gross numbers of the covenant people, it is impossible to say; but, taken together, they must have been considerable: yet none of them have any place in Dr Colenso's account; they are not explicitly stated in the record, and he refuses to assign them an arithmetical value. Once more, it is assumed that the rate of increase in Egypt continued to be the same among the Israelites as it had been previously,—that there was no extraordinary fecundity among them there, and that three or four on an average to a family is all that we have any reason to calculate upon; in this, proceeding still upon the ground—the fallacious ground, as we have shown it to be—that the genealogical registers were framed on the principle of uniformly including all the offspring, and also disallowing the evidence which is given in Exodus (first chapter), that something quite marvellous in this respect took place. 'The children of Israel' (it is said) 'were fruitful, and swarmed, and were mighty very exceedingly (or grew exceedingly strong), and they filled the land.'

We cannot pursue the subject further in this line; but these examples are sufficient to show on what fanciful ground Dr Colenso's chief calculations are based, and with what slender materials—slender because applied to a purpose for which they were never destined—he has wrought out his formidable conclusions. We indicate, however, no definite opinion regarding the precise numbers exhibited in certain parts of the Pentateuch, or of the other historical books of Scripture. In various places they are involved in difficulties; and it has been readily admitted by sensible expositors, that, from the risk attending the transcription of manuscripts,—also from the mode of expressing numbers in ancient times by letters of the alphabet, the force of which was increased tenfold, or an hundredfold, by certain marks placed over them,—mistakes might occasionally creep into copies, sometimes by the exchange of one letter for another, sometimes by the accidental omission or addition of the marks. In certain cases, they have almost certainly done so; and one of these, some have thought, might be found in the case of the first-born,

for whom in the wilderness the Levites were substituted to do special service to God. It is a case strongly urged by Dr Colenso; for of males above a month old, there were found among the other tribes, 22,273—showing a first-born to somewhere about 42 of the males generally, and of course implying, on that supposition, an average of 43 males to every family. This is incredible. Either there must be some mistake in the numbers, or the first-born meant must have been, not all such, but those only who had not yet households of their own—those from one to twenty years old, or so. It was most probably such only who in Egypt were reckoned the first-born—the first increase of each separate household, and, as such, naturally representing the whole. This is the view adopted by many commentators, and to us it appears a perfectly natural and proper one. It to a nearness removes the difficulty above noticed; since not more, perhaps, than about a third of all who had been first-born would in that case be taken into account. Some, however, prefer the other mode of explanation: they would reduce the gross numbers of the population, which they conceive to have been unduly magnified by errors of transcription.¹

But, apart from all specific cases and matters of detail, about which it is vain to expect an entire agreement among critical writers, there are a few general considerations, bearing on the subject as a whole, which are too apt to be overlooked by such writers, and which we would briefly present to the minds of those who are disposed to take a calm and reasonable view of things. First of all, there is the practical difficulty, or, as we may rather say, the impossibility, of exhibiting an account of the transactions which *must* have taken place in the early history of Israel and

¹ The Rev. Dr Forbes, of Edinburgh, has recently, through several channels, advocated the latter mode. He supposes that a change in the notation has somehow crept into the Hebrew codices equivalent to what the addition of a cipher would make in a modern account. He partly grounds this on the fact, that in both the first and the second census (Num. iii. xxvi.), the numbers of each tribe always end in a cipher—46,500, 59,300, etc.; while the numbers of the first-born are given to a unit—22,273, in this case, he thinks, showing exactness. Reducing thus the gross number by cutting off a cipher, or dividing by ten, the proportion of the first-born to each family would be about 4·2; and the whole force of grown men would be, not 600,000, but 60,000. The method, however, is open to this objection, that the gross number of the Levites—namely, 22,000—being nearly equal to the number of the first-born, he is obliged to regard this as the correct number of the Levites; while, in the case of all the other tribes, he strikes off a cipher, and, instead of tens of thousands, finds only thousands. Why not strike off a cipher here also, and make only 2200? Or, how should Levi have come to be five or six times as large as the other tribes? This seems quite inexplicable; and, indeed, the numbers of the several tribes occur so frequently, and with so much circumstantiality, that we doubt extremely if any satisfactory solution can come from an alteration in these. Ewald, with all his arbitrary freedoms, holds here to the substantial correctness of the text, and points to indications of greater fertility at a remote period as partly relieving the difficulty (*Geschichte*, ii., p. 254-5).

their fathers, so as to be free from all apparent grounds of exception. It is easy to start plausible objections against even the best ascertained facts of history, especially when they have been of a remarkable nature, and distinguished characters have played a leading part in them. This was very cleverly exhibited, some years ago, with reference more particularly to the questions agitated concerning the recorded transactions of Gospel history, by Archbishop Whately, in his 'Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte,' showing how utterly improbable the accounts were of such a strange and eventful career as his. The doubts were as fairly raised as many of those relating to primeval and early Israelitish history, and only failed to gain currency from the freshness of the transactions, and the multiplicity of the evidence on their side. Where such evidence, however, is wanting, and ingenuity can ply at will its efforts in discovering improbabilities, is it wonderful that they should assume a formidable appearance? But let the persons who delight in conjuring up these, take upon them the more onerous part of giving what they conceive to be the true account of matters, and we venture to say they will soon find themselves met with a host of objections. It is as certain as almost anything in ancient history can be, that the family of Jacob did sojourn for a considerable time in Egypt, did make their escape amid signal displays of power from the grasp of Pharaoh, wander long in the desert, and, at the close, effect the conquest of the land of Canaan. The facts have somehow to be accounted for—how is it to be done? If the numbers ascribed to Israel in the Pentateuch prove the great stumbling-block, then make them, with the French commentator Laborde, instead of 600,000 full-grown men, only 600. No doubt such a limited company, with their families and flocks, might easily enough be sustained in the desert,—our Colensos would be no ways troubled with puzzling calculations,—but how should the puny host achieve for itself conquests so difficult, and grow in a few generations to a place and influence so mighty? Take the more reasonable number of 60,000, which has pleased others, then, as this would imply a total of near a quarter of a million, the difficulties connected with the maintenance of such a company in the wilderness for a succession of years may still be regarded as insuperable by merely natural means; while to gain and keep possession of the territory of Canaan and the adjoining countries to the east of Jordan in the face of many powerful adversaries, the force would seem much too limited. We adhere to the scriptural account as not only more trustworthy, but also more feasible and consistent (when fairly considered), than any yet propounded. Dr Davidson has not, any more than Dr Colenso, tried to mend the account of the exodus and the sojourn in the wilderness; but

he has not been so reserved on some of the earlier portions of the history. He has laboured especially to put things right concerning the *myth*, or, as he rather delights to call it, the *philosopheme* of paradise and the fall; and having reduced the whole to plain language, he finds under it the truth of man's advance from simple innocence, or a kind of half-idiotic, sensuous existence, not far removed from the brutes, to moral freedom and independence,—a noble effort, though accompanied with some excess. So that the history of the fall becomes in his hands only a sort of Æsop's fable, and so much inferior to those known by that name, that instead of an allegorical lesson which all could understand, it has proved to the great mass of readers only a perplexing and misleading riddle. Respecting such new wine of the higher criticism, we unhesitatingly say that the old is better.

Another point worthy of serious and thoughtful regard in this connection, is the striking vindication which recent discoveries have afforded of the earlier accounts of Scripture,—accounts which, prior to those discoveries, were as fiercely assailed with objections from rationalistic critics as the parts now more immediately attacked. It is little more than a quarter of a century since the rationalists of the day, such as Vater, Von Bohlen, Tuch, took exception to many statements and allusions in Genesis and Exodus as defective in correct knowledge respecting the condition and manners of ancient Egypt; unmistakeable proofs were detected of persons having written them belonging to another country or a later time. Bricks, it was alleged, were not used as materials for building in Egypt, and some one who lived on the banks of the Euphrates had transferred what he *saw there* to those of the Nile; it was contrary to the sacredness ascribed in Egypt to animal life to represent the feasting in Joseph's house as consisting so much of animal food; the butler's dream about the vine and grapes could not have occurred to any one acquainted with Egypt till centuries after the exodus, for the cultivation of the vine was not introduced there till a comparatively late period; nor was writing known, at least not known so as to be freely and familiarly used, to the extent implied in the minute and complicated legislation of Moses. Such were some of the charges brought against the books of Moses at the period referred to, and urged with the greatest confidence in proof of their supposititious and non-historical character. How do these books stand related to them now? Is it the assailants or the assailed that in the present day are ashamed to lift their heads? By a wonderful evolution in providence, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, so long buried, came to be, in a manner, exhumed; her long-lost treasures have been brought to light; and in the records of her sculptured monuments and painted sepulchres she

has herself borne witness to the character of the times in which Joseph ruled, and Moses led forth the armies of his people. But in every case it is a witness for the faithfulness of the Bible story, and against the shallow presumption of its accusers. It was the *want* of more specific information which brought its credit as a historical record into peril, not the too great abundance of it; in proportion as our knowledge grew, the verisimilitude of the sacred narrative was established, and the old attacks have ceased to be heard. Nor is it only in the particular department of Egyptian antiquities that this has happened; examples of the same description, though less palpable and varied, have occurred in other directions. The discovery of Assyrian remains, and more thorough investigation of historical movements and relations in that part of Asia, have in some instances signally confirmed, while in none have they invalidated, the truth of Scripture. It is but a few years since, that Winer, Hitzig, and others of the same school, charged the prophecy of Ezekiel respecting the taking of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar (ch. xxvi.) with failure; they held the extant evidence to be clear against it; but a more careful and patient sifting of that evidence, aided by the fresh light that has recently been shed on the field of inquiry, has resulted in the full vindication of the prophetic announcement.¹ We could point to other examples; but these may suffice. And we ask, if all this should be without bearing upon the controversies under discussion? It may be, that on certain portions of the disputed territory research has already done its utmost; and that no future efforts shall be able to bring forth from their lurking-places such fresh testimonies from a remote antiquity as would materially tell on the questions at issue. But the Bible is, in a sense, one book—the book of God's covenant: it bears throughout the sanction of His name, carries the stamp of His authority; and in so remarkably directing the progress of events as to bring up from the tomb of ages a whole series of attestations to authenticate its testimony, where it had been suspected and assailed, He has, in a manner, guaranteed its truthfulness on those other related portions, which possibly admit of no such attestations in their favour.

Still further, let the general character of those ancient records of God's dealings in the past be considered, especially their fresh moral tone, or, as we may rather put it, their marked spiritual elevation, ever depreciating the human and exalting the divine. What temptation was there for the authors of such records to falsify the truth of things? What interest could they expect to serve by it? In the progress of mere earthly kingdoms one can easily understand how a tendency to the exaggerated and the

¹ See Movers *Das Phœn. Alterthum*, c. ii.

fabulous may develop itself; because, in such cases, there naturally springs up a posthumous desire to make the early rise of the nation pregnant with its future destinies, and throw a heroic lustre around the persons of its founders and heads. But here the case is entirely different. It is the divine, and not the human, that is encircled with honour. The glory of all flesh is stained—stained alike in connection with every successive stage of the history, and with the most distinguished actors in its movements. The wonders of which it speaks, the achievements it chronicles, the triumphs it celebrates, are God's—not only in the absence of man's excellence or virtue, but often also in spite of his weakness and folly. Even Abraham, the first father of the chosen seed, has nothing whereof to boast before God: it is for what he receives from above, much more than for what he does, that so high a place is assigned him in the counsels of heaven; the workings of sin and shame are ever alternating in his history with the actings of super-earthly grace and goodness; and it is in the legends of profane story rather than the severe and simple annals of sacred Scripture, that he appears with the glory and renown of a heroic Arab chieftain.¹ Still more is this seen in the case of the immediate founders and patriarchal heads of the covenant people; it is as if two counter forces were perpetually struggling for the mastery—the goodness of God on the one side, and on the other the perversity and wickedness of man. But for the singular forethought and merciful interposition of Heaven, through the instrumentality of Joseph, the family would have gone to perdition, covered with the shame of manifold iniquities. Even after being settled with distinguished marks of divine favour and protection in Egypt, the iniquity of their heels soon compasses them about; they sink in deep mire; and when deliverance comes, it needs to be, in a manner, forced upon them—yea, forced upon the very man who ultimately becomes the instrument of effecting it. Throughout the marvellous history that follows, it is uniformly God that works, putting to shame the fears, and exceeding the expectations, alike of Moses and the people. It is God that

¹ We regret to see that Dr Stanley, in his recent volume of 'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church' (a volume which presents all that charm of vivid narrative and real life that makes all his writings so delightful reading), lays so much stress on these legends in the case of Abraham—following, in this, the example of his great master Ewald, and, like him, well-nigh obliterating the landmarks between the legendary and the historical, the profane and the sacred. Nor is this a solitary instance: in the estimate that is formed of individual characters and events, tradition is constantly mixed up with Scripture—perhaps we should rather say, Scripture itself is only held to be a higher kind of tradition; even the letter to King Abgarus—almost universally esteemed a forgery—is treated as probably a writing of Christ (p. 433); and so also in the constitution and ordinances of the Church, Christian as well as Jewish, heathenism is represented as contributing largely to make things not merely what they actually were and have become, but what is acquiesced in as right and proper (pp. 96, 97).

legislates, and in the legislation appears intent upon nothing more than how to repress the fountain of corruption in His people, and prevent its sinfulness from overflowing. In spite of all restraints, judgment must ever and anon break forth to avenge the iniquity that abounds ; so that the wilderness which was the witness of God's most astonishing wonders in their behalf, remains the perpetual monument of their backsliding and rebellious disposition. Is this, we ask, a story that seems fashioned after the liking of later generations, and garnished with the hues of human fancy? Could men venture to lie thus for the Holy One? Have they ever done so in the legends of other nations? Nowhere can a parallel be found to it ; and the spirit of godly simplicity that pervades these records of primeval and patriarchal times, the constant respect that is had in them to the divine will and glory, as contrasted with all that is of man, is the best guarantee of their truthfulness, and carries with it an embodied protest against every attempt to charge them with deliberate fraud or corruption.

Passing now from the credibility to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch,—a subject not formally treated by Colenso, but discussed at great length by Davidson,—a very few words must suffice. Indeed, the particular investigation of it—dealing as it does with minute criticisms on words and verses—would be out of place in a general Review. But, as previously noticed, it is not necessary, in maintaining the divine authority and historical truthfulness of the Pentateuch, to maintain also that in all its parts it came directly from the pen of Moses. The book of Genesis, which relates to periods antecedent to the time of Moses, presents the aspect of a compilation, rather than of the continuous narrative of a single writer : it is obviously made up of a succession of separate pieces ; and the relation of Moses to them may have been, probably was, no more than that of one who accredited and arranged materials already existing,—much like the Evangelist Luke, in respect to the accounts of the eye-witnesses and ministers of the word, which he set himself to collect and communicate. That the Jews, both of earlier and later times, have ever connected the book with the authority of Moses, as its collector and authenticator, if not its author in the stricter sense, admits of no doubt. In the current language of our Lord's time, in His own language, and that of the apostles, Moses' name was certainly associated with the book of the law generally, which comprised the historical memoirs of Genesis, as well as the detailed representations and precepts of the other books. Dr Davidson has said, that 'the old Jews never thought of regarding their legislator as a *historian*. Philo himself always terms him the *lawgiver*, never the *historian*' (p. 113). It had been well, if, before inditing such a positive and emphatic deliverance,

Dr Davidson had been at the pains to look into 'Philo's Life of Moses,' where he would have found Philo not only acknowledging and praising the historical merits of Moses, but formally discussing the question why, in his histories, he should have ascended to the very period of creation, and preserved so many ancient genealogies,¹—plainly implying that, in common with the Jews of his time, Philo connected Genesis, as well as the other books of the Pentateuch, with the name and authority of the lawgiver.

The course, however, that has been pursued by the higher criticism, is predominantly of an internal and analytical kind; and it pays little regard to those later or external testimonies, even when they are perfectly explicit in their evidence; for it rather busies itself with an uncritical age. It connects them with the writings themselves which compose the Pentateuch; and, by a minute investigation of the style, the idioms, the allusions, the general tone and character of the productions, undertakes to assign each section, and even particular clauses and verses of sections, to their respective periods or authors. It is not denied, that a certain nucleus, or heart of the legal portions, may be ascribed to Moses, although there is no proper agreement as to the particular portions; and even such as are connected with his hand are not conceded in precisely their present form. Dr Davidson, who occupies, if not the highest, yet one of the higher benches of the school, will not allow that even the section containing the ten commandments appears now as it proceeded from the hand of Moses. There are endless diversities among the writers of this school in regard to the authorship of particular parts. The greatest and most characteristic differences have been in respect to the number of hands employed in the composition of the books, and the parts they respectively played in the matter. There has been a whole series of hypotheses, each attempting to improve upon its predecessor (the same persons, such as De Wette and Ewald, sometimes propounding more hypotheses than one). They began in a comparatively simple form, and were applied chiefly with reference to Genesis; according to them, there were two streams of narrative, distinguished from each other more particularly by the predominant use in the one of the name Elohim for God, and in the other Jehovah—hence called the Elohist and Jehovist sections; then they proceeded to determine the relation of these more nearly to each other, and to the discovering of traces of them also in the other books, as well as Genesis, until the whole Pentateuch came to be mapped out, not simply between two authors, who showed a predilection for one or other of the names of God (this hypothesis proved quite insufficient), but, along with these, a pre-

¹Philonis Opera, Mangey, p. 660.

Elohist, a younger Elohist, and a Redactor, who overhauled the materials afresh, and applied certain finishing touches to the whole. Including the Deuteronomist, who is sometimes held to be the same as one of these, sometimes as a separate person, there were altogether five or six distinct hands supposed to have been at work in elaborating the Pentateuch, none of them earlier than the later period of the Judges, and the last contemporary with Josiah. Placing Deuteronomy by itself, however, and reckoning what one party calls the pre-Elohist as the same with what another calls the junior Elohist, there remain four distinct authors, among whom are apportioned the different pieces which compose the four first books of Moses.

We have before us a Hebrew Bible, coloured so as to represent to the eye this singular species of Mosaic (literally, however, what is *non-Mosaic*), formed in accordance with the findings of its two latest representatives—Vaihinger (in Herzog's Encyclopedia) and Dr Davidson. The handwriting of the Elohist, as forming the ground-element of the whole, stands in the native black and white; the pre-Elohist of Vaihinger, the junior Elohist of Davidson, is tinged with yellow; the Jehovist is marked in blue; the Redactor shines in red; and certain portions, which are so mixed that the higher criticism has not yet succeeded in disentangling the component elements, are streaked with various hues, leaving them to be reckoned meanwhile as a community of goods. The result is, the most ridiculous and grotesque-looking thing in the shape of a literary composition that can well be imagined. Some of the pages remind one of the gay and chequered appearance of a piece of Scotch tartan—so frequently and sharply does one colour alternate with another, exhibiting often eight and ten, sometimes as many as fifteen and sixteen, varieties in a page. Nor is it merely the number and frequency of the alternations that strikes one, but often also their smallness, strangeness, arbitrariness, considered in the light of additions from an independent source, as if thrust in one scarcely can tell why or how, in such a place and way. Thus, in the second chapter of Genesis, which, from ver. 3, is reckoned Jehovistic, we have a little red patch in ver. 9, indicating that the words equivalent, in our English Bibles, to 'and the tree of life,' is the handiwork of the late Redactor. Previous to his time, the Israelites, it seems, had known of a paradise, but with no tree of life in it. In the account of the deluge, ch. vii., the first four verses are blue, the Jehovist relating God's command to Noah to gather into the ark clean beasts by sevens, and unclean by twos, for in seven days the flood was to come; then the next five verses, in plain white and black, tell us of Noah's obedience, the Elohist's account—dashed, however, with nearly a line of red,

to indicate the following interpolation of the Redactor in ver. 8, after beasts, 'the clean, and of beasts that are not clean;' then ver. 10 is marked blue, as a Jehovist portion, containing this simple statement—'And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth;' in ver. 11, the Elohist tells of the year of Noah's life when he entered the ark, and how the flood commenced; while the next verse, 'And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights,' is clothed in the blue badge of the later Jehovist. And so on.

Does not this look like learning run mad? It is utterly incredible that any book of even second or third rate importance and ability—especially that a book like the Pentateuch, which has exercised the most powerful influence over the church of God, is pregnant with the germs of all future revelations, contains, as Tiersch has well expressed it, 'God's treasure-house of mysteries laid up for all eternity'—should have owed its existence to such patching and mending from a set of unknown and casual contributors. Never have great and germinative works, even in human literature, been so produced; and it shocks men's religious sensibilities, as well as affronts their reason, to attempt to persuade them that such has been the origin of the fundamental records of God's revelation to mankind. The mere exhibition in our halls of learning of such a parti-coloured Bible as the one before us, would go far, we are convinced, to expose the folly of these attempts, and lead those who have learning enough to read the Scriptures in the original tongue, and the sterling commodity of common sense to use it, to estimate at their proper value the pretensions and results of the criticism in question.

No doubt there are literary characteristics of the Pentateuch which serve to give a colour to some points in the criticism, and which are not unattended with difficulty. We cannot enter into these, but must refer to Macdonald's work, and works of a similar nature (those of Hengstenberg, Kurtz, Hävernicks, particularly the recent commentaries of Delitzsch on Genesis, and Keil on the Pentateuch, still accessible only in German), where they will find the several peculiarities discussed, and, for the most part, reasonably explained. If in some things they differ from one another, and even sharply oppose each other, they still do not differ nearly so much as the critics of the higher school; and with the exception, perhaps, of Hengstenberg, exhibit little of that offensive and dogmatizing confidence which, as a rule, characterizes the others. We content ourselves with stating generally our conviction, after having paid some attention to the subject, that the grammatical peculiarities and general structure of the Pentateuch are very much as they might be expected to be, according to the common belief of their antiquity and origin;

that certain indications of a later time, connected with names of places, modes of expression (such as, 'unto this day'), etc., might be, and we doubt not often were, subsequently introduced, for the purpose of rendering needed explanations, or giving fresh attestation to what had been said or done; that the diversity in the use of the names of God is frequently explicable from the nature of the transactions recorded (though we are inclined to think, with Delitzsch, that they are not *wholly* explicable, and that there is pretty strong evidence, on this ground, for distinguishing the hand of more than one narrator in Genesis, yet not of any one posterior to the age of Moses); that the omissions alleged in one class of passages, the double narratives in another, the anticipations of the future in a third, require nothing more for their explanation than a due account of the circumstances of the time, and a belief in the divine calling and prospects of Israel;—in short, that the Pentateuch, when properly viewed, is a united and consistent whole, beginning, where it should begin, with the creation of the world, because the original of Israel's being and of His law reach up to the commencement of the world and its history, and ending where it should end, with the death of Moses, whose impress it throughout bears. For Moses (as Delitzsch has justly said) belonged to those greater spirits, in whom the ripened end of one historical period coalesces with the creative commencement of another—in whom a long past culminates, and a far-reaching future takes its rise. He was the end of the patriarchal age, and the beginning of the age of law; from whom we accordingly expect, as we actually find, a practical combining of fresh revelations with the preparatory acts and announcements of patriarchal and primeval times. We devoutly thank God for such a man, and for the wonderful collection of writings which stand indissolubly connected with his name; and we doubt not that the assaults which the rationalistic spirit of the age has been raising against them, will end in their more complete vindication, and in the Church's obtaining a deeper insight into their manifold and varied instruction.¹

¹ We regret that several of the works that have just appeared in answer to Dr Colenso's, have been received too late to be specially noticed in this article.

ART. III.—1. ‘*Christopher North; a Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, compiled from Family Papers and other sources.* By his Daughter, Mrs GORDON. 2 vols. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh. 1862.

2. *The Works of Professor Wilson (Christopher North).* Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor FERRIER. 12 vols. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh. [Including the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, 4 vols.; *Essays, Critical and Imaginative*, 4 vols.; *On Homer and his Translators*, and the *Recreations of Christopher North*, 2 vols.; *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; Margaret Lindsay, and the Foresters*, 1 vol.; the *City of the Plague, Isle of Palms, and other Poems*, 1 vol.]

FALSTAFF, in one of those unctuous moral lectures which he was accustomed to inflict on his absent friends, alludes to a certain starved justice who resembled ‘a man made after supper of a cheese-paring.’ Whatever Justice Shallow may have been, Professor Wilson was no cheese-paring. He was every inch a man—in a wider, if not in a truer sense, than could be said of almost any man of genius before him. In him, nature turned out six feet of as fine workmanship as she, in her most gracious moods, bestows on any of the children of men. And to this remarkable gift of nature, there was added the soul of the poet. With much less poetical intensity and power than Burns, with far less of the genuine white heat of genius, he was nevertheless as full as he of all the physical accidents, accessories, and aids of true imagination. Externally, the man was as much on fire; his blood was as hot; the passion raged in him, while it lasted, with as much visible vehemence; and ‘his hand would have burnt you,’ as some one said of the ploughman. If he had less of the true fervour of song in him, we must lay the charge on the proper shoulders. His singing power was indeed limited, hampered, confined, probably by the very perfection of the house that held his soul. The greatest geniuses the world has known were not miracles of physical strength. Were not Homer and Milton blind? Was not Virgil asthmatic? Was not Dante weak-eyed? And did not Shakspeare probably die of a consumption?¹ There is a limit to the cultivation and development of the physique of a man of genius consistent with mental creation, just, on the other hand, as very few men of genius, or any kind of head work, give sufficient heed to their bodies.

¹ See Coleridge’s *Notes on Shakspeare*.

Nature has set her black seal upon all extremes, which we mortals break at our peril. Wilson had neither power nor patience to be a great poet, but he had sufficient power and patience to be a very good prose writer. In reading his poems, one is always annoyed by their want of substance. There are plenty of fancies, which stud his pages as thickly as partridges stud a field of stubble in autumn, but one rarely comes across a good poetical image. One is always starting what one believes will prove a roebuck; but after giving it chase over the moorish wastes for a full hour, it turns out to be only a silly hare. This is provoking. In his essays, again, this is seldom the case. He seems more at ease himself, and he puts his reader more at ease. And while there is more of the long, thin lambent glister of sheet lightning than of the zig-zag forked thunderbolt about his prose, it is nevertheless light-bearing, and as such possessing an inevitable attraction for his readers. In the 'Noctes,' and 'Christopher in his Sporting Jacket,' one occasionally hears the pawing of the divine steeds which Apollo harnesses, but the reader is hardly ever borne to the zenith on this car of the sun; the mettled coursers take fright at something ere the day has well dawned. Now and then he pipes as sweetly as if Pan himself blew upon the quills, or like Sydney's Arcadian shepherd, who 'piped as though he should never grow old.' It was, in truth, when Wilson drew upon the resources of his actual experience, that he shone most; and every one, we believe, likes his prose much better than his verse, if he takes the trouble of reading both. In his walking and leaping, his boxing and fishing, his boating and cock-fighting, he tugs at the breast of old mother Nature with a vehemence that appals us. But it is pleasure he is in search of, and he knows he has come to the proper quarter to ask for it. She is a coy matron he is importuning, but there is one argument which she must obey; and that he knows. He has made up his mind to be foremost in nearly all out-door sports, and hazards, and ventures; and when did Nature not obey the behest of the successful man, provided he went about his work in an honest way? Miracles and signs in days past, it was said, attended the supremely fortunate man on his path, just as the sword of the lucky Athelstane clove an ell of black whinstone rock from the foundations of Dunbar Castle, in token of his natural lordship over the surrounding districts. Wilson, too, was 'the greatest leaper and boxer in England.' And he could not only leap farther, walk farther, box better, wrestle better than other men; he sung 'Auld Langsyne' so as to dash tears into grave men's eyes, and many of his essays they rapturously pronounced immortal. It is this straightforward, headlong, wilful, earnest sort of way of wringing from the world whatever laughter-moving

pleasure-giving essence was in it, that astonishes men in Wilson.
As old Marvel sings,

‘He tore his pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.’

A nobler, truer, more simple-hearted man than he was, was not in broad Scotland, with all his occasional rhodomontade. His love for his wife resembled that of Hercules for Omphale. His affection for his students was unbounded ; and, indeed, his liking for all mankind, except Cockneys, was real and true.

John Wilson was a west country man, born in Paisley on the 18th of May 1785, in a house part of which is now held sacred as a lecture-room, under the cognomen of ‘Wilson Hall.’¹ Paisley is a dingy, sooty, irregular kind of old town, standing on the banks of the Cart, which, from a quite inexplicable freak of nomination, has the adjunct ‘White’ attached to it here. The town is noted for more than silk-gauze, or Cashmere shawls. It has reared more men of genius and mark than any town of the same population probably in Great Britain.² Wilson’s father was a well-to-do gauze manufacturer,—of linen gauze, we presume, silk gauze being only introduced the year before the lad’s birth. The old gentleman was in no way notable, save for his integrity,—one of the things, surely, that should endear every human soul to us. His mother was a Sym, sister to tall, slim ‘Timothy Tickler’ of the *Noctes*, and said to be a distant descendant of the great Marquis of Montrose. It is here we catch the first glimpse of an apology for Wilson’s Toryism ; more, perhaps, than by searching a summer’s day among the threads of his father’s gauze. John Wilson was the fourth child and first son of a family of ten children, and was a poet and sportsman from his cradle. Of whom he took his imaginative turn, and his liking for all manner of rollicking out-door sports, does not appear ; for he says again and again in subsequent years, that his mother, who was a very practical woman, never understood him. When the young sportsman has hardly escaped his nurse’s apron-strings, he trudges off a full mile to where a ‘wee burnie’ promised a fish, and there solemnly casts his crooked pin, and draws forth his first ‘take,’ full two ounces in weight ! And the future Professor of Moral Philosophy astonishes and delights the entire

¹ It may be worth noticing that Wilson was thus three years older than Byron, seven years older than Shelley, eleven years older than Keats, all of whom he saw off the stage before he left Ellera in 1825. He was fifteen years the junior of Wordsworth, thirteen of Coleridge, thirteen of Hogg, eleven of Southey, and fourteen of Sir Walter Scott.

² Principal Baird, Wilson the ornithologist, Tannahill the poet, R. A. Smith the composer, and a host of minor names, all hail from Paisley as their native town.

nursery by starting up on a chair in full canonicals, and delivering himself of the following fervid and naughty discourse:—
'There was a fish, and it was a deil o' a fish, and it was ill to its young anes.'

When school-days came, Wilson was foremost among his compeers, as he had previously been in his own nursery; foremost at his tasks, and foremost in the playground. With the Rev. Mr M'Letchie, in his 'wild, moorland, sylvan, pastoral parish of Mearns,' as Wilson calls it, he was much at home, both in the way of work and play. And his highly susceptible nature—so full of sympathy for grief and joy in every form—found abundance to interest it among the cottages of the poor. Here he read, and fished, and 'blunderbussed,' and flirted; and stored his mind with a rich stock of experience, which the readers of his essays in *Blackwood* were afterwards permitted to enjoy. On one occasion, he was returning in great haste from a stolen angling excursion, when he was overtaken by a mist, and had the supreme satisfaction of witnessing a peaseweep and her young ones, that, like him, had been overtaken by the mist, and, like him too, were wandering about bewildered in search of shelter! This adventure reminds us of a similar one in which the wits of the man were as much at fault as the wits of the boy now, when, in a thick fog, in the moor of Rannoch, Mrs Wilson and he lost their way for the better part of an afternoon. He left Mearns for good, and came home to Paisley to see his father die. This lad, so full of strength and animal spirits, of noise too, and bluster, swooned over the grave of his father as the clods rattled on his coffin! Not an every-day event this, by any means, with such a physique as his. Time will ultimately tell us more of this susceptibility to grief.

In 1797, he entered Professor Jardine's family to attend Glasgow College, where he remained till 1803, writing essays, reading Greek, studying logic, sparring, running, leaping, poetizing, and making love; and foremost, too, in nearly all these efforts. He writes a long, stiff, clever, boyish letter to Wordsworth respecting his *Lyrical Ballads*, then recently published, the peculiar youthfulness of which comes out much more in the authoritative tone that he assumes to the poet, than in any notable blemishes of style. Wordsworth takes it all in good part, and replies in an elaborate and interesting letter. For a clever well-to-do youth, with L.50,000 in his own right, what was there better than to become a gentleman-commoner at Oxford? No doubt he would have full scope there for getting over the vagabond period of his genius, if he was so disposed; but in 'many-towered Oxford' he would have ample opportunity, besides, to lay the basis of an opulent scholarship, and for forming

valuable friendships. To Oxford, accordingly, he went in June 1803, and entered himself a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College. We believe that he went there with the intention of being a very hard worker, as his college diaries and commonplace books show; but an old attachment to a 'Miss M.,' an orphan, who lived at Dychmont, near Glasgow, in whose society he used to spend many happy hours, as well as the free life of the place, seem ultimately to have upset his plans, and to have led him into irregular habits. On the street, one night, he soothes the ire of a Proctor, who challenges him for making a row, by repeating nearly the whole of Pope's *Essay on Man*! We have heard of rocks and trees being moved by the sound of a well-known lyre; but for poetry to have the power of taming a College Proctor, is something quite new in literature. Then he boxes so 'gamely,' that not a man in Oxford, of gown or town, who could either 'give' or 'take,' but boasted to have punished, or to have been punished by, 'Wilson of St Mallens.' De Quincey, who was a fellow-student of his at Oxford, gives some very interesting notices of his college life, unfortunately buried away, with much else of value, among heaps of rubbish in out-of-the-way magazines.¹ Then Wilson writes in a half-repentant tone, and promises to his 'dear Bob' to mend his 'too hard' living and his dissipated life; the truth being, that he had been accustomed of late to drink too much wine, and to muddle himself with laudanum, all for the sake of the 'orphan maid.' In this bewildered, distracted state, he writes in great excitement to his friend Findlay, on August 16, 1803, swearing that some day he will perhaps blow his brains out, and there will be an end of the matter; and more fustian of that sort, which one is astonished to find from one who usually writes so sensibly. No doubt he had much more sensibility than falls to the share of nine-tenths of men; but that was no reason why he should stupify himself with opium,—brain, moral sense, and feeling,—and talk 'perhaps some day' of blowing out his brains. But the terror of his degree examination begins to frighten him into Greek and good hours; and he writes, in the most excited manner, to his friend Blair, who lived not far off from him, that if he (Blair) does not come up to Oxford immediately and help him, he is sure to be plucked. Instead of this, he came off with flying colours at his examination. 'I got my degree *cum laude*,' he writes; 'a matter certainly of indifference to me.' And so it was at the time—the 'orphan maid,' and his mother's hostility to her, because she was too poor, obviously running much more in his mind. 'My mother would die if this [marriage] happened between me and Miss M.' So the marriage was broken off. And so this poor girl (for

¹ See, in particular, the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*.

poverty, it would appear, from the mysterious hints that one gathers from Mrs Gordon's narrative, was her only fault), whose affections had been literally besieged into compliance by Wilson's importunities, finds her love and trust blown back into her face as soon as she bestowed them on him. We have known of men of sober prose doing weak things: we have known of poets doing weaker things: we have known of men, while sowing their wild oats, as it is euphuistically phrased, breaking the hearts of fair women by the dozen; but nothing we know strikes us as more harsh than Wilson's conduct to this poor girl. We have known of men, with no pretensions to poetry, who would have gone to Timbuctoo or Kamschatka, rather than have injured the feelings of one they loved, and whose affections they had so systematically solicited. No doubt Wilson was ruled by a regard to his mother's feelings; but, with all deference, we think that another person's feelings should have been consulted in this case, even before hers. We are sorry to have to make those remarks regarding a man who, in other respects, was as honourable and honest as ever lived.

The hour of Wilson's departure from Oxford had now come, and he had not, so far as we know, made up his mind what to make of himself. His open heart and his open hand, his wandering to and fro over England and Ireland, had got him a considerable distance on the other side of the 'necessary L.400 a year,' at which he rated the expenditure of a gentleman-commoner at Oxford. The occupation of a private gentleman is a pleasant one in its way; but a man of superhuman activity who should engage in it would be troubled somewhat, we fear, with ennui. To this life, notwithstanding, Wilson made up his mind; and so he announces to 'my dear Bob' [Findlay], 'I have bought some ground on Windermere Lake,'—the Elleray,—of which all the Lake guide-books are full, and which all readers of *Blackwood* know so well. He had his attention early directed to the Lake poets, and particularly to Wordsworth; and now he jumps at the opportunity of being master of five acres of land, of wonderful beauty, and commanding a view of the Queen of Lakes, second to no position in the world. Here a common stone cottage sprawled out northwise under the hill, thatched all over with a profusion of jessamine, clematis, and honeysuckle. The drawing and dining rooms were one embowered shade of rose-trees, and a capacious and exceedingly symmetrical sycamore shaded it from the westering sun. Beneath this tree, which Wilson revered like the memory of a worthy ancestor, he used often to sit and dream when the leaves were green, and every bud stirred with singing life. And then,

'Wooded Winandermere, the river lake,'

stretched its whole eleven miles past him not far off. The entire view from the terrace De Quincey describes as altogether beyond words: it resembles rather ‘Athos seen from Samothrace.’ And then he had the society of such men as Coleridge and his son Hartley, of Southey and Lloyd, of Wordsworth and De Quincey, who were all within some twenty miles of each other, more or less,—as rich a poetical neighbourhood as there is in the world—where he can, by the help of a little boating and cock-fighting, keep up his connection with the fashionable world, and let off a little waste steam by a time. Of boats he kept a store at Elleray, and of cocks a whole establishment. Here are curious lists of both, gleaned from his miscellaneous jottings, as furnished by Mrs Gordon:—

‘“ Endeavour, and masts and sails, L.160; ballast, L.15—L.175; Eliza, L.30; [a second] Endeavour, L.150; Palafox, L.20; Jane, L.180; additional Endeavour, L.25; Clyde, Billy, Snail, L.10.” The names of his sailing vessels were—the Endeavour, the Eliza, the Palafox, the Roscoe, the Clyde, the Jane, the Billy, besides a fine ten-oared Oxford barge, called Nil Timeo.’

So much for his boating mania; here are some cock-fighting memoranda:—

‘Small Paisley hen set herself with no fewer than nine eggs on Monday, the 6th July. Black Edinburgh hen was set on Tuesday, the 23d of June, with twelve eggs—middle of the day. Large Paisley hen was set on Wednesday, the 24th June, with twelve eggs—middle of the day; one egg laid the day after she was set. Red pullet in Josie’s barn was set with nine eggs on Thursday, the 2d of July. Sister to the above was set with five eggs same day, but they had been sat upon a day or two before. Small black muffled hen set herself with about eight eggs on Monday night, or Tuesday morning, 7th July.’

Then side by side with the lines beginning, ‘Oh, fairy child, what can I wish for thee?’ is ranged a ‘List of Cocks for a Main with W. and T.,’ of which the following is a specimen:—

‘1. A heavy cock from Dobinson, . . .	L.5	8	0
2. Do. from Keene, . . .	5	8	0
3. Do. do., . . .	5	8	0
4. Piled cock, Oldfield, . . .	5	2	0

“Lord Derby” comes in as No. 13, L.4, 10s., and the total makes up 22 birds. Of these, “13 are to be chosen for the main, and perhaps two byes. J. W.”

An eccentric diary this as we have ever seen, in which invocations of the Almighty for superior enlightenment jostle such memoranda as, ‘black, brass-winged cock, bred from Caradice with the Keswick Grey.’

When this fight did come off, the whole country side was assembled to witness it. It took place in Wilson's own new drawing-room at Elleray, which had been carefully laid with green turf for the nonce. Wilson was declared victor, and a handsome silver drinking-cup was the award. Certainly a curious kind of amusement for a poet to take to. Doubtless the fashion was very prevalent at the time, as Mrs Gordon shows well enough. But poets and men of genius, we thought, despised fashions, and were in nearly every instance a law unto themselves. At all events, Wilson, who was an Oxford scholar and a poet, should have known better—not to speak of the cruelty of the practice—than to desecrate the bird of Apollo from a divinely-inspired herald of the dawn, into a strutting, conceited fowl, that would fight with its own shadow. And was not Apollo the chosen patron of poetry, and of poets too? No wonder if, after aiming one of the rudest shafts at his worship, the god beckoned him back when he pushed forward into the temple of fame. In truth, it is easier to pardon some of Wilson's practices than to defend them.

The 'Admiral of the Lake,' with his ruddy Ciceronian countenance and his long golden locks, turned out duly with his man, Billy Balmer, in sailor's rig; and as the commander and helmsman of the 'Endeavour', they were soon known to all comers over the lake. Cold, snow, wind, rain, were no obstacles to those adventurous navigators. 'Master, Peggs is ready,' calls Billy. 'I have brailed up the foresail; her jigger sits as straight as the knave of clubs, and we have ballasted with sand-bags. We'se beat the Liverpoolean to-day, Master.' One of the wildest adventures of Wilson's boating days on Windermere took place with Billy one snowy December night, when the sky was as black as pitch, and a gale of wind blowing. Billy was ordered to 'loose out,' for his master must make acquaintance with nature in all her moods. Loose out they did, but were soon so bewildered and stupified by the blinding drift, that neither could tell how the land lay.

'Grandine grossa, e aqua tinta, e neve,
Per l'aer tenebroso si riversa.'

After beating about in the intensest cold, their barge ran aground, and they found, to their no small joy (and disgust too, probably), that they had been hugging the starting-place for several mortal hours! Billy declared that 'Master was well-nigh frozen to death, and had icicles a finger-length hanging from his hair and beard.' An escapade this, that, in the elements of danger and daring, would have satisfied such scrupulous critics of the delights of solitary boating as Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

But if boating and cock-fighting occupied enough of Wilson's time and means, a place was found, as we said, for more ennobling pursuits. For his character has its deeply serious side, despite those wild vagaries which we have just been describing. How else could the poetry of the man get itself out? With all his mad enjoyment of gaiety and social pleasure, he was, nevertheless, essentially a solitary man. At times his nature, which before was bright and gay as his own lake in a gala morning in June, became gloomy and prophetic as the same lake before a storm. It was his custom to indulge in solitary rambles, by night and by day, over the hills and mountains in his neighbourhood. By fount and stream, by dell and glade, on hill-side and in hollow, on the lonely moor and in the forest's thickest shade, when heaven hung its galaxies of stars over him, and shed its nightly splendour on his path, and when bright-eyed day oped her lids in light on him, he walked, he felt, he fancied, and as solemn thought haunted him, and as imagination cunningly wove her webs, they took wing on words of fire; and thus he sang, and was a poet. It is wonderful what tremulous tenderness and sensibility was in this rude boxer and cock-fighter. A strength and courage equal to that of Diomedes, and a softness surpassing Helen's. For this curious combination of two apparently diverse qualities, we question whether he has his match in the entire range of letters. We think it is a remark of Schiller's, that the man who can strike the hardest blows, is the man who can shed the saltiest tears. This description is literal fact in Wilson's case. Of course, in many qualities of power and splendour, he comes far short of poets that have preceded him, and that were his cotemporaries. But for simple-hearted earnestness, in proportion to the strength of his mind, he had few equals. There was a big honesty of self-analysis about him, too, as there was a big honesty in all his dealings with men. From the proverbial vanity of the poet he was in a great measure free, if he wanted much on which the true singer prides himself. He knew his strength of wing, and had honesty and courage only to mount where it safely bore him: he never agonizes his readers by his efforts to soar high. In his graceful poem known as the 'Angler's Tent,' which was dedicated to Wordsworth, he has expressed his true relation both to poetry and him in a couplet. He says to Wordsworth:

'The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine,
One lowlier, simple strain of human love be mine.'

His poetry is uniformly clear, flowing, sweet, and harmonious. The diction is frequently copious to luxuriousness; the sentiments are at times soft and tender, but never effeminate; and the versification always correct and musical. In some of his best poems,

such as his 'Address to a Wild Deer,' the current of song rushes and flows as impetuously as one of the brawling brooks down his own Honister Crag. It is full of action and of life, and the glory which the possession of those qualities always inspires. There is none of that condensed pith of wisdom, that close-knit strength, that consuming fire of genius in it, which we witness in the productions of many poets that we could name. There is fire enough in Wilson's poetry; but it is more the crackling blaze of a heathery moor, scaring the moorcocks and the curlews on the hill-tops, than the glare of an American forest, embracing continents in its flaming arms. But he doats over external nature as a lover over the face of his mistress; and he spends as much skill and ingenuity in detecting its beauty and its brilliancy as the lover does. Simplicity and innocence have more charms for him than elaborate manners; and he cares less for portraying scenes of victory and glory, than of confiding piety or pitying love. He published two volumes of poetry,—*The Isle of Palms*, in 1812, and *The City of the Plague*, in 1816,—besides a collection of miscellaneous pieces which Professor Ferrier has recently gathered into a volume in his excellent edition of Wilson's *Works*. We can only afford space for two very short quotations from his verse, before proceeding to other matters. In his *Unimore; a Dream of the Highlands*, he thus describes a 'ship':—

'Bound for an Indian isle a ship of war
Sailed, the Saldanha, and young Unimore
From the mast-head surveyed a glorious sea
With new stars crowded, lustrous far beyond
The dim lights of his native clime. His soul
Had its desire, when, blowing steadily,
The breezes of the tropics filled her sails
Propitious, and the joyful vessel seemed
At her own will to steer her own lone way
Along her own dominion; or when calms
Enchained her with her shadow in the sun,
As for a day of Sabbath rest,—or when
The black blast all at once her snow-white sails
Smote, till she laid her streamered glory down
Almost on level with the deep, then rose
Majestically back into the storm,
And through the roar went roaring, not a reef
'Ta'en in, for well did the Saldanha love
To see the lambent lightning sport and play
Round her top-gallant, while a cataract
Of foam, split by her prow, went rolling by
Her flashing sides, and league-long in her wake
Tumulted the ocean.'—(P. 487, *Ferrier's Edition*.)

The following *Sonnet* has often been quoted, and, judging from the soft, mellifluous beauty of it, it is well entitled to be quoted :—

THE EVENING CLOUD.

‘ A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O’er the still radiance of the lake below.
 ‘Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !
 Even in its very motion there was rest ;
 While every breath of eye that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
 Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.’

It will astonish not a few of our readers to be told, that in his correspondence with Smith of Glasgow, the original publisher of his *Isle of Palms*, Wilson betrays a shrewdness and a practical sagacity which would have done credit to the Paisley gauze-maker. Though many men of genius are fools, his conduct seems to say that there is little reason why they should be so. Yet all men have not the sagacious business faculty of a Shakspeare, a Molière, and a Goethe. What must the romantic admirers of the enthusiastic author of the *Noctes* think of his detailing, in his letter to his publisher, no less than *ten* towns of importance, and the ‘sister island’ into the bargain, as fit market-places for his verse !

Jeffrey gave his volumes a highly favourable notice in the *Edinburgh Review*, as any one may see by turning up the old numbers for February 1812 and for June 1816. This should have gratified a young poet from a critic who, according to Mrs Wilson, junior, was in those days held in as high estimation in Edinburgh as the Bible. The praise, we suspect, was too measured ; and probably Jeffrey was a little too patronizing for Wilson’s taste. At all events, the poet pronounced the critique ‘beggarly.’ Sir Walter Scott had told Joanna Baillie, in a private letter, that Wilson’s poetry was ‘somewhat in the style of Southey,’ and Jeffrey repeated the observation. It was both better and worse than Southey’s. It had less imagination, if as much judgment ; and, while resembling it in the irregularity of the versification, it had a greater softness and sweetness.

But a youth of twenty-six must woo something more substantial than the muse. And while we have been engaged in discoursing of his poetry, he is over head and ears in love. The

‘Admiral’ does the thing so gallantly and gracefully in a certain regatta which he held at Windermere, that Miss Penny, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, confesses, in a letter to a friend, ‘We are likely to have a most delightful acquisition to our society this winter, in Mrs and Miss Wilson, the mother and sister of, etc.’ Yet she hears he is flirting with ‘a pretty little widow at Kendal,’ and devoutly hopes, in her womanly way, ‘*for his sake*,’ that it may not end in a marriage. So hope we, for Miss Penny thinks, and so do we, that ‘he deserves a very superior woman.’ When he enters a Liverpool ball-room with his future wife on his arm—‘the Belle of the Lakes’—the gay squadrons suddenly halt in their cotillions, and, in sheer admiration of their personal appearance, lustily cheer the couple ! But Jane Penny possessed more sterling qualities than those that could call down the plaudits of a ball-room. In the summer of 1811, when the marriage took place, Wilson writes of her from the fulness of his heart, that ‘she is, in gentleness, innocence, sense, and feeling, surpassed by no woman.’ And she proved in future years to be all these, and more. The calm, mild, truly sensible, and affectionate way in which she humoured all his eccentricities—and some of them were strange and wild enough—showed that she possessed the sympathetic secret of leading a man by truly loving him. His unutterable agony in after years at her loss, proves how much he loved her, and how well she was worthy of it. The Rev. William Smith says, regarding Professor Wilson’s class in 1837–8—the session after her death—that the slightest hint in his lecture of conjugal happiness plunged him into a torrent of grief. ‘He would pause for a moment or two in his lecture, fling himself forward on the desk, bowing his face in his hands ; and, while his whole frame heaved with visible emotion, he would weep and sob like a very child.’ Not particularly academic, we fear, this conduct ; yet the most human thing we ever heard of in connection with any college. A few brief years—four in all—after his marriage, when his young family had just begun to multiply, a calamity happened to him which would have dashed the courage of many a less determined man. An uncle, who had all his property in his hands, proved an unjust steward ; and from a wealthy man he rose one morning to find himself penniless ! In any case this was a dire calamity, but Wilson bore it manfully and resolutely. He even went so far as to assist this unfortunate old traitor until his death. It appears to us that a man who can act so nobly has certain pre-eminent practical claims, at least, on a Moral Philosophy chair even now.

In 1815 he removed his family to Edinburgh, where he resided for four years with his mother at 53, Queen Street. This

year he was called to the Scottish Bar, having entered as a student in 1811–12, life appearing too serious a thing to be trifled away among cocks and wrestlers, and barges on Windermere. A host of young men who afterwards became distinguished, passed about the same time,—Patrick Robertson, Gibson Lockhart, Rutherford, Fraser Tytler, Sir William Hamilton, A. Alison, Duncan M'Neill, James Ivory. Fretted and annoyed by the stony streets, so unlike the mountain retreat he had left behind him, in June of the same year he made his escape to the Tweed for a fishing excursion. Of course, a pedestrian like Wilson despised the aid of vehicles; and forgetful, possibly, of the softening influence which his town life had exercised upon his skin and his muscles, he 'peeled his timbers' in the attempt, he tells us. He ultimately got as far as James Hogg's, whom he surprises in 'his own cottage bottling whisky.' Two years before, Hogg had published his *Queen's Wake*, which proclaimed him one of the foremost poets of his day. He was now at the height of his personal fame; and his abilities, and possibly his weaknesses too, had influenced the Buccleuch family in 1814 in granting him a lease for life of the farm of Altrive, in Yarrow. A man of true original genius, but full of the peculiarities that are apt to accompany genius, and of a vanity that was prodigious, leading him again and again to falsify, and mystify, and contort the facts of his own early life, to set them in what he considered an interesting light before the public. We fear the 'Shepherd' of the *Noctes*, and the real man, differ more widely than the Socrates of fact did from the Socrates of Plato. The publication of those papers in *Blackwood* left an erroneous impression on the public mind regarding Hogg's habits, which made him at first wince under their appearance; but, finding that they added to his popularity, he was inclined to pocket the affront, and allowed them to go on. For two years previous to 1834 no *Noctes* appeared in *Blackwood*, owing to a quarrel of Hogg's with the publisher; but a reconciliation being afterwards effected by Wilson's mediation, these papers were resumed, Hogg receiving five guineas a sheet to the end of his life.

At St Mary's Loch Wilson drove a whole company into fits by showering on them armfuls of trouts from every imaginable corner of his person, when they could find nothing palatable for supper. As the summer advanced, his wife and he started for a walking excursion in the West Highlands—performing from the 5th of July to the 26th of August a distance of 350 miles, both on foot, he fishing by the way. When in the Braes of Glenorchy, he started one day, leaving his wife behind him, to fish in Loch Toila, 13 miles off. Reaching the place, he found he wanted some of his fishing gear. Nothing daunted, he

walked straight back for it. He returned in full rig, fished round the lake, when by this time the stars were all out. Slinging his basket on his back, solid and heavy as it was, he started for home. Some internal craving seizing him by the way, he called at a farm-house which he knew, to obtain what they could give him. The people were all in bed. He knocked up the landlady, and asked for whisky and milk. A bottle of whisky and a good basin of milk were duly brought, when Wilson, emptying the one into the other, drank them off, and took to the road again, performing in one day a journey of not less than 70 miles! On reaching Glen Etive, a shepherd's wife admonishes the pair, 'Go on to the farm-house, we cannot take in gangrels here.' They were dressed like gipsies; and on their returning route they encountered in a northern village the 'King of the Drovers,' who would wrestle, leap, run, or drink with this 'Johnny Faa.' The 'King' had his wish, and probably, Mrs Gordon says, he found himself more than matched. Of his extraordinary pluck and daring on other occasions of the same sort, several instances, now very well known to the public, are given in the Life.

There was never a truer saying than that of old Epicharmus, that 'the gods sell us all good things for labour.'¹ The fatigue that Wilson had lately undergone in quest of pleasure, was beyond anything, he says, he had ever experienced. And it was now high time that a young man of thirty-two, who had had singular advantages his whole life through, of good society, of scholarly associates, of free, genial companionship, should do something to give the more ignorant portion of his fellow-mortals the benefit of his light. Something that could be better set down in Epicharmus' category of labour was what he now wanted, rather than the fatiguing pleasure-hunting life that he had been hitherto mainly pursuing. Poetry in any *high* sense he may, without any exaggeration, be said to have failed in. It was not so with prose; although we believe poetry and prose, in their higher forms, are much more nearly akin than is often supposed. The difference in the two kinds of composition lies, we think, more in cultivation than in any essential distinction as to the pre-requisite qualities of their several cultivators. Does not poetry require for its most successful treatment, imagination, passion, judgment carried to the pitch of genius? and does not prose require for its most successful treatment, judgment, passion, imagination carried also to the pitch of genius? the same qualities, only in the reverse order. In poetry, there is more scope and amplitude given to the imagination; and the judgment is, as it were, held more in restraint. Yet both powers are there. In

¹ Τῶν πόνων παλοῦσιν ἡμῖν πάντ' ἀγαθὰ θεοὶ.

prose, again, the judgment has freer play, and the imagination is kept more in check ; but both faculties are there. Were not Plato and Aristotle as great geniuses in their way as Homer and Sophocles, though neither could probably have done the work of the other ? Now, between those highest points of poetry and prose, there swing, through a considerably wide arc, the greater and lesser writers of both sorts, who contrive, by whatever means, to entertain or to instruct the public. The literary side of this arc was the one that Wilson now chose, seeing that he had not succeeded in asserting his superiority in poetry.

The epoch of letters or criticism, accordingly, now opens for him, with the starting of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817. Whether or not the various productions which he has left behind him, for the most part in a fragmentary form, bright and glowing many of them with the true native fire, but soiled and miry many of them, too, by wanton, wayside attacks, or by foolish, ridiculous burlesque, are entitled to be spoken of, as Mrs Gordon does, as 'the highest kind of criticism,' we think there may be reasonable doubt. That they are rhapsodical, extravagant, farcical, riotous in their fun often, no sane person will deny. But we think they frequently display an honesty of purpose, a simplicity of spirit, a tenderness of sentiment, and a heartiness of humour, with all their wild abandonment of manner, that should recommend them to every man's heart. It is in his prose emphatically that he pours out all the resources of his genius—his fancy, his feelings, his humour, and his taste. In his poetry, tender infants discharge rose-water from delicate pipkins ; in his prose, it is Milo emptying a huge skin of old Pramnian wine. There is a splendid breadth about his Homeric papers, but the eloquence of them is sometimes disfigured by too gross a taste. His papers on Spencer, too, are as delightful as any we know in the language. It was not without cause that Hallam praised so highly those on Spencer, or that Mr Gladstone spoke so well of those on Homer. His articles on Burns, Coleridge, and Wordsworth exhibit a poet feeling and sympathizing with the difficulties and the elevations of poets—with the emotions and passions which accompany genius. Nothing but his immoderate extravagances could prevent his prose idylls on the Lake country and on Highland scenery from becoming as popular as Walton's *Angler*, or as White's *Natural History of Selborne*. They possess all the insight of those immortal books, and a poetical truthfulness and discrimination to which the honest linen-draper or the retired clergyman had no pretensions. But in his haste, unfortunately, Wilson tried to weld a beautiful Cellini statue of wrought gold to a plinth of vulgar clay, which no law in the world could tolerate. If the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* are not, as one would

say, drenched or saturated with genius, they have got a pretty considerable dip in that charmed pool. With all their occasional nonsense and familiarity, they contain passages of splendid writing, when the poet possesses the writer, and makes him take wing above the earth. There are pieces of exquisite description in them, of true and delicate criticism, and of fine observation on the manners and social life of the day. The humour is always hearty, but often farcical and outrageous. In this latter respect, they stand alone in literature. His writings cannot be called essays, many of them. A literary rhapsody or extravaganza would better describe them. The dialect in which the better portion of them is written, makes the *Noctes* a sealed book to all but Scotchmen; and it is here almost, if anywhere, that Wilson asserts the decided superiority of his gifts.

While *Blackwood* was getting fairly started, Jeffrey, who interchanged some very obliging notes with Wilson, asked him to do something for the *Edinburgh Review*. In the August of this same year, he wrote a review of Byron's *Manfred*. It is a passable sort of notice, in which he is much more indulgent to Byron than the majority of his critics; but it gives but slender indication, save in the profusion and occasional brilliancy of its language, of the strength and wild glee that lay hid in 'Christopher North.' *Blackwood's Magazine* was rolled out of the publishing house in the month of October 1817, in the eyes of all British men. 'The only real editor *Blackwood's Magazine* ever had was Blackwood himself,' a shrewd, keen, grey-eyed, sanguineous old man, who had sufficient will and courage to maintain his unenviable position. It is not our present intention to enter on the politics of Great Britain, and particularly of Edinburgh, during the period from 1810 to 1830; nor is it our intention to comment upon the feuds of the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood* during that period. Suffice it to say, that to be a Tory in those days was to be a gentleman, with all the privileges and immunities of a gentleman; and to be a Whig, was little better than to be a returned convict, or a social outcast. *Blackwood* soon rose into notice as one of the ablest Tory periodicals of the time; but it soon rose into notice also—to adopt the mild censure pronounced on it in *Peter's Letters*, the joint production of Wilson and Gibson Lockhart—from its 'undeniable offences against good feeling and taste.' The writers for *Blackwood* were various, and of all complexions of politics. They included Sir Walter Scott, Henry Mackenzie, Dr M'Crie, Dr Andrew Thomson, Sir David Brewster, Professor Jamieson, James Wilson, De Quincey, Hogg, Gillies, Fraser Tytler, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Sir Wm. Hamilton, Thomas Hamilton, and, most versatile and most prolific of all, John Wilson and J. G. Lockhart. The latter was a man of

great ability, but a keen and bitter caricaturist with both pen and pencil; and this biography is illuminated by his pen and ink sketches, some of which are very clever, and all deeply touched by a kind of moody sarcasm peculiar to him. He was emphatically the 'Scorpion' of more than the Chaldee MS., and took a fiendish delight in practising his wicked disguises and inuendoes on everybody he met. Hogg, whom he dubbed 'the Bore,' said he was 'a mischievous Oxford puppy!' Every man, it seems, fought for his own hand in *Blackwood*; and, following the example of Sir Walter Scott in his novels, they put forth their *jeux d'esprit* under cover of the names of imaginary and sometimes of real personages. Hogg, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Sir J. G. Dalyell, and many others, suffered from those disgraceful peccadilloes. The man who took them most complacently of the whole set, was Dr Scott, 'an old, fat body' of a dentist, whom Lockhart (who, we suspect, was the greatest sinner on *Blackwood's* staff) waggishly called the 'Odontist.' It was endless the poems, and ballads, and elegies that were fathered on him; and Mrs Gordon tells us he 'assumed the airs of authorship with perfect complacency.' We shall only quote a couplet from one of Lockhart's madcap satirical poems, which probably contains some truth. He says:—

'To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines.'

Was ever the birth of god or mortal heralded with such wild fun as that of the celebrated 'Chaldee MS.?' And did ever the arrival of any man or thing from the land of darkness take the world so completely by surprise, as did this manuscript the inhabitants of Edinburgh? It was as if Mons Meg, or an Armstrong of her size, had opened its iron lips and shaken the city. The conception of it, it seems, belongs to Hogg, who wrote some forty paragraphs of the MS.; but it was afterwards the joint production of all who composed the consultation at its *accouchement* in those memorable rooms in 53, Queen Street. The grave Sir William Hamilton, who could relish a joke highly, made one of the party; and having attempted to add a paragraph, was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of laughter, that he tumbled off his chair in the effort! This reminds one of the story told of Voltaire, who, when reading one of Molière's plays for the first time, broke out into such a spasmodic fit of laughter, that he tumbled off his chair and nearly broke his neck. Dr Peter Morris (J. G. Lockhart) was never pardoned for most wickedly maligning the venerable Playfair in the pages of *Maga*—(and how should he?)—accusing him of turning his back on the faith he once preached. More than Jeffrey would have written to Wilson in a strain even

more violently denunciatory of such conduct than the following:—‘It is, in my judgment, so unhandsome and so uncandid, that I really cannot consent either to ask or accept of favours from any one who is aiding or assisting in such a publication.’ The *Hypocrisy Unveiled* was quite a deserved rebuke; and the Rev. Mr Morehead’s letter to Wilson, heavy and solid as it is, contains some sentences worth recording in this connection. The clergyman says, ‘If you cannot get the regulation of that magazine into your own hands, but must have your writings coupled with party politics and *personalities, which you yourself disapprove of*, I really think, for your own credit, you should have nothing to do with it.’ Was it that Wilson, contrary to his usual custom, had privately condemned those personalities then practised in *Blackwood*, or was it that Mr Morehead presumed so far on his recognised honesty of purpose? However this may be, Mrs Gordon tells us that Wilson ‘was not a man to abandon his associates, even when he disagreed with them. He had cast in his lot with *Blackwood* and its principles, and *was resolved to stand by them at all hazards*.’ Honour, says the proverb, among thieves; but honour only so long as no higher principle than honour is violated. If a band of poachers, who had sworn to this species of honour before setting out on their sport, chanced to shoot a gamekeeper or a policeman, there is no right law in the world that would defend them. Why should the code be relaxed among men of letters?

The removal of Wilson to Ann Street, and the election to the Moral Philosophy Chair, render the years 1819–20 memorable in his family. Dr Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University, having died in the month of April 1820, Mr Wilson and Sir William Hamilton became candidates for the chair. The one was a poet and a clever writer for *Blackwood*; and the other even then was one of the foremost philosophers of his day. The one was a Tory, the other a Whig. They were both close friends, whom all the jargoning of party could not sever; but it speaks greatly for the heart of Wilson, that he on no occasion threw overboard unnecessarily any of his old friends. The final settlement of the respective claims of the candidates had no philosophical, no literary regard. Nothing was heeded in the election but the bitterest party politics. Sir Walter Scott, who writes an enthusiastic letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh in Wilson’s behalf, bearing date 8th July 1820—and when did Sir Walter do anything by halves?—says that there are ‘greater exertions making by the Whigs now than they ever made in any political contest in Scotland.’

Mrs Gordon is as anxious as her father was that he should be esteemed by posterity as great as a philosopher as he was as a

poet. 'Fundamentally,' she says, 'though that I know is not the general opinion, he was as much a philosopher as he was a poet;' and more to the same effect. A re-echo merely of Wilson's own *naïve* request of his friend De Quincey, who, having engaged to write something for a magazine respecting the Professor, is mildly requested by him to describe him as 'thoroughly logical and argumentative,' which is true, he says, 'not a rhetorician, as fools aver.' And for this disinclination on the part of the public to believe that he who now stood in the place where Adam Fergusson, and Dugald Stewart, and Thomas Brown had once stood, was more an eloquent declaimer about philosophy than a careful and wise teacher of it, Wilson, we think, had himself to blame. When he was elevated to the chair, the fact is, he knew much more about cock-fighting than he did of ethics; and could have steered a pinnacle much more deftly among the green embayments of Windermere, than he could have conducted an argument of 'fate, fore-knowledge, free-will absolute,' among the tangled brakes of moral philosophy. Doubtless he had a certain college fame, of having gained logic prizes at Glasgow, and of having come off with flying colours at his Oxford examination; but every man worthy of the name of a philosopher only regards his college classes as the passing of the portal into the limitless temple. An assiduous student such as Hamilton was—and as many smaller men have been both before and since his day—could not help devoting every leisure moment to

'Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam,
The first of those who know,'—

that severe and ennobling pursuit of examining themselves as to what manner of men they were. Instead of this, we never hear of a single hour devoted to Aristotle or Plato, not a moment to Bacon or Kant. We hear enough of boating, cock-fighting, fishing, and poetizing; we never hear a word of his devotion to the severer pursuit of speculation. We do not blame Wilson for this; we simply wish to bring out a fact. Having got the chair, he certainly might, by superhuman efforts, have kept ahead both in his reading and in his thinking, of the vast majority of his students. And we suppose he did so. But so intense a hold did this enthusiastic young lecturer take of the heart of nearly every man who entered his class, that their heads were, to a great extent, left uncultivated, and their feelings and affections were probably for the first time set on fire. We make no doubt that those who were more skilled in the science of ethics, got often more than they could conveniently carry away with them; but the presence of the man, the tones of his impassioned voice, his bursts of fiery eloquence, his peculiar and eccentric attitudes,—

all rendered it doubly difficult for a student to penetrate this gorgeous covering by which his doctrines were overlaid. An exceedingly natural consequence of this would be, that when the majority of his students got beyond his eye, they would be only too delighted to entertain their friends out of doors, not with the profound *philosophy* which they had just been listening to, though they may have had much of that too, but with what their hearers were much better prepared for,—the passion, the fervour, the eloquence, of him who entertained them monthly in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In that journal, for many years, his contributions were purely literary, often purely rhapsodical, generally very clever, and sometimes wildly romantic. This gave another handle to the too facile public, who are always standing ready to seize the first plausible, and often foolish, pretence to give basis to a conjecture. This man, they said, who wrote so loosely in *Blackwood*, could not condense his thoughts in his lecture-room; he who bestrewed his page with pearls stolen from poetry,—how could he be supposed to enter Plato's cave with a dirty lamp? He could see Socrates under the table at any *symposium* ever given in Greece, and he could have stood—so great were his powers of physical endurance—on the cold ice with him, hand in hand, all night, to watch the sun rise, as Socrates is reported to have done when on a fighting expedition at Potidæa; but had he the patience and imperturbability of Socrates when he got among a knot of disputants in the streets of Athens? And had he not a greater reputation for being 'a verra bad un to lick,' as the Cumberland man said of him, than of being a most finished ethical debater? Of course the man thought, and reasoned, and philosophized, probably as much as was good for him; but the public cannot enter into such minute particulars regarding a man's character, unless those particulars are brought prominently before its attention, in support of some special claim which he urges on it. Taking those three considerations into account, we cannot wholly condemn the public for having esteemed their new 'Professor' as a man better acquainted with the secrets of a poet than with the habits of a philosopher. It is rather odd that Wilson, who was well assured that he was a poet,—and a poet is ordinarily regarded as a much higher kind of personage than a philosopher,—should have been so uneasy, so fretful, so positively peevish, as respected his claim to the latter distinction. Of course nobody requires to be informed that such distinctions as those we speak of are exceedingly convenient, from the point of view of those who have made them. No two terms could readily be pointed out indicative of qualities so diverse in their occupants, as poet and philosopher. The poet deals emphatically with the imagination, and with the passions as its spring

and its limit. But he deals with those powers in a peculiar and intimate way, altogether special to himself. It is as they minister to the pleasure and pain of his own mind, and of the minds of other men, that he permits himself to be the exponent of them. He does not set himself down, as the philosopher does, to watch with steady nerve and unflushed countenance the hidden springs of action and the subtle windings of thought. He does not care to know the high abstractions, the close analyses, the ingenious theories peculiar to speculators. It matters little to him what are the constituent elements of love, of revenge, of pity, of sorrow. Yet he will doat over Imogen; he will shed a tear of pity over Desdemona; he will sympathize with King Lear when he calls upon the heavens for vengeance, 'for they are old like him;' and he will be in raptures with Cordelia for her 'So I am.' The poet, while he is in the mood, 'is everything by turns, and nothing long.' He is Satan, even while he writes him; he is Ugolino, while he dreams of him; he is the 'king of men,' while he describes him. When his character is drawn, when his scene is described, when his conversation is detailed, when his drama is written, his task is done. Not so the philosopher. While there is a single corner, or nook, or hiding-place in the recesses of the mind which he has not scrutinized, his labour is not complete. If he studies books, it is to extract the solid and abiding from the merely temporary and evanescent. If he mingles with men, it is that he may the better 'catch the living manners as they rise,' not for the ultimate purpose of delineating them, as with the design of being able to trace to their mysterious lairs the game which he is in search of. Being and doing, desiring and willing, feeling and thinking, such is his *rôle*, such is the field where he labours. But it is chiefly his own mind he studies, in order to know the minds of others; and the better his knowledge of it, the more complete will be his knowledge of men. The philosopher—and here lies the peculiarity of his position—must always fall back upon himself, he must fall back on other men before he can say how, or why, or wherefore, to any question asked of him or them. This process of reflection, as it is called, is as unnatural as it is uncommon. Nine-tenths of men never reflect; they are as innocent of knowing that they know, as M. Jourdain was of knowing that he spoke prose. And this makes the abiding difference between the function of the poet and that of the philosopher. The imagination and the passions will interest men in their most rudimentary form, while the world lasts, while but few persons care in the least for reflective inquiries. If a real tragedy is being transacted in the next street while I am on my way to a lecture-room, it is ten chances to one but I may scamper off to witness the tragedy. It should not be forgotten, that while it is

with the understanding and the will that the speculator deals, it is with those powers viewed through the glass of reflection. Euripides, Lucretius, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, would doubtless have astonished the world less than they have done had they given themselves to philosophy; but we do not think they would have been a whit the smaller men. Whole systems of philosophy could be gleaned from their writings, so entirely masters were they on both sides of the charmed stream. They will analyse a thought to the utmost limit of comprehensibility. They will pursue a feeling, bounding, it may be, with all the fright and fleetness of a startled deer, till they bring the reader abreast of it, quivering and panting all over in its virgin beauty. They will admit you to behold, as it were, in the inner recesses of your own soul, the hero whom ambition has laid low, whom self-will has brought to ruin, or whom truth, and justice, and righteousness have exalted. There they will reason as subtilely, dissect as keenly, and examine as closely, as if Duns Scotus had been their master.

Few men, however, are so gifted; and there have been thousands of very respectable poets who never in this world would have made philosophers, just as there have been thousands of sagacious men who had not the shadow of a pretence to being poets. Yet poetry lurks in fear; it languishes in love; it is expectant in hope; it scowls in hatred; it glooms in jealousy; it agonizes in despair;—and in this sense all men feel poetically. But this is very different from asserting that all men are poets. In like manner, there is a sense in which all men think philosophically at times, though this is very different from averring that all men are necessarily philosophers. It is the *understanding* that the philosopher especially makes use of; and if he be an intellectual philosopher, he has nothing directly to do with the feelings. It would be as much out of place for the professor of logic, let us say, to get into raptures over a syllogism, as it would be for a moralist to remain calm in describing love, hatred, or despair. It hence appears that there is more natural alliance between the function of the poet and that of the ethical inquirer, than between the poet and the professor of logic. But, fundamentally, the judgment is at the basis of every man's fame, be he poet, be he philosopher, or be he what he may. If we will examine this principle well, we shall find it, we believe, to be profoundly true. The world itself has its own way of saying this. For the little notorieties of small men, pillowed up, it may be, on the soft cushion of temporary applause, are, when rightly weighed—and society has a strange, blind knack of meting the ultimate dimensions of a man's character—in truth, no notorieties at all, but the veriest exaggerated puffery which the adher-

ents of a clique would palm off on the world for fame. When the public get far enough from a name to be able to read it rightly, they pretty generally set this name down at its true rather than at its estimated value. Bævius and Mævius had a great fame in their day, we are told; so had the Della Cruscans; so had Settle; so had Pye; so had Monk Lewis; but can we enter a company now where their names are known? It is not asserted, be it observed, that bare judgment, in large measure, decked and embellished by no other faculty, is very likely, as things go, to bring a man to fame; but that this endowment of good sense is properly the regulator—the ‘governor,’ as engineers say—the director of the other powers of the soul. And no man can have a solid and lasting fame without it.

Of course we do not intend here to pit the respective merits of Mr Wilson and Sir William Hamilton against each other; but no one can help observing that Sir William Hamilton would have made an infinitely better professor of any branch or department of mental philosophy. We believe, in the long run, that the slow, calm patience of this truly great man—truly great, *because*, if for no other reason, he had the power to wait—achieved better things for him than the electors could have done, had they now chosen him to the ethical chair, as he desired; for we believe that Sir William Hamilton was most emphatically cut out for a logic professor, if ever a man was so in this world. But Wilson, doubtless, had himself to thank if he did not meet with the precise kind or degree of popular appreciation to which he thought his speculative labours fairly entitled him. His ingenious system of utilitarianism, never more cunningly defended since it sprang into life with Epicurus—whether it was originally all his own, or whether his subtle friend and adviser Blair could not claim his own fair share of it, matters little now—as well as his exceedingly sensible and acute contributions to *Blackwood* on speculative questions, are amply sufficient to make him out ‘as great a philosopher as he was a poet.’ In neither respect did he reach the front ranks, or anything like the front ranks; but it will please Mrs Gordon that we can candidly say thus much for her own and her father’s judgment. Notwithstanding all that has been said by Wilson’s students, both in his memoir and out of it, both in Edinburgh and, what is more astonishing, in London, we can only accept their enthusiastic testimony on trust, respecting the quality and material of his lectures. They will bear, however, with a few sentences from a ‘rank outsider,’ as the jockeys say, who never heard Wilson lecture more than five or six times, and that in his later years, while he tries to record as faithfully as his

memory will permit, the appearance of the lecturer before his class, and the quality and tone of his lectures on those occasions.

Those who knew nothing of Wilson but by report, were wont to regard him as a sort of doubly distilled Kentucky man, as Sam Slick would say, 'half horse, half alligator, with three quarters of the airthquake;' a man who could 'drink up Æsil or eat a crocodile,' as readily as another man would sit down to dinner. When we first knew him by sight, possibly some sixteen years ago, he was the recognised 'lion' of Edinburgh, as he had been for twenty years before, and a man who, from his splendid physique and princely bearing, was quite fit to be a lion there or elsewhere. With what young wonder and fear we used to watch the paces of this prodigious 'bruiser' through the streets of this beautiful city. With his buirdly, brawny, robust figure of some six feet, which he carried with a majesty and a grace that would shame the first master of gymnastics in Great Britain; his kindly blue eyes, in which the light came and went as change-fully as the sun in an April sky; his fair Saxon complexion; his long, clustering yellow hair, just tinged with an occasional thread of grey; his Byronic collar; and his splendid Ciceronian countenance, particularly when the broad-brimmed hat was on,—he was a sight as well worth beholding as any of the fine sights in Princes Street. To be fortunate enough to obtain a bow from this kingly figure, was said to make a young man's reputation during life; and a word from him was counted altogether immortalizing. To hear him lecture on moral philosophy was a memorable treat. His class-room at the University—for he lectured daily during five months of the year—was nearly always crowded with eager listeners, who hung on the lips of this modern Cicero as eagerly as if he had been much better than Cicero, as if he had been specially inspired with a heavenly commission to them, like John the Baptist or Saint Paul. If we followed his firm and erect step into the lecture-room, and took our seat among the enthusiasts, both young and old, who waited on his words, the grand head and face of the poet, 'all compact;' the magnificent chest, that rose above the box-shaped desk, to adopt Mr Burton's graphic language, 'like some great bust set on a square plinth;' the dishevelled hair; the enraptured look; the abrupt and somewhat (as we fancied) husky voice,—all served to herald the utterances that were to follow. And then, when they did come, they came at first by sudden, violent plunges or jerks, until the ravelled ends of yesterday's lecture were got firmly seized. He more than once lost his place entirely—for they are all *written* lectures in Edinburgh—scribbled, as his lecture was, in the most careless manner, on the backs of old letters. When this was the case—

and we believe it occurred often—every pen was still, every note-book lay unused; and the audience, with heads thrust forward, and eager expectancy in every look, awaited the torrents of eloquence which would burst from the chair for the rest of the hour. If a man had gone intentionally to beguile Wilson into a disclosure of the *native tendency* or drift of his mind, there was no more satisfactory method to gain one's end than to card his leaves, sybil fashion, before the lecture began. And we appeal to any man capable of giving an opinion regarding them, who attended his lectures, whether those splendid orations, into the middle of which the Professor would often find himself involuntarily thrust, did not consist rather of poetry and criticism than they did of ethics. We thought he followed much too freely and *spontaneously*, on those occasions, those fascinating links of association that dominate over every principle in the human mind save the consecutive reasoning process alone, to be what one would call, in the strict sense of the term, a philosopher. He not only followed those associations freely, but he followed them wherever they seemed to lead him; and they sometimes conducted his audience into strange enough tracts of the imagination. His voice, which was rich and melodious in conversation, was not, as we think, in his later years, well adapted for lecturing. His speech wanted that continuity, that broad, full stream of words, which is one of the lecturer's best gifts; and, except when he was quite carried away with his subject, he seemed as if unprepared. This peculiarity had the effect of riveting the attention of his audience more closely on the speaker; for never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that Wilson did not know what to say. The plaudits and stifled cheers that burst involuntarily from all corners of the room, testified how he triumphed over their expectancy, as a hunted deer bounds over any obstacle in her path.

Of Wilson's merits as a teacher of moral philosophy, if the enthusiasm of his students is to be the test, there cannot be two opinions. Everywhere, wherever one goes, some one who has enjoyed this privilege is always turning up; and on no occasion have we ever heard a single man say that Wilson was not the prince of professors. It is always the same, meet them where you will, on Ben Lomond or Edinburgh Castle, by Grasmere Lake or in Fleet Street. And we are not at all astonished at this. His daughter, who knew him better than any mere friend can presume to do, says that he had a heart which never grew old. He was, indeed, like all men of genius, ever young, ever receptive, ever disposed to accept, in the kindest simplicity of his heart, what nature gave him to study. He was observed to be pervaded, both body and soul, by a sort of rapture or trans-

port, when brought face to face with something striking in nature, as a wooded glen, a naked mountain, a rushing river. On such occasions his frame would throb and thrill all over; and a flush, as reflected from the face of an angel, would suffuse his countenance. No word would escape him; but his lips would occasionally move responsive to the music which rushed through his heart. It was the child of nature hurrying in ecstasy to its mother's breast, in whose embrace the beauty, and the strength, and the glory of genius reside. This accounts for all the enthusiasm of his students; accounts, besides, for the admiration of men for him. We are sure Sir William Hamilton, with all his greatness and his many excellences, was not half so popular as John Wilson was among his students. The philosopher *par excellence* could not kindle the feelings of his audience as Wilson could; and what is it but a touch of nature that 'makes the whole world kin?' We see here, in this instinctive clinging to nature, the secret of much of his character too,—of his simplicity, of his humility, of his earnestness, of his unfashionableness, of his fun, of his love for his children, for his wife, and for his home. They were all, in truth, but part and parcel of that multiform dumb instructress at whose feet we have seen him bow down so enthusiastically. Thus do we account for his liking for dumb animals—a liking so great, that no fewer than sixty-two of the feathered tribe were at one time, in his later years, kept at Gloucester Place! He was fond of trees, of singing-birds, of dogs, and indeed of all kinds of creatures. And did not his affection extend beyond the bounds of natural vision, and fix itself in magical transport on those good little people, the fairies? The best piece of writing that ever came from his pen, was descriptive of a fairy's funeral. It was greatly admired by Lord Jeffrey, and we are sure the whole world will admire it, for its ideal beauty, its touching tenderness, its winning simplicity of style and conception, and its intense vividness. If he had shorn down his exuberances and extravagances to the natural level of this splendid vision, he might have defied time, and its myriad-fingered crew, to soil the wreath of his immortality:—

'There it was, on a little river island, that once—whether sleeping or waking we know not—we saw celebrated a fairy's funeral. First, we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the fairy anthem floated over our couch, and then alighting without footsteps among the heather. The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing, but a more ordered hymn.

The harmony was like the melting of musical dewdrops, and sung without words of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes, or rather sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision. Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks; and in the midst of it was a bier, framed, as it seemed, of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a fairy lying with uncovered face, pale as a lily and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died away; when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head, the other at the foot, of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark, before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous, and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the green-sward was smooth as ever, the very dews glittering above the buried fairy. A cloud passed over the moon; and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before, through all her streams and falls; and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon we awoke.'

This is as fine, we take it, as anything of the kind to be found in literature. As Wilson did everything after his own way, so he did his writing after his own way too. He always wrote under compulsion, as most men do, we fancy; and every moment was of value when once he began. His house swarmed with printers' familiars from the moment he began until he closed; so that writing an article for *Blackwood* was like dusting the jacket of a prize-fighter, or walking at the rate of seventy miles a-day. He used to shut himself up in his study, with express orders that nobody, on any pretence whatever, should interrupt him until his task was completed. His fare was just sufficient to sustain nature, and little more. His dinner consisted invariably, on such occasions, Mrs Gordon tells us, 'of a boiled fowl, potatoes, and a glass of water; he allowed himself no wine.' In his later days, when paralysis had overtaken him, he practised entire abstinence from stimulants.

Space alone prevents us from giving a few specimens of Mr Hill Burton's amusing reminiscences of Wilson in 1830-1, filled as they are with vivid sketching, and most interesting details of the Professor and his students. We must pass by, for a similar reason, the admirable notices by the Rev. Mr Smith, in 1837, and by Mr Taylor Innes, in 1850-51, of the respective sessions during which they attended the class of moral philosophy.

One or two supremely bright intervals occurred to him, one of which was a magnificent regatta which he got up on Lake

Windermere, in the autumn of 1825, for the reception of Sir Walter Scott, and Mr Canning, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The three bards of the lakes, Wordsworth, Southey, and Wilson, led the cheers that greeted the arrival of their illustrious guests. This splendid pageant is fully detailed in Scott's *Life*. Again, he was entertained to a grand public dinner in Paisley; and the last that we can mention was his presence as croupier, where the Earl of Eglinton was chairman, at a poetical jubilee given in honour of Burns, in the town of Ayr, in 1844.

The work of the professorship hardly retarded Wilson's devotion to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He had a warm affection for old 'Ebony,' and so had old Ebony for him. They mutually trusted and believed in each other. He usually wrote two papers at least for every number of the journal. In 1827 he wrote twenty-seven articles, and in 1830 he wrote the incredible number of thirty articles, or 1200 columns in all!

His very clever and versatile friend Lockhart wrote, in 1823, 'Who the devil cares for Cockneydom?' and, in 1825, went to London to edit the *Quarterly Review*, and to dine with the duke this, and my lord that. In a single letter to Wilson, he speaks of having met Hook, Rogers, Canning, Croly, Maginn, Lady Davy, Lady C. Lamb, Miss Bailie, Gifford, Matthews, Edward Irving, Allan Cunningham, Wilkie, Colburn, and last and greatest of them all, Coleridge. The versatile and brilliant Maginn, with his generous Irish banter, and his keen sarcastic wit, is moving now on the page of *Blackwood* with a rapid, sparkling lucidity, and under as many disguises as his cooler and more dexterous rival, John G. Lockhart. Poor De Quincey, too, who can get no rest for the sole of his foot for visions of bailiffs and catchpolls, writes to Wilson in a distressed state of mind, from some obscure hiding-place in London. One of the most singular men of genius this that ever visited our planet; for his advent and his obscurity alike resemble more one of those skyey visitors which now and then usurp our atmospheric vision, than one of the sons of clay. His opium-eating habits seem to have bewildered his conscience, his judgment, his will, whatever they did for the preservation of his body. He has always 'given up opium now;' and yet still he greedily clings to the habit of using the drug in private. One night he drops in on his old friend Wilson, to wait till a shower ceases, and behold—waits for a year! He was often not seen for entire days by the inmates of the house; and delivered himself so elaborately to the cook respecting the quality and the carving of his mutton, as would have driven any one but a Scotch cook to distraction. 'The bodie has an awfu' sicht o' words,' she drily remarked. In the afternoon he usually was to be found stretched

out at length, under the influence of his narcotic, on the rug before the fire, with his arms across his breast, and a book for his pillow. The most brilliant time of De Quincey was in the morning hours, about two and three o'clock, when he would discourse so subtilely, so eloquently, so learnedly, on any topic under the sun, that one would be appalled by the weird music of his speech. During that year Wilson used frequently to invite supper parties, for the special purpose of listening to this oracle, when the spell was lifted from its lips, and permission was given it to utter itself to men. A singular enigmatic character; one of the meanest men conceivable in some things, and one of the noblest in others. Until we know something more intimately than we now do of the effects of that strange drug on the human system, of its effects not only on the body, but likewise on the mind and the heart, there can be no possibility of approximating a correct estimate of this man, or of his manners and life. The bane, besides, is likely to be fatal to the antidote; for to undergo the necessary qualifications to sit as a judge in the case, one would require to divest one's self in a great measure of one's judicial skill and authority,—an experiment, we should think, few are likely to try. Wilson appreciated his wonderful powers, and tolerated his failings, as he did those of another very unfortunate son of genius—Hartley Coleridge. It speaks well for his heart that he did so. Had he been a smaller man than he was, he would not have done as he did by them both. Poor little Hartley, who dressed always in sailor's attire, had been induced, when on a visit to Wilson at Elleray, to stay and do some writing that hung over him; when, watching his chance, he bolted out, flew down the road like the wind, and to the astonishment of the inmates of Elleray, the white breeches dashed out of sight round a corner to his old haunts and his tippling associates.

A letter of Wilson's to young Delta (Moir), is full of the warmest and kindest sympathies, and of the best wisdom; for it was a searching, keen, somewhat severe criticism of a poem of the author's. In 1829, Thomas Carlyle, in the pride and strength of his youth and his dawning genius, writes to him, inviting him to spend the Christmas at his secluded abode up among the hills of Dumfriesshire. The year previously, by his article on Burns in the *Edinburgh*, Carlyle had thrown down the gauntlet to Fame, which has since not ceased to proclaim his triumphs, nor will she cease for a long time to come. This letter is as full of character, as full of moral fervour, as full of his peculiar genius—though somewhat unformed then—as any he has ever written since. Ebenezer Elliot, the hard-handed steel worker, and the soft-hearted sturdy poet, asks Wilson if he thinks the

iron trade a light business, to come and 'break a ton.' Thus it was that Wilson lived and worked, in a somewhat fitful, yet ultimately productive style. Now intensely busy, sometimes he would not be seen for whole days and nights at a time; then he strolled about as idle as a song-bird in June. This fault of his character—this want of close, consecutive, persistent pursuit of any one given object,—is attributable somewhat, no doubt, to the life he led in his youth; but it belongs more peculiarly and emphatically to something deeper in the man's own character and life. Of the virtue of patience, of calm, yet ever-burning zeal, without which no man ever did anything great, he seems to have had but very little. Of the spirit of quiet, fearless self-control, his life furnishes but few examples. The generosity and nobility of youth, possibly, did not require this stern mistress to keep watch over him; and if in after life she visited him at all, it was more by fits and starts than in any other way. His genius was at best but fitful and impulsive, though it was fiery, energetic, intense, almost until the last. He had much of that deep and glowing enthusiasm which keeps the roots of a man's being warm and strong. The ills of life wound such a man only to heal him; and the worst shafts of fate are quenched before reaching his 'heart of hearts.' It was good for Wilson that he was afflicted; for trouble sent a divine calm over his life, in which he had leisure to think of how he had borne himself in the strife which was now nearly past. The training that he had received at the hand of circumstance, though good enough for the poet, was too irregular and discontinuous for the man. And while, in fervour and in heroism, he had the genuine religious feeling of an ancient Crusader, and would have broken as stout a lance against the 'Soldan fierce' as the 'Black Knight,' or as Geoffrey of Bulloigne, he wanted many of those minor virtues which, when taken together, serve to build up a great and heroic character.

Professor Wilson, in truth, had now reached that period when the shadows begin to descend from the long mountains, and when the road on which the traveller journeys seems to be narrowing to its close. It was becoming more and more difficult for him to render inaudible the trampling of the steeds which bore near and ever nearer to him the fleet chariot of time. In youth, no such coursers seem to accompany man on his journey; in age, the thunder of their hoofs is always in his ear. When read in this light, his *Dies Boreales*—his last contribution to *Blackwood*—have an awful solemnity about them. They are toned down and chastened; yet this suppression of enthusiasm is no suppression of strength. They seem written by a hand that had struggled hard to wipe the thickening filaments from eyes that the blinding light of another world had dimmed. But in this there is a fresh and

inexhaustible interest. His wife, his best-beloved, who had long been ailing, died on the 29th of March 1837. He was so overcome by the stroke, which he had long anticipated, that he was 'seized with a sort of delirium,' says a relative; 'and you can scarcely picture a more distressing scene than him lying on the floor, his son John weeping over him, and the poor girls in equal distress. His first words were those of prayer; after that he spoke incessantly the whole night, and seemed to recapitulate the events of many years in a few hours.' This is still the youthful and tender-hearted John Wilson, who, in his early boyhood, swooned over his father's grave in the Paisley churchyard. Henceforward his life was unutterably sad. The companion of his life was now taken from him, and what could replace her? The sharer of his joys and his sorrows was gone, and he gave himself up to grief. Yet not wholly to grief: his nature was not of the kind for that; its roots were too strong to be drenched by the waters of desolation. He had been long afflicted with rheumatism—as how could he escape that grievous malady of strong men?—and paralysis seized his right hand as early as 1840, and by 1852 the hand was entirely useless. The whole body was pervaded, more or less, by the subtle precursors of this fell disease. In 1850, both mind and body gave way. His step, which was erewhile erect and decisive, became now feeble and unsteady; and his mind, which before gloried in its strength, was now so weak at times as not to be able to comprehend a book. Poor John Gibson Lockhart, now an old man in health and in shattered spirits—having lost his wife, Sir Walter Scott's daughter, and all his family but one female child—visited him at Woodburn; and it is unutterably melancholy to behold those two companions-in-arms, once the fleetest of the fleet, heavy and worn with the brunt of life. The fire had burnt itself out in Wilson. The nerve material, through which the mind works, had become unstrung; and, like a worn-out harp, it would no longer 'discourse most eloquent music.' The brain, formerly strong as a Nemean lion, was now softened, and its tension gone. Nothing stared him in the face but helpless imbecility; nothing surrounded him but the consciousness that his genius, which had delighted so many, was dead and gone. It is the saddest bereavement that can befall a gifted man. That Professor Wilson should, in these circumstances, have sunk into that state of anguish which has made the end of many men of genius so wretched, is not surprising. But it is sad to find that his anguish was so little diluted, so little counteracted, by the inspirations of faith. That he was no pagan or unbeliever, every reader of his works may see. The uniform awe and reverence, the solemn bowing down of his whole nature, when, in such papers as the 'Elder's Death

bed,' or the 'Elder's Funeral,' he alludes to the name and the work of the Saviour, must strike every reader. But it is more religious sentimentality that crops out from his writings than of strong, earnest, ceaseless, clinging to the divine chain that hangs from the Maker's throne. There was little of the daily knocking of the humble-hearted Christian, but much occasional fervour of trustful adoration of the Saviour of men. We must not test him by ordinary rules, just because he was no ordinary man. It is better to leave his character, with its noblenesses and its failings, its errors and its excellences, its sins and its grandeurs, to be judged by One infinitely wiser and more just.

In 1851, a pension of L.300 a year from the Crown was very handsomely offered to him by Lord Russell; and the following year he resigned his professorship. The fight was now over; the din of war had ceased; the bugle had blown its last *revêillé*; and, like an old Crimean war-horse, he was now let loose into the quiet paddock to die. From the 13th October 1853, he was never seen out of his house. Of the three subjects that used to occupy his mind in his decline, the memory of his wife, of his beloved Elleray, and of his boyhood, the last alone clung to him longest, as indeed in such cases it ever does. The mind of the man was fast failing. Now he tried philosophy, now he tried letters, now he tried verse—all were a mass of confusion to him. The Bible was on his deathbed, we believe, his only comfort. He would count over his flies again and again, and the old man would tell, ever and anon, of 'the streams he used to fish in of old, and of the deeds he had performed in his childhood and youth.' The beginning of April 1854 came, and he was seized suddenly one morning when at breakfast, with a fresh stroke of paralysis, which affected one entire side. He lingered on, sinking, sinking, till towards midnight of the 3d, passing his hand frequently across his eyes and head, to draw aside the blinding veil that the last enemy was weaving over him. But no; no mortal hand can remove that veil. Still he breathed heavily, heavily. A few throbs more, and the great heart was still.

ART. IV.—*Œuvres Scientifiques de Goethe, Analysées et Appréciables*. Par ERNEST FAIVRE, *Professeur à la Faculté des Sciences de Lyon*. 8vo, pp. 444. Paris : Hachette et Cie. 1862.

AMONG the biographies of the distinguished men who flourished during the last century, there is none so remarkable, so instructive, and so distressing, as that of Johan Wolfgang Goethe, a poet of undoubted genius, a naturalist with a disputed title to the name, and a natural philosopher, without even the elements of science. With his various claims to a high reputation, he was the demigod of his country and of his age, with crowds of worshippers, as eager to admire and defend his errors, as to applaud and exaggerate his merits. Though a student of Nature in some of her richest domains, and an admirer of the beauty and adaptations of the material world, he neither recognised the divine hand that made it, nor the watchful Providence by which it is sustained. Without even the sentiment of a high morality, he had no faith in those great truths which had been accepted by the first of poets and the greatest of philosophers.

Without wishing to lessen the reputation of the great German sage, already embalmed in the hero-worship of his countrymen, we must confess that we were little disposed to welcome any fresh attempt to place him in a higher niche of his heathen temple, or to palliate, even by silence, the perilous utterances of its oracle. Had such a step been taken by one of his German idolaters, we should have ranked it among those attempts which have been so often made to propagate and perpetuate error, and to slander the great men in England and France, who rushed to the rescue when the discoveries and character of Newton were ignorantly and impertinently assailed.

But this is not the character of the work to which we refer, and the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. The author of 'The Analysis and Appreciation of the Scientific Works of Goethe' is a French savant, and has executed his task not only with great ability and learning, but with a candour and love of truth worthy of the highest admiration. His estimate of the science of the poet-philosopher is doubtless somewhat extravagant, and, we think, could not have been inspired by the same writings from the pen of an author unknown to fame ; yet, if the halo round the poet has thrown some of its lustre over his science, and dazzled the intellectual eye of his disciple, Professor Faivre has assisted his readers in forming a judgment of their own, by giving them the opinions of those who have assailed his master, as well as of those who have defended him.

In forming an estimate of the scientific merits of Goethe, it is not to be overlooked that his writings on botany, anatomy, and geology, have never been translated into our language, and that his peculiar views on these subjects, which have been stamped as original discoveries by continental writers, have been less highly esteemed in the country of Bacon and Newton, where the inductive philosophy has been so successfully expounded and applied. His 'Theory of Colours,' no doubt the most erroneous and presumptuous of all his writings, has been translated into English, with annotations, by Sir Charles Eastlake; but this distinguished artist was not actuated by any sentiment of its scientific value, but solely by the mistaken belief that the theory of the poet was more applicable than the doctrines of Newton to the purposes of art.

In France, on the other hand, the scientific writings of Goethe have been more highly appreciated than in England; and some of the most eminent members in the Academy of Sciences have given the name of original discoveries to what less imaginative naturalists have regarded as but ingenious speculations. Without knowing that his countryman, M. Charles Martins, had translated into French and published some of the more important scientific writings of Goethe, Professor Faivre had been engaged for more than eight years in the same task; and seeing that Martins could not carry on his work, he resolved to devote himself to the completion of the task which he had begun. Having announced his intention to 'one of the most illustrious savants of Germany, whom Goethe had for a long time honoured with his friendship, he said to him, *that the study of that profound genius was vast enough to occupy an entire lifetime*, and warmly encouraged him to enter upon an inquiry which nobody had ventured to pursue.'

Following this advice, M. Faivre 'has endeavoured to accompany an analysis of the scientific works of the poet, and a literal translation of his more essential productions, with considerations on the life, the correspondence, the doctrines, and more specially on the very original character of that mind which knew how *to enliven science by poetry*, and to *find poetical inspirations in science*.' Before entering upon this task, our author gives an introductory and able sketch of the progress of the sciences in Europe during the period in which Goethe carried on his researches; and though he closes it with an enthusiastic enumeration of the high qualities of Goethe, as an observer and a philosopher, he candidly admits, 'that he unfortunately had not learnt to keep himself within the just limits which reason dictated to him;—that he too often put imagination in the place of reality, and substituted preconceived ideas and erroneous systems for legitimate induction.

Instead,' he adds, 'of forgetting himself in order to listen to truth, he attempted more than once to make the results of science yield to the requirement of a false pride. An ardent imagination, and an immoderate love of himself, were the stumbling-blocks in the scientific career of Goethe. We shall have to call attention to these distressing influences, to the errors which they brought along with them, and to the acts of injustice to which they gave rise; and we shall then learn, from the example of the author of *Faust*, that disinterestedness, modesty, and forgetfulness of self have their importance in the investigation of truth.'

With such frank and candid admissions, so indicative of a love of truth, we shall be more indulgent to our author should his appreciation of the science of the poet-philosopher be too partial or extravagant, or his palliation too lenient of those acts of personal injustice which he perpetrated, not only against those who questioned his opinions, but against those great men whose discoveries he ridiculed and assailed.

Before entering upon the analysis of the writings of Goethe, Professor Faivre gives an account of his 'life and scientific relations,' in two chapters: one from his birth, in 1749, to his return from Italy, in 1788; and the other from 1788 till his death, in 1832. These chapters constitute Part I. of his work. In Part II. he treats of his scientific writings in seven chapters, relative to his botanical, anatomical, geological, and optical researches. In Part III. he treats, in three chapters, of the science shown in his literary and æsthetic writings, viz., on the knowledge and sentiment of nature in his poetry,—of the science in his romances,—and on certain opinions of his on the relations between the sciences and the fine arts. In Part IV. he treats, in four chapters, of his views on natural history,—on method,—on the principle of unity of composition and the idea of metamorphosis,—of our general conceptions of nature,—and of his opinions upon science and contemporary savans.

Owing to the high reputation of Goethe as a poet, and the wide circulation of his works, few even of his contemporaries were aware that the author of *Faust* and *Werther* could have written on the metamorphosis of plants, on comparative anatomy, and on optics. It was difficult to believe that a poet could be a man of science; and hence almost all Goethe's biographers, who have given the most minute details regarding his character, his habits, his correspondence, and his travels, have scarcely made a reference to his writings and discoveries as a naturalist. This injustice on the part of his countrymen was felt deeply by the poet, who, towards the close of his life, gave vent to his feelings in the following remarkable passage:—

‘More than half a century has passed since I was known in my own and in foreign countries as a poet, and nobody disputed my title. But what is not generally known, and what has not been sufficiently attended to, is, that I have studied the physical and physiological phenomena of nature with the greatest attention, and that I have observed them in silence with a perseverance which passion only could inspire. So that, when my essay on the laws of the development of the plant, which had been printed in German forty years before, attracted attention, first in Switzerland, and then in France, the astonishment was great, that a poet, occupied generally with intellectual phenomena, the offspring of sentiment and imagination, should turn so suddenly from his path, and make a discovery of such importance.’

The injustice thus bitterly deplored, has, as we shall see, been amply repaired by Professor Faivre, of whose impartial and able work we shall now proceed to give a brief but imperfect analysis.

John Wolfgang Von Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the 28th of August 1749. He commenced his studies at Leipsic, where the works and the discoveries of Haller and Linnæus excited in him an ardent passion for natural science and physiology. On his return to Frankfort, he trifled for a while with alchemy; but, having seen his folly, he repaired to Strasburg to take his degrees in law. Though a student of law, he attended the lectures on anatomy and clinical medicine; and the ardour with which he pursued these and every other branch of kindred study excited universal admiration. From medicine he passed to geology; and in several excursions which he made into Alsace, he concluded, from its fossil shells, that all the valley of the Rhine, with its high mountains, had been formerly a sea.

In 1773, when Goethe left Strasburg, he was only twenty-four years of age. Though his studies had been almost wholly physical, his mind had been occupied with his literary projects. Werther appeared in 1774, and procured for him a brilliant reputation in every part of Germany. Celebrities of various kinds congratulated him on his genius; and, among these, Lavater and Zimmermann—men distinguished more by their science than by their literature. During several years a correspondence was kept up between Goethe and Lavater; but the physiognomist having had occasion to go to Frankfort, paid his first visit to the poet. After a cordial embrace, and a rapid survey of the poet's features, Lavater could not refrain from the expression of his surprise and dislike. Goethe gently remarked, that as God had made him so, he must be resigned to it; but Lavater could not forget the disagreeable impression which the poet's features had made upon him, till his prejudices were removed by the conversation which ensued.

This interview with Lavater had a great influence over the studies of Goethe. The physiognomist regarded a knowledge of osteology, especially of that of the cranium, as the foundation of his new art; and he induced his friend to study the cranium of animals, and requested him to impart to him the results of his observations. Goethe followed this advice, and communicated to Lavater the results of his discoveries; but, strange to say, the physiognomist published them as his own. Goethe wrote to his secretary, Eckermann, 'that everything on the cranium of animals in Lavater's *Physiognomy* belonged to him;' and he said the same thing to Herder in 1775. Professor Faivre recognises, in several chapters, the style and ideas of Goethe, and specially mentions the poem on Artists in *Physiognomy*.

When Lavater left Frankfort, Zimmermann, the author of the celebrated work on Solitude, paid a visit to the family of Goethe. This celebrated physician had a strong opinion on the necessity of experiments in philosophy; and Goethe tells us that 'the discoveries which Zimmermann pronounced as a physician, and the works which he had published as a philosopher, had led him to the study of nature.'

Having been invited to Weimar by the Grand Duke, Goethe began in 1775 to devote himself to natural history; and the years which he spent in the 'Athens' of Germany were the most active and laborious in his life. In the middle of his political and literary occupations, he found leisure for the continuous study of different branches of natural history, but particularly of botany. After having collected and classified plants, in excursions to Ziegenhayn, he met at Weimar with Charles Batsch, an able partisan of the natural system, and Counsellor Buttner, a contemporary and opponent of Linnæus; and from them he acquired a knowledge of the leading questions in general botany, and of the importance of method. In the writings of Rousseau he found a new incentive to the study of plants. This celebrated writer had studied botany both in the field and in the closet. He discovered the *Vinca* in France; and he had a glimpse of 'those transformations which hide, under multiple forms, the more simple forms from which they are derived.'

In visiting with the Grand Duke the mines of Illeinenau, in botanizing in the mountains of Thuringia, and especially in his journey to Switzerland, where he had the good fortune to meet with Saussure, Goethe had observed the forms of the valleys, the structure of the rocks, the positions of the strata, and the organic matter of which they were composed; and hence he acquired some knowledge of geology and mineralogy, which was greatly increased by the instructions of a pupil from the school of Freyberg. In order to study more profoundly the properties of

minerals, he devoted himself to natural philosophy and chemistry. From 1780 to 1783 he was occupied with electricity and æronautics under Soemmering, and even made some successful ascents in balloons. In 1785 we find him in the chemical laboratories of Siewer and Bucholz, and studying under Professor Gotteling, at Jena, the new discoveries in chemistry which had been made in France.

Under Professor Loder of Jena, who had a fine museum, Goethe began his study of human and comparative anatomy. He made dissections along with the students, and prepared skeletons and other articles, which are now in public collections. In these researches he was led to observe the intermaxillary bone in man—a discovery which he thus communicates to Madame de Stein on the 27th March 1784: ‘I have made an anatomical discovery, as important as it was unexpected. My feelings have been so acute, that my very bowels have been stirred by them.’ Proud of this, his first conquest in science, Goethe communicated it to Herder and Knebel, who encouraged him to draw up an account of it. The manuscript was sent to Camper and Soemmering, who received it with coldness. Camper believed that such a bone did not exist in man; Soemmering replied, that the fundamental idea belonged to Blumenbach, and that ‘the *Tabulæ Terminorum* were the work of a student, though they must have cost the author much labour.’ Goethe was mortified with the unfavourable reception of his Memoir; and, in reference to Soemmering, he wrote to Merck, ‘that a savant by profession was really capable of doubting his five senses.’

On the 3d September 1786 Goethe quitted Carlsbad, to make a tour in Italy, which he had long contemplated. With Linnæus in his hand, he botanized in the Tyrol; and, in the valley of Bautzen, collected minerals, and studied the effects of elevation on the distribution of plants. In the magnificent botanic garden at Padua he studied the various and bizarre forms of exotic vegetation; and his imagination was specially affected by the red bells of the *Bignonia radicans* and the leaves of the fan-tail palm tree. He was here inspired with the idea of ‘the identity of the parts of plants.’ At Venice, when walking on the Liddo, near the Jewish cemetery, he found on the road the head of a ram, whitened by time; and, upon studying it, he recognised that the bones of the cranium were modified vertebræ. He continued his studies at Ferrara and Bologna; and at Rome, in the midst of the chefs d’œuvres of art, he found leisure to worship nature. While engaged in the composition of *Iphigenia*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Tasso*, and *Egmont*, he studied the phenomena of germination in the development of the pine, the cactus, and the date tree, from the seed to the perfect organs of the plant. In

the garden of Angelica Kauffmann may still be seen the date trees and pines which had been planted by the poet. The interest which he felt in the study of nature, as superior to that of art, is freely expressed in a letter to the Grand Duchess Louisa of Weimar:—‘The least product of nature has in itself the circle of its perfections. If I have but eyes to see, I can discover their relation, and convince myself that within a small circle all true existence is embraced. . . . In the works of art there is much tradition; the works of nature are always as a word of God continually expressed.’

At Naples, as might have been expected, Goethe found the most interesting fields of observation. In the eruptions of Vesuvius, in the ruined cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and in the upheaved temple of Serapis, the poet was led into new studies and new regions of speculation. In writing to his friends, he tells them that he has seen the phenomena of Vesuvius, and that he is about to devote his whole life to observation. ‘Perhaps,’ he adds, ‘I may find the means of extending the boundaries of human knowledge. Do not fail to tell Herder that I pursue with ardour my botanical studies; that it is always the same principle, but that it would require a lifetime to develop.’ In the botanical garden of Palermo, the idea of a primitive plant pressed itself upon his notice; and, after his return to Naples, he communicated his idea to Herder in the following terms, which throw some light upon the scientific character of the poet:—‘I tell you, in confidence, that I am on the eve of penetrating into the mystery of the birth and organization of plants. . . . The primitive plant will be the most singular thing in the world, *and nature herself will envy me*. With this model and its key we shall invent an infinity of new plants, which may exist if they do not; and which, instead of being the reflexion of an artistic or poetical imagination, will have a real, a true, and a necessary existence, and this creative law be applied to everything which has life.’

On his return to Rome, the study of botany gave way to that of human anatomy, and of the human form as exhibited in the works of the sculptor. ‘This study,’ he says, ‘is the *ne plus ultra* of knowledge and of activity. My notions in natural history, but chiefly in osteology, have made my progress rapid. I include, however, the statues, the most sublime legacy of antiquity. I feel that one must study for a whole life in order to be able some day to exclaim, I comprehend! I enjoy!’

On the 10th September 1788 Goethe left Italy for Germany; and he entered upon a new life at Jena and Weimar. Jena was then the most important university seat in Germany, with eminent professors, rich museums, and distinguished society. Here he met with Schiller, William and Alexander Humboldt; and

he associated with Professors Schelling, Fichte, Hegel, Loder, Hufeland, and Oken, now as a disciple attending their lectures, and now as a friend. His position at Weimar, and his influence with the Grand Duke Charles Augustus, enabled him to do much for the promotion of science. In 1776 the Grand Duke had appointed him Counsellor of Legation, in 1779 a Privy Counsellor, and in 1782 letters of nobility were issued in his favour. Thus crowned with patronage, he invited to Jena the most celebrated professors. He established a veterinary school in the town; and organized at Weimar a meteorological observatory, and a botanic garden, which was under his special charge. This influence in promoting science was exerted during the whole of his political life, but especially when, in 1817, he became Prime Minister to the Grand Duke.

During the three years spent at Weimar and Jena he made great progress in his natural history researches. In 1790 he wrote his essay on the metamorphosis of plants, a paper on art, another on manner and style, and a fragment on the Roman Carnival. The essay on metamorphosis, which appeared first, met with a cold reception from the public. His views were everywhere opposed. Booksellers had refused to publish it; the learned societies did not deign to notice it; and the friends of the poet, and the public, advised him not to change for a local flora the ever flowery fields of literature. Although Goethe, confident in the value of his work, was greatly chagrined by the reception it met with from persons whose adoption of his views, and whose admiration even of them, he had expected, was yet not discouraged. He struck into a new field of research, and began the study of optics.

After trying in vain to comprehend the treatises on the subject, he resolved to appeal to observation. For this purpose, Counsellor Buttner sent to him, at Jena, prisms and other apparatus; and after a few experiments with them, he concluded that the views of Newton on the composition of light were erroneous.

Full of this illusion, he no doubt anticipated the fame of encountering the great master of science, and refuting the finest of his discoveries. He therefore devoted himself to optical observations; and having erected in his house an optical chamber, with prisms, lenses, and every other kind of apparatus, he continued for two years to study the phenomena of light and colour. The results of this inquiry were given to the world in the two first fragments of his 'Contributions to the Study of Optics,' accompanied with plates carefully designed.

While engaged in these studies, and occupied with his Discourse on Experience, the French Revolution called into the field the armies of the European powers, and the Duke of

Weimar himself quitted his capital to place himself at the head of his troops. Goethe accompanied his sovereign, and amid the perils of war and the inconveniences of camps he carried on his optical experiments. At Verdun he conjured with his prism; and in the Prince of Reuss, to whom he explained his theory of colours, he found a willing disciple and a warm admirer. This flattering incident led Goethe to remark, that *it was more agreeable to speak of science to men of the world than to philosophers!* ‘Philosophers,’ he added, ‘have ears only for what they have learned and taught, and agreed upon among themselves.’ At Pempeldorf, in November 1792, he was less successful than at Verdun in gaining disciples and admirers. He was anxious to explain to its literary residents his views on the metamorphosis of plants, but he did not succeed. They were considered as nothing more than the caprices of an artist. In 1793 Goethe assisted at the siege of Mayence; and in the midst of hostilities he found leisure to study the Treatise on Physics by Fischer, and to establish the fundamental principles of his theory of colours.

In 1794 Goethe returned to his native country, where, as he remarks, ‘a new spring developed the germs, the seeds, and the buds of his early studies. He now met with Schiller, who is believed to have helped the poet-philosopher in his optical studies, while Goethe contributed to the perfection of ‘William Tell.’ The two poets met at the Society of Natural History, founded at Weimar by Professor Batsch the botanist. On leaving the *séance*, Schiller came up to Goethe and complained of the fragmentary method adopted by naturalists, which repelled the uninitiated. Goethe was led by this observation to expound to his brother poet his theory of the metamorphosis of plants, and he delineated for him his ‘primitive plant.’ Schiller listened in silence, and added, shaking his head, ‘All this is a mere idea, and not founded on observation.’ Though astonished and almost irritated at this observation, Goethe remained calm, and only said, ‘that it was agreeable to have ideas at his command, and particularly to see the reality of them with his own eyes.’ Schiller was an idealist, and Goethe a realist. ‘Each of them,’ as Professor Faivre remarks, ‘was in himself the complement of the other; and this was the secret of their union, as so well expressed by Goethe.’ ‘The battle,’ says he, ‘between subject and object, the greatest and the most interminable of all battles, was the beginning of that friendship which has ever been productive of the happiest influences.’ According to Professor Faivre, these influences were mutual. The charming pictures of Swiss scenery in ‘William Tell’ was communicated by Goethe to Schiller, who had never been in Switzerland; and Schiller is said to have enriched the optics of his friend with the explanation.

of a chromatic phenomenon, which had escaped the notice of optical philosophers. In speaking of the work of Schiller, Goethe remarks, 'that physical nature had never been the subject of his study: he had neither the time nor the will to stoop to observation. The descriptions of scenery which give such a charm to his "William Tell," are founded not on his own personal impressions, but on the documents which I gave him, and on which his creative spirit has imprinted a power of extraordinary reality.'

Between 1795 and 1804 the scientific ardour of Goethe never relaxed. He composed fragments of a poem, the subject of which was to be Nature and Science; and he wrought unceasingly at his theory of colours, studying those produced by reflection, interference, and double refraction. He undertook also a history of what had been done on these difficult subjects by ancient and modern philosophers, and with this he translated the Treatises of Theophrastus and Rousseau on Colours and on Painting.

In his memoir on the intermaxillary bone, he threw out the idea, that all bones were made conformably to one and the same plan. In the museums at Jena he found what he considered proofs of this law; and having been encouraged by the Humboldts and others, he wrote a dissertation on the laws of organic conformation, and published several fragments on comparative anatomy.

These works were no sooner finished, than he abandoned his instruments and skeletons for literary pursuits. His communications to 'The Hours,' and the 'Almanack of the Muses,'—his dramatic schemes,—his direction of the theatre,—and his original works, 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Wilhelm Meister,' and the 'Xenies,' with a number of poems on Science and Nature,—occupied almost exclusively this epoch of his life. He proceeded, however, with his theory of colours, and completed the didactic and historical portion of it.

After the death of Schiller in 1805, Goethe became acquainted with Gall, the celebrated craniologist, who seems to have courted the adhesion of Goethe by listening to and praising his speculations on metamorphosis. 'It is interesting,' says Professor Faivre, 'to learn the opinion which the phrenologist and the poet formed of each other. In the house of Professor Wolff, Gall had an opportunity of several times applying his system to the head of Goethe, the result of which is thus given by the poet: "Every time that Gall felt my skull,—and he examined it every day,—he insisted, from the construction of my forehead, that I could not speak without uttering a trope,—a matter in which it was in my power, at every instant, to make him egregiously wrong. He

also frequently told me, very seriously, that I was born an orator for the people. I repelled at first his flatteries on this subject; but at last I permitted him quietly to compare me with Chrysostom, the most eloquent of the saints.”’

In 1805, when these events took place, the views of Goethe, now entering the calm of age, were completely changed. The poet and the artist gave place to the observer. ‘Time,’ as Madame de Stael observed, ‘made him a spectator;’ and from 1807, the love of observation became a passion to which he wholly abandoned himself. Aided by Seebeck, he devoted himself to his ‘Theory of Colours.’ Three parts were completed in 1808 and 1809, and after ten years of patient and laborious study it was published in 1810. Like his other scientific works, it met with a cold reception. The savants of France and Germany could not understand how a poet should pretend to refute truths established by the genius of Newton. Having reckoned upon a different result, Goethe strove to obtain a favourable opinion of his work. He sent a copy to the French Academy of Sciences, and his friend Reinhard made numerous attempts to obtain a report from that distinguished body. Hassenfratz, one of the commissioners, was ominously silent. Cuvier declared that such a work was beneath the notice of an Academy; and Delambre, in answer to the solicitation of friends, contented himself with the reply, ‘that observations and experiments do not begin by attacking Newton.’

It is curious to observe how even scientific error never fails to find adherents and defenders. The natural philosophers of Germany, unwilling, we presume, to offend or disparage their literary idol, contented themselves with praising the method and style of the book, without a word of warning against its errors, or the expression of feeling for the great philosopher whom it ridiculed and assailed. The ‘Theory of Colours’ was, nevertheless, adopted and lauded by ignorant painters, who thought it a contribution to art, and by diplomatists and metaphysicians, who knew nothing about the matter. The poet, however, was flattered and encouraged by adhesions like these; and this weak point of his character is well seen in the following expression of his feelings in a letter to Reinhard:—‘Two curious things have happened to me. A diplomatist declares that my book is a well-written manifesto; and a philosopher has addressed to me the highest eulogies, because I have introduced into physics the subject receptive and the object perceptive. . . . But what appears to me more important is, that a statesman has devoted his leisure to the study of my work, with the patience and vigour with which he has studied political documents. He has gone so deeply into the subject, that he could discourse upon it in a council of mini-

sters, and would perplex with difficulties the most competent savans.'

Instead of continuing his optical studies with the view of correcting his errors or making new discoveries, he launched into a new field of inquiry with an ardour worthy of admiration. The discoveries of Lavoisier, Berthollet, and Berzelius had given an impulse to chemical science and its industrial applications. Goethe took a deep interest in their researches; and, under Dobereiner, whom he had called to the Chemical Chair in Jena, he devoted himself to mineral chemistry and metallurgy. Accompanied frequently by the Grand Duke Charles Augustus, he spent whole days in the laboratory; and it appears, from his correspondence with Dobereiner, that he had suggested the idea of some original researches on the manufacture of steel, and on the means of ascertaining the presence of poison in the bodies of man and animals.

Although the researches of Goethe in natural history and anatomy had been derided and almost forgotten, yet in the last years of his life they were to a considerable extent adopted, defended, and admired. In 1790 his metamorphosis of plants had been slighted and ridiculed; in 1815 it was viewed with greater favour; and, twenty years later, it was received as an elementary part of the science. So early as 1808, Kieser regarded it as the grandest conception in vegetable philosophy; and, in 1818, Nees d'Essenbeck assigns to him, after Theophrastus, the honour of being the Father of Modern Botany.

These flattering encomiums induced him to write the history of his botanical studies, and especially of his later researches on metamorphosis; and in 1817, 1820, and 1822, he published, in two volumes, his work 'On Natural History in general, and particularly on Morphology,' which was translated into French by Ch. Martins, and published in 1837.

In 1827 and 1828 Goethe attended the Congress of German Naturalists which had assembled at Munich and Berlin. At these meetings he met with Martins and other distinguished men, whose conversation inspired him with fresh ardour in the pursuits of science. His anatomical friends had at last adopted his views on the unity of organic composition; and he found himself not only with the reputation of a discoverer, but with the honour of having seen and established truths which his contemporaries were unwilling or unable to appreciate. Dr Carus in Saxony, Dalton in Germany, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire in France, and Soemmering in Bavaria, were his intimate friends and correspondents; and the three first especially have fully appreciated the natural history achievements of the poet.

As Goethe advanced in age, his passion for the study of nature

increased. He strove to correct his early writings, and to keep them on a level with advancing science. After 1810, his 'Treatise on Colours' had become imperfect. The great discoveries on the polarization and double refraction of light, which had been made in France, England, and Germany, are said to have disturbed him greatly; and he deemed it necessary to present his own work to the public under a new aspect, more conformable to the researches of the day. With this motive he composed, between 1817 and 1820, a treatise 'On Entoptical Colours,' which appeared at a later period as an addition to his 'Treatise on Colours,' and to which we shall have occasion more particularly to refer.

After completing this work, Goethe resumed his studies in geology and mineralogy; and, owing to an unexpected incident, he was enabled to carry on his researches with a zeal and success which exceeded his most sanguine expectations. On the 26th April 1820, when passing through Eger on his way to Carlsbad, he deposited his passport at the police station. Upon seeing the name of Goethe, the Counsellor of Police, Gruner, himself an active geologist, and knowing the poet's love of natural history, requested an interview with him, which was readily granted. Gruner described his collection of minerals, and spoke of his excursions to the mountains of Bohemia, but particularly of one which he was about to take to Krammerberg, a small but interesting mountain between Franzenburg and Eger. Goethe was so charmed with his geological friend, that he offered to accompany him on this excursion. It accordingly took place, and was followed by several others, of which an account is given in the correspondence, published in 1853, which was carried on between the two naturalists.

Thus furnished with materials collected by himself, Goethe began a series of studies on the geological and mineralogical constitution of Bohemia, which he proposed to publish in a great work, for the use of tourists, amateurs, collectors, and geologists. This work was never finished; but he has left us a series of dissertations, published between 1820 and 1828, and containing the principal materials of which it would have consisted.

In the course of his journey in Bohemia, Goethe entered upon two new fields of research—palæontology and meteorology. He repeated and confirmed the ingenious observations of our countryman, Luke Howard, on the form of clouds; and he published, in 1825, an exposition of the most important results which had been obtained in meteorology.

The last ten years of the life of Goethe passed rapidly away amid the most active pursuits in poetry, literature, and science. In these years he wrote his 'Memoirs,' the second part of 'Wilhelm Meister,' the 'Elective Affinities,' the 'Reflections and

Maxims,' and the 'Studies in Art and Antiquities.' At the age of eighty and upwards he finished *Faust*, wrote the fourth book of his *Memoirs*, a recapitulation of the *Theory of Colours*, an explanation of the rainbow, a note on the spiral tendency of the evolution of plants, and a short notice on plastic anatomy. In the last hours of his life he took a deep interest in the dispute which had begun between Cuvier and Geoffroy St Hilaire. In the doctrine of the latter he found a development of the views which he had expressed in his youth; and he took up his pen to record his opinions on a question which had excited an European interest. It was in the first days of 1832 that Goethe composed this, the last of his writings. He died on the 22d of March 1832, in the eighty-third year of his age. He passed serenely away, with the expressions, 'More light!' 'More light!'—blind, alas! to that blessed light which has so often lighted through the dark valley of the grave the humblest and the highest of his race.

Quitting the scientific biography of Goethe, we come now to the second part of Professor Faivre's work,—namely, an analysis and appreciation of his scientific discoveries. Regarding the metamorphosis of plants as the most important of these discoveries, he has given a translation of the whole of Goethe's remarkable essay on this subject. The metamorphosis of plants, or the doctrine of vegetable morphology, is not easily made intelligible to the general reader. Linnæus had shown that vegetables, like animals, had parts or organs for the preservation of the individual, and organs also for its reproduction. These organs are the root, the stalks, the calyx, the corolla, the stamens, the pistils, and the food or grain, which, to an ordinary eye, seem to have no relation to each other. Linnæus, however, recognised the law which united them, and maintained that all these forms were derived from one another by transformation and metamorphosis. It had been supposed that Linnæus did not see the *rationale* of these changes, but regarded them as accidental. Dr Hooker, however, is of a different opinion. 'Linnæus,' he says, 'declares the leaf to be the first effort of the plant in spring. He proceeds to show successively, that bracts, calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils, are, each of them, metamorphosed leaves in every case, giving MANY EXAMPLES, both from monsters, and from characters presented by those organs in their normal condition. . . . Nothing could well be clearer to my mind than the full and accurate appreciation which Linnæus shows of the whole series of phenomena and their *rationale*.'¹

Gaspar Frederick Wolff, in his *Theory of Generation*, published in 1759, though he committed some errors in his conclu-

¹ Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*, vol. iii., p. 551.

sions, is said by Schleider 'to have opened the true and only path by which the doctrine of metamorphosis can be carried through, in making good the study of development as the true principle in botany, as in other sciences.'¹ He supposes that the leaf is the essential organ, from which all the other organs are derived by transformation; and he ascribes the production of the organs of the flower, and the incomplete development of the modified leaves which compose it, to a decrease in the force of vegetation.

When Goethe turned his attention to botany, he was not acquainted with the previous labours of Linnæus and Wolff on the subject of morphology, and he has very candidly given them the priority of the theory. Although his *Essay on the Metamorphosis of Plants* was received with coldness and neglect by the principal botanists of the age, and by the learned academies throughout Europe, it found admirers in Germany. It was favourably analyzed in the scientific journals published at Gotha and Gottingen. Batsch advocated the views of the poet, and dedicated to him the genus *Goethea* as a mark of his gratitude. Thus sanctioned, morphology was taught in the German universities, and was perfected in 1812, by the work of Jacques on the deformation of vegetables; the Memoir of Kieser, published in 1813, on the organization of plants; and the writings of Nees d'Essenbeck, who extended it to the lowest plants.

The discovery, by the eminent botanist Schleider, of the cell as the primitive organ of plants, from which all their organs are developed, has been supposed to diminish the value of a doctrine in which these organs are derived from the leaf. In reply to this supposition, Mr Lewes² justly remarks, 'that the cell theory affects the theory of metamorphosis only by limiting it.' The law of transformation is not altered. The theory is but enriched by a new step in vegetable life.

The doctrine of metamorphosis made rapid progress in Switzerland, England, and France. Lassaraz published, at Geneva, a translation of Goethe's essay. In France, M. Decandolle, though he took a different view of them, added many important facts to the doctrine. While, according to Goethe, the leaf is metamorphosed into the calyx, the calyx into the corolla, the petals into the stamens, and the stamens into the pistils, ovaries, and fruits, Decandolle makes all these changes take place in the opposite direction. He considers the fruit, ovary, and pistil as degenerating into the stamens, the stamens into the petals, the corolla into the calyx, and the different parts of the calyx into leaves. 'Metamorphosis, taken in the sense used by Goethe,' says M. Flourens, 'derives, if we may so speak, from the leaf all

¹ Principles of Scientific Botany, p. 312.

² Life and Works of Goethe, vol. ii., p. 140.

the parts of the flower. The *degenerescence* (a term used also by Wolff), taken in the sense used by Decandolle, brings back all the parts of the flower to the leaf: one of these facts proves the other; and the theory of Goethe, properly considered, is but a part, though an admirable part, of the theory of Decandolle.¹ Notwithstanding this view of metamorphosis, as an abnormal fact, or as a perturbation or degenerescence, Goethe's views were successively adopted by the most eminent French botanists, by Dupetit-Thouars, Turpin, Mirbel, and Auguste St Hilaire. In a report upon Goethe's essay, which M. Auguste St Hilaire was requested by the Academy of Sciences to make, he gives the following flattering opinion of the work:—‘To analyze, in the presence of the Academy, the work of Goethe on metamorphosis, would be as if we were to-day to offer to the Academies of Berlin or St Petersburg an extract from the *Geneva Plantarum* of Anthony Laurent de Jussieu. The work is of the small number of those which not only immortalize their authors, but which are themselves immortal.’

In England, the doctrine of metamorphosis was adopted by Dr Robert Brown, by Thomas Andrew Knight, and by John Lindley, who informs us that it was discovered by Thomas Andrew Knight, at a time when the opinions of Goethe were wholly unknown in England.²

Among the services done to botany by Goethe, we may mention his researches on the spiral tendency in plants, which, when combined with the law of metamorphosis, affords an explanation of all their organs. Martins, at the Congress of German Naturalists, had maintained, ‘that the structure of a flower depended on a relative position, and a particular arrangement in each genus of the metamorphosed leaves, indicating that the disposition of the flower's leaves ought to reproduce the arrangement round the stalks and branches, the flower being only a shortened branch.’ Goethe took up the idea, and wrote his treatise on the subject, which led future observers to important botanical results.

The observations of Goethe on the emission of light from plants,—a phenomenon which had been previously observed,—have some importance, though his explanation of them is not satisfactory. ‘On the 19th of June 1799, he says, late in the evening when the twilight was deepening into a clear night, as I was walking up and down the garden with a friend, we very distinctly observed a flame-like appearance near the Oriental poppy, the flowers of which are remarkable for their powerful red colour. We approached the place, and looked attentively at the flowers, but could perceive nothing further, till at last, by passing and

¹ *Mem. Acad. Paris*, tom. xix., p. 15, Eloge of Decandolle.

² *Trans. Horticultural Society*, 1817, vol. iii., p. 364.

repassing repeatedly, while we looked sideways on them, we succeeded in renewing the appearance as often as we pleased. It proved to be a physiological phenomenon, the apparent coruscation being nothing but the spectrum of the flower in the complementary green colour !' Had we known nothing more of this phenomenon than Goethe's description of it, we should have expressed our astonishment that the *very faint* complementary colour of the *red*—viz., the *green*—could be mistaken by any sane observer for 'coruscations' or 'a momentary light.' A red wafer, or a piece of red cloth, would produce the very same effect ; and it is simply absurd to refer it to the coloured corolla of a plant. M. Faivre, however, tells us, after quoting the preceding passage, that the observation is *original*, and that it will interest physiologists and the friends of the marvellous. Now, Goethe distinctly tells us, 'that it had previously excited attention among the observers of nature, and the phenomenon could be regarded as marvellous only when described as a coruscation from a flower.' We can hardly suppose that Professor Faivre considers the phenomenon as nothing more than the complementary colour of a red flower ; for he tells us that 'the observation of Goethe' is a fact henceforth acquired to science, and that Decandolle and Meyer have confirmed the fact ; while latterly an eminent Swedish botanist, M. Fries, has shown to several persons the flashes (*les eclaires*) which surround with a luminous halo the flowers of the Oriental poppy, and the *Lilium viviparum* !'¹ This specimen of botanical optics, we must confess, greatly surprises us ; because a luminous ring of the complementary colour surrounds every brightly-coloured flower when looked at for some time. If the eye is absolutely fixed on *one point* of the flower, the halo will not be seen ; but when the eye is not absolutely fixed, the part of the retina giving the complementary colour makes it extend beyond the original coloured object under examination.

We have already had occasion to notice the ardour with which Goethe devoted himself to the study of anatomy. The first and the most important of his labours in this field was the treatise published in 1786,² in which he demonstrated the existence of the intermaxillary bone in man. Vesalius, in attacking Galen, maintained that he had found the intermaxillary bone only in animals, although he had referred but indistinctly to a separate bone connected with the maxillary by sutures. James Sylvius, in defending Galen, suggested that the bone may have disappeared in man from luxurious living. Guided by the authority of Eustachius, but specially by that of Camper and Blumenbach, anatomists

¹ Faivre, p. 197 ; and Fries, *Botaniska Notiser*, Nos. 6, 7 (Upsal, 1858).

² *Acta Nat. Curiosorum*, vol. xv.

wondered at the absence of the intermaxillary bone in man, and considered it as a distinctive character between man and the apes.

Under these circumstances, the discovery of this bone by Goethe does him the highest credit. Guided by his views of a unity in nature, he believed that there must be an intermaxillary bone; and, after a careful study of the subject in various animals, he succeeded in establishing its existence in man.¹ The extraordinary modifications which this bone presented to him in various animals were very remarkable. In the cetaceæ, or amphibious animals, and in birds and fishes, he sometimes discovered the intermaxillary bone itself, and sometimes only traces of it. In concluding his treatise, the poet very modestly expresses his anxious desire 'that it may be favourably received by the learned and by the friends of nature, that he may be allowed to have more friendly relations with them, and make further progress in so attractive a science.'

In 1819, Goethe was desirous of completing his views on this subject. In discussing the opinions of the ancient anatomists, he endeavours to show that the intermaxillary bone in man was not unknown to Galen, or to Vesalius, or to Winslow; and he adduces new proofs of its existence in man, founded on the anatomy of development and on the study of monstrosities.

This treatise of the poet met with a more favourable reception than his work on metamorphosis. The discovery was confirmed by Weber. It was introduced into the best works on anatomy previous to 1800; and our distinguished countryman, Professor Owen, has declared, 'that by the discovery of the human intermaxillary bone, Goethe has inspired all the researches which prove the constancy and uniformity of the laws of nature in this class of phenomena.' But though the existence of the intermaxillary bone in man is universally admitted, it has not been determined whether its ossification proceeds from an independent centre, or from that of the adjoining superior maxillary.

One of the most curious and important of Goethe's discoveries is that of the vertebrate or segmented structure of the skull, or the analogy between the skull and a vertebra. This idea presented itself to Goethe in 1790; but he did not publish it till 1820, when he was writing the history of his anatomical works. The same discovery was made by Oken in 1806, when a private teacher at Gottingen. He alleges—but he did not make the allegation till fifteen years after Goethe's death—that he sent a copy of the paper which contained it to Goethe, who was so pleased with the discovery that he invited its author to spend a week with

¹ This bone is said to be mentioned as existing in man by Mr Nisbett, in his *Osteologia*, published in 1753.

him at Weimar at Easter 1808. The silence of Goethe on this occasion, and during the following thirteen years which he allowed to pass without claiming the discovery as his own, is remarkable; but no less remarkable is the conduct of Oken, in not bringing forward his own claim till fifteen years after the death of the poet. The conduct of Goethe is explained by a passage in one of his works quoted by Mr Lewes, in which he says, 'that while he was working out the theory with his two friends, Riemer and Voigt, they brought him, with some surprise, the news that this idea had just been laid before the public in an academic programme (Oken's paper); a fact,' he adds, 'which they, being still alive, can testify.' In answer to the question, Why did not Goethe then claim priority? he says, 'I told my friends to keep quiet, for the idea was not properly worked out in the programme; and that it was not elaborated from original observations, would be plain to all scientific men. I was frequently brought to speak plainly on the subject, but I was firm in my silence.' Mr Lewes very justly considers this evidence as establishing the claim of Goethe to the original idea, while at the same time he considers Oken also 'as entitled to the discovery of the vertebrate structure of the skull.'

In the prosecution of this subject, anatomists have arrived at very contradictory results. Goethe adopted *six* cranial vertebræ; Oken, in 1807, only *three*; Bojanus, in 1818, increased the number to *four*; Geoffroy St Hilaire, in 1824, admitted *seven*; while Carus, in 1827, adopted Goethe's number of *six*. At present it is generally agreed that the skull consists of *three* vertebræ—the occipital, and the posterior and anterior spheroidal. Professor Owen thinks that there is a *fourth*—namely, the nasal; but it is not admitted by Huxley, and has not yet been adopted by French and German anatomists.

Among the other labours of Goethe, we must mention his principle of the unity of organic composition, or of the existence of an anatomical type, according to which all organized beings may be said to be constructed. His researches on the determination of an osteological type were published at Jena, in 1795, in his 'General Introduction to Comparative Anatomy founded on Osteology,' a work which contributed greatly to the progress of philosophical anatomy. In this work, he proposed 'to establish an anatomical type, a sort of universal image, representing, as far as possible, the bones of all animals, to serve as a rule for describing them, according to an order previously established;' and he carried out his views by a laborious comparison of each piece in the series of adult animals. His researches preceded and inspired the labours of Oken, Bojanus, Spix, and Carus; and this branch of general osteology has been successfully pur-

sued by Meckel, Cuvier, Geoffroy St Hilaire, Professor Owen, and Professor Huxley.

The influence of Goethe's discoveries was neither so rapid nor so satisfactory in zoology and comparative anatomy as in botany. The idealistic philosophy of Schelling had a most prejudicial effect upon the nascent doctrine of organic morphology, as presented to us inductively in the writings of Goethe. It gave it a form, in which much that was correct and valuable was obscured by a mass of matter, neither scientific in its character nor in its source. A reaction, however, took place, in favour of direct chemo-physical research; and the greater number of German anatomists and physiologists now prosecute their science solely in its chemo-physical aspect. The morphological aspect, however, which is the complement of the chemo-physical, has been indirectly advanced by Pander, Von Baer, Rathke, John Muller, Wagner, Reichart, and Bischoff, who, by the investigation of the development of the embryo in man and animals, have evolved a series of morphological laws, which constitute the basis of the morphological department or aspect of organic science, and verify the general principles of the doctrine of Goethe.

The anatomical methods adopted by Geoffroy St Hilaire, in France, were as fantastic and fruitless as those of Oken; but, in the feud between him and Cuvier, respecting their methods of anatomical research, the co-ordinate importance of the doctrine of final causes and the doctrine of type was established. By the combination of the teleological and sound morphological method, the present French school of zoology and comparative anatomy has attained that high reputation which it owes to the labours of Audoin, Milne Edwards, and their pupils.

Our limits will not permit us to follow Goethe into the regions of geology and mineralogy. We have already made a brief reference to the ardour of his studies in these two departments of natural history; and in Professor Faivre's chapter on the subject, we do not find that Goethe has bequeathed to either of these sciences any fact of the smallest value. He has endeavoured, as might have been expected, to apply to rocks and minerals the laws of transformation, which had conducted him to such important results in botany and comparative anatomy; but the attempt only led him into error; and in his search for 'the fundamental rock,' he drifted into speculations on the constitution, age, and nature of rocks, which no geologist has adopted. 'Rocks,' as Haüy remarks, 'are the incommensurables of the mineral kingdom; and it is as vain an attempt to explain, by metamorphosis, their innumerable varieties, as it would be to endeavour to submit them to the rules of a truly natural classification.'

Having endeavoured to do justice to Goethe as a naturalist, and to estimate at a high value his ardour of research, and his devotion to the study of nature, we regret that we must speak of him, as a natural philosopher, either in the language of the severest criticism, or with a tender sympathy for the hallucinations under which he laboured. He has himself told us, 'that to make an epoch in the world, two things are necessary,—a good head, and a great inheritance. Napoleon inherited the French Revolution; Peter the Great the Silesian war; Luther the ignorance of the clergy; and as for myself, I have inherited the error in the doctrine of Newton!!'

The legacy thus bequeathed to him, was the celebrated discovery made by Newton, that white light is composed of seven colours,—a doctrine established by its analysis with the prism, and universally admitted by philosophers of every cast. The mode in which the heritage of its error was conveyed to the poet, we gather from his own statements. Having received prisms from Counsellor Buttner of Jena, to *study colours physically*, the return of the prisms was requested, before he had made a single experiment with them, he alleging that he had not a dark room for the purpose. When he was about to replace them in the box, to give them to the messenger, he conceived the idea of looking through the prism at the various objects in a room entirely white. The theory of Newton came into his mind, and he expected to find the white wall covered with the different tints produced by refraction and the decomposition of light. He was astonished, however, to find that the wall was still white, though the boundaries of dark parts, such as the bars of the window, were surrounded with a coloured spectrum, while the grey sky was colourless. 'I had no occasion,' he says, 'for much reflection. In an instant I recognised that a limit is the necessary condition for the manifestation of colours; and *I was convinced, as by instinct, that the theory of Newton was false!*' Such is the fundamental experiment which instinctively persuaded the poet that he had overturned the Newtonian doctrine, and suggested to him the untoward idea of a new doctrine of colours, and a new work to explain it.

We cannot condescend to notice the ignorance and puerility of this observation. 'Goethe,' as Professor Faivre justly observes, 'blinded by a false pride, and flattered by the illusions of a new theory, had forgotten even the most elementary notions of science. Whether he did not recognise, or did not wish to recognise, the blunder into which he fell, the poet persisted in maintaining his first idea, and consecrated to its development more than twelve years of his life. The result of his persevering researches was published in two treatises, entitled *Contributions*

to the *Study of Optics*, the first part of which appeared at Weimar in 1791, with twenty-seven plates, and the second in 1792, with plates.'

Although these treatises were severely criticised by his own scientific countrymen, yet the applause of a few of his wrong-headed worshippers, among whom we are sorry to observe the name of Seebeck, induced him to publish, in 1810, his enlarged work, entitled *Farbenlehre*, or a *Treatise on Colours*, in two volumes octavo, with a separate volume of sixteen plates. This work was translated by Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1840, under the title of 'Goethe's Theory of Colours.' It is divided into three parts, *didactic*, *controversial*, and *historical*; but Sir Charles has translated only the first of these portions, 'with such extracts from the other two as seemed necessary, in fairness to the author, to explain some of his statements.' In later editions of the *Farbenlehre*, after the discoveries in double refraction and polarization had given a new form to optical science, Goethe found it necessary to write, in 1820, a *Treatise on Entoptical Colours*, from which Sir Charles Eastlake has given some passages in the notes to his work.

At all periods in the history of science, and even in the present enlightened times, men of shallow intellect, and a high estimate of their own genius, have ventured to call in question the best established truths in the physical sciences, and to put forth theories explanatory of all the wonders in the material world. We have much sympathy with this class of theorists, and are disposed rather to pity than to rebuke them. They are often honourable men, actuated by an ardent love of truth; and there are few cases, if any, in which they have eked out their theories by personal attacks or insolent ridicule directed against the masters of science.

With the conduct of Goethe as a speculator we have no such sympathy. He has treated Sir Isaac Newton and his disciples with a ferocity and insolence deserving the severest chastisement. He has launched, again and again, against the great master of science the bitterest shafts of sarcasm and invective. The disciples of Newton have been treated with the same contumely; and he has not even spared his own countrymen, who did not welcome and admire his shallow speculations. Had a controversy arisen between the great philosopher and the great poet, we should have found, in the collision of ardent minds, some palliation even of the intemperance of error; but Newton had been cold in his grave for nearly a century—deaf to the voice of fame or of censure; and we stand aghast at the cowardice of the man who dared to disturb the ashes of his hallowed urn.

But Goethe did worse than this. He wrote a History of Optics, with no other view, we believe, than to poison the fountains of truth, that he might aim a fresh blow at the reputation of his victim, and give a temporary currency to his own blunders. We should hardly have ventured to make such a charge even against an ordinary charlatan; but it is made, we think, ready to our hand, in the following honest sentiments of his own biographer:—

‘The motive which determined Goethe to undertake the disagreeable duty of a historian and a critic, is the legitimate desire to give to his doctrines the consecration of history. This is what the poet demands from the past. What he desires above everything, is the testimonies and proofs in favour of his views and criticisms, to oppose to the theory of Newton. *These two motives direct his choice, dictate his appreciations, and too often subordinate to self-love the independence of the writer and the impartiality of the historian.* Full of himself, Goethe criticises doctrines which he often does not comprehend, and enters upon the solution of scientific problems for which he is not prepared. Hardly initiated into the discoveries of his day, and without any knowledge of the mathematical sciences, he dares to appreciate methods and results which men of genius like Newton and Kepler are alone entitled to grapple with. We need not seek then in the history of colours, either the disinterestedness which truth gives when free from the fetters of self-love, or the authority which science carries along with it.’

After such admissions on the part of Professor Faivre, it would be an insult to our readers to expose the errors of Goethe's optics, and the ignorance of their author. We cannot, however, leave him alone in his glory. A great moral lesson underlies his life as the slanderer of Newton; and it must be read for the protection of society, and the interests of truth and knowledge.

In the preface to his Treatise on Colours, he attacks the Newtonian theory and its supporters allegorically, in order to avoid, as he says, vehemence and excitement. He represents it as an *old castle*, ill built, and bolstered up with ‘no lack of towers, battlements, and embrasures.’ It then ‘becomes uninhabitable.’ ‘The building itself is already abandoned. The only inmates are a few invalids, who, in simple seriousness, imagine they are prepared for war.’ ‘This eighth wonder of the world is already nodding to its fall, as a deserted piece of antiquity; and we begin at once to dismantle it from gable and roof downwards, *that the sun may at last shine into the old nest of rats and owls!*’ It next becomes ‘a Bastille, to be razed with all possible ability and dexterity.’

The ‘polemical part’ of the Treatise on Colours is rich in

specimens of presumption, sarcasms, and injustice against Newton and his followers. 'We combat an hypothesis, the usefulness of which can no longer be contested, though it still preserves a traditional authority.' 'Newton's principal experiment, the keystone of his optics, is *a piece of real jugglery!*' In Newton's fifth experiment, 'he neither knew what he saw, nor what conclusion to draw from it.' 'Newton's letter to the Royal Society,' says Professor Faivre, 'appears to Goethe *the work of a sophist, worthy of the most barbarous and scholastic times.*' 'Can you,' says he elsewhere, 'parcel out light, disengage colour after colour, or perform other juggleries, polarizing globules, so that the audience are seized with terror, and stupefied. 'Friends,' he continues, 'avoid the dark room where light is parcelled out, and where it bends itself with painful sufferings before false images. Superstitious admirers (of Newton), there have been in our days. In the brains of your teachers, leave phantoms, prestige, and trumpery.' With less moderation he treats the Newtonians as Cossacks, and is astonished that there are in the human brain organs capable of conceiving such absurd ideas. He wishes that Dr Gall would examine the cranium of a true Newtonian, in order that the problem might be solved! In language too coarse even for a village poet, he tells us that 'Newton's work is a mixture of cabbages and roots, which will cause the same disgust to well brought up people with which it has inspired himself.'

If Goethe has thus treated persons whom he never saw, and who never mentioned his name or his errors, we may expect similar acts of injustice and invective in his conduct to those who either opposed his views or declined to adopt them. Professor Mollweide was one of the first who dared, in a pamphlet, to criticise the *Treatise on Colours*. Goethe replied to him by a mass of sarcasms, the mildest of which, says Professor Faivre, was the following: 'I have not read the pleasant manifesto of Mollweide. It is a painful and obscure compilation.' In another place he caricatures the Professor when producing *white* by the mixture of the *seven* prismatic colours. 'Look well at it,' says the Professor to one of his scholars: 'what do you see?' 'What I see,' replies the scholar, 'is *grey*.' 'You do not see distinctly,' responded the teacher; 'do you suppose that I can tolerate such an answer? It is *white* that you see, stupid child. It is Mollweide that speaks.'

But greater men than Mollweide protested against the poet's optics. The celebrated Biot having supported and proved the results of Newton, Goethe says of him, 'The chapter on light and colours in Biot's *Physics* reminds us of Egyptian tombs. The phenomena are empty, and embalmed with numbers and signs; on the scientific coffin are painted bizarre figures. They re-

present the experiments by which natural philosophers have buried in their details what is eternal and incommensurable. On reading this chapter, every friend of science can only exclaim, "*Who will deliver me from the body of this death !*" The amiable Abbe Haüy, as a disciple of Newton, 'is likened to one of those ruminating animals whose alimentary canal ends in several stomachs. They can neither reject nor digest. They ruminate to no purpose.'

The irritation and disappointment indicated by these sallies of temper were somewhat soothed by the kind or favourable expressions of some of his friends, on which he sets great value. Professor Neumann had given, in a few lines, a *resumé* of Goethe's doctrine, which is accepted as an approbation of it. Madame Necker had written that Newton's Optics were comprehended by nobody, and Goethe artfully turns this to account. Hegel applauds the new theory, and Dr Brandis congratulates its author *on having ruined the old castle of Newton !*

Forty years after the appearance of the 'Treatise on Colours,' when, as Goethe's friends confess, 'the theory of Newton reigned in every Treatise on Optics, and was taught from every University chair,' two German savants, Schaupenhauer and Gravell, had the audacity to attack Newton and his followers, and to reproduce and defend all the blunders of the poet. Schaupenhauer, whom we never heard of, is the most ferocious of these combatants, having written no fewer than three pamphlets on the subject, published at Berlin in 1831, Leipsic in 1854, and Frankfort in the same year. 'Germany,' he says, 'the country of the scientific labours of Goethe, is unpardonable for having misunderstood them. In England, a painter, M. Eastlake, gave in 1840 an excellent translation of the theory of the great poet. In the account of it given in the *Edinburgh Review* by M. Brewster, he speaks *like a tigress in the cave, into which persons are seeking entrance to carry off her young*. Is this,' he adds, 'the language of that calm and firm conviction of truth, in the presence of the error of a great man ? Is it not rather the voice of an evil conscience, which sees with terror that truth is not on his side.'

In the admirable Treatise on Physics by M. Pouillet, he has given, in a chapter of twenty pages, an excellent account of Newton's optical discoveries. Schaupenhauer describes it as a chapter written with as much assurance as if the words of Newton were those of the Gospel. 'We find there,' says he, 'all the tricks of the jugglery box of the master, also his finesse, and all his artifices. *Those who know the truth, cannot read this chapter without a profound indignation, mixed with laughter, when they see the young generation thus become the prey of falsehood and absurdity.*'

Before closing this article, we must notice more specially the extraordinary fact already referred to, that a translation of 'Goethe's Theory of Colours,' the worst of all his scientific writings, should have been the only one published in England—the land of Newton, too, where in every academy and college the grand doctrine of light has been taught and comprehended. That such a work should have been published by Sir Charles Eastlake, an artist of distinguished talent, is equally extraordinary; but more extraordinary still are the motives assigned for its publication. 'It *must be admitted*,' says Sir Charles, 'that the statements of Goethe contain more useful principles relating to harmony of colour than any that have been derived from the established doctrine.' 'The views in the Newtonian theory seldom appear in a form calculated for direct application to art.' 'The defects in the Newtonian theory make it little available for æsthetic application.' 'The experiments of Goethe are clear and full, the colours being reduced to their origin and simplest elements.' 'Goethe's theory contains, with very great improvements, the general doctrine of the ancients, and of the Italians at the revival of letters.'

We cannot, of course, stoop to insult the scientific reader by refuting such propositions as these. If they are true, we must conclude that the optical principles which should guide the artist are to be derived from an optical theory that is false, and not from one that is true,—a conclusion which leads to another of a graver character, that the art of harmonious colour in painting *is not founded on any optical principle whatever*.

The following are a few of Goethe's propositions:—

1. Colour is itself a degree of darkness.
2. Shadow is the proper element of colour.
3. Colour readily combines with shade.
4. Light is allied to shadow, and is a degree of it
5. Light readily combines with shadow.
6. The highest degree of light seen through a medium slightly thickened is *yellow*.
7. If darkness is seen through an illuminated semi-transparent medium, a blue colour appears.

These two last propositions are considered *primordial* and *elementary* phenomena at the limits of experimental knowledge! 'We see on the one side LIGHT, BRIGHTNESS; on the other, DARKNESS, OBSCURITY: We bring the semi-transparent medium between the TWO, and from these contrasts and this medium the colours develop themselves contrasted, in like manner but soon through a reciprocal relation directly tending again to a point of union!' ¹

¹ Such of our readers as desire to study Goethe's views as applied to art, will find an elaborate discussion of them in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1840, vol. lxxii., p. 99.

We commend these cabalistic propositions to those who can comprehend and apply them. Although they have been in the hands of English artists for nearly a quarter of a century, we have not met with one who has ever appealed to them as a guide. The true doctrine of the harmony of colours, indeed, is unknown to or unapplied by artists in this or any other country, and we do not believe that it was either known or practised by any of the great masters of antiquity. If we find a good example of harmonious colouring in one of their pictures, we shall find another in which no such harmony exists. Mulready is the only modern artist we know who is habitually a colourist of the first order.

We cannot conclude this article without congratulating Professor Faivre on the manner in which he has executed his very difficult and laborious task. His knowledge of the numerous subjects of which he had to treat, the ability with which he has treated them, and the taste and judgment which are displayed in every part of the work, will be appreciated by readers of every class who take an interest in the history of knowledge, and in the struggles of great men who have achieved, under difficulties, a lofty place in the temple of Fame. While our author never fails in a due appreciation of the genius and merits of his poet-philosopher, he has never overlooked the defects of his character, or attempted to palliate his errors or his failings.

The life of so remarkable a man, written by such a biographer, is pregnant with moral lessons, which the philosophers of the present day would do well to appreciate and apply. The obstinate and long-continued resistance to the discoveries of Goethe, founded on observed facts, is not a crime of the age in which he lived. It is rank and luxuriant at all times, whenever new facts and discoveries run counter to popular and established theories. There is no form of persecution more galling to a man of genius than this species of quiet martyrdom. There is fortunately, however, as there was in the case of Goethe, a court of appeal; and others, like him, may count upon its sure decree.

- ART. V.—1. *History of the Greek Revolution.* By GEORGE FINLAY, LL.D. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.
2. *Greece and the Greeks: the Narrative of a Winter Residence and Summer Travel in Greece and its Islands.* By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. London, 1862.
3. *General Report of the Commission appointed at Athens to Examine into the Financial Condition of Greece.* 1860.
4. *Report by Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy and Legation on the Manufactures, Commerce, etc., of Greece.* 1860.
5. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15th July and 16th December 1862.

THE world has seen strange changes during the last few years. Civilisation has advanced in both hemispheres: for the struggle in the West is but a fierce discipline that will consolidate a prosperity that had become inflated; and the various petty struggles in the East have, without exception, terminated on the side of progress. In Europe, liberty, political and religious, has asserted itself in the face of oppression and intolerance; national grievances have been redressed, and public abuses have been reformed; old things have passed away, and new things are hastening on; much good has been accomplished, but there remains much yet to do before the spirit of reform may stay its course. There are still smouldering the dying embers of the two greatest evils in the whole political world; and they must be extinguished before the good work is done. The great enemy of Italian freedom must yield his temporal power to the demands of a united people, and the Ottoman Empire must be swept from the map of Europe. These are the two dark spots upon the political horizon of the eastern hemisphere; and though, happily, they are ever getting fainter, they are still conspicuous in their unchanging deformity. These are the questions of the age that, above all others, demand solution, though that solution be so long protracted. In the two years that have just past, both the Papacy and the Porte have received some grievous blows; but owing to the unprincipled selfishness of one great power, and the perverted policy of another, they have been enabled to ward them off. Thanks to French high-handed arrogance and contempt for every principle other than their own aggrandizement, the Pope still reigns over his suffering and discontented subjects; and thanks to British capital, the Sultan has for a time staved off the dissolution of his empire. But if the moral disapprobation of Europe be of any avail, the uneasy seat of the one must soon be taken from him; and if the

honest indignation of all right-thinking men in England be of any avail, our obstructive policy in the East must soon give way to something better. The revolution in Greece has paved the way for the latter reformation, and symptoms of a change are already manifested. Hence it is that the affairs of that little country are at present attracting so much attention throughout all Europe. Our interests are centred upon Greece during the present crisis, not for its own sake merely—though the romance that hangs over it on other grounds will ever be sufficient to throw an undying interest around both the country and the people—but from the serious aspect which the Eastern complication is now assuming. That political knot is destined soon to be untied. It is impossible that matters can remain much longer as they are. Blood enough and money enough have been spent in upholding the crumbling Turkish dynasty. It is worse than sinful to spend more either of the one or of the other in bolstering up that which is a curse to itself and its upholders. We have no patience to enter upon the subject of the lethargic influence of the Mahomedan power, and the profligate extravagance of its effete ineffectiveness. It is useless to dwell upon what is known to all, and to show the depth of stagnation that broods over every corner of the Sultan's dominions; and how commerce, agriculture, and all that we look upon as progress and civilisation, are unknown and uncared for by the languid population that grow like vegetables in the richest provinces of Europe. We will not press such distasteful subjects on our readers; for if we did, we should but repeat what has been said by every man who has written on the East for the last two centuries. But we may say, and with confidence, that the era for such abuse is past, and that a few years will now suffice to bring this pestilent dominion to the grave that has been long open for it, and to inaugurate the resurrection of a new, and, we trust, more healthy epoch. The signs of the times betoken an inevitable impending solution of all these difficulties. The union of the Danubian Principalities was not formed without ulterior objects. The Servian cry for self-government, and the efforts made last spring, and which have not yet ceased, to raise their aspirations to realities, had but one motive—release from the incubus of Turkey. The insurrections in the Herzegovina and in Montenegro, subdued though they were temporarily by overwhelming forces paid by English money, and concentrated by the military sagacity of an Austrian apostate, indicate a similar motive; and the tendency to a combination of all the south Slavonic nations against the Mahomedan rule, the disturbances in Syria, and the revolution in Greece, all taken together, afford unequivocal indications of the impending doom of Islamism. No policy of obstruction in the British Cabinet,

no more real or fictitious loans of British money, can stave off much longer the downfall of the Porte. We have already done too much in defence of our hereditary policy. It is time to bethink ourselves, and make up our minds to take to something new. Our 'political Don Juan,' to adopt the elegant nomenclature of *Le Nord*, has been too long faithful to his old love, and must now look about him for some other object more deserving of it.

There are several possible solutions, any one of which is preferable to the state of matters that exists at present. The old high-handed Russian measure that startled Europe so violently some years ago, may again be mooted. The politicians of the Western powers might now bear it with more equal minds. It is nothing short of absorption of the Turkish dominions by the great powers. By this perhaps unjustifiable means, the Western states would each get all they want. Russia would reign paramount at Constantinople, leaving the Bosphorus open to flags of all nations; Austria would gain a large slice of territory between the Danube and the Adriatic; France would get possession of Syria, and so secure the eastern coast of her 'French lake;' and England, by taking Egypt under her protection, would secure her Eastern dominions. Such is the plain unvarnished statement of what was once the Russian policy; and unprincipled though it undoubtedly appears, it might be justified by necessity. That this might prevent a threatening conflagration, and that it would greatly further the ends of civilisation, is undeniable; but its flagrant immorality is no less undeniable. The present generation even can condemn the baseness of such policy; but what would be the verdict of posterity? With them it would rest to declare whether the end has justified the means—whether the good done has counterbalanced the evil-doing.

Absorption by the Western powers is not the only solution of this perilous question. Substitution of a Christian instead of a Mahomedan power answers the purpose quite as well, and preserves securely the fundamental principles of political morality. Instead of a Turkish Empire, we may yet see either a Slavonic or a Byzantine Empire established in the Bosphorus. There are elements in both the Slave and Greek races which might be moulded into a mighty empire. At first sight it would appear that the Slavonic races ought to have the finest material for the formation of a new power. Nations, some men say, can never culminate twice. The Greeks have had their day, the Slaves have not. The glory of the Grecian race has departed from them, the glory of the Slavonic race has yet to come. This theory may be true, or it may not be true. History, however, seems to indicate that it is nothing but a superfine fiction of those who are so ingenious as to see symmetry where there is no symmetry.

But even if it were true of some nations, it cannot be held as true of the Greeks. They rose to transcendental eminence in the Periclean age, 400 years before Christ, but they have undergone strange transmutations since; and the Greek of the present day is no more the Greek of the time of Thucydides, than the Capuan of the time of Garibaldi is the Capuan of the time of Hannibal. If the Greeks that are now seeking for a king can show themselves fit for empire, no speculations of the most ingenious theorist will greatly influence them. On more tangible grounds than these, we would be glad to see the great empire of a new people formed to supplant the Turks; but there are difficulties in the way of the formation of such a power that seem insurmountable. A Slavonic empire means an amalgamation of races fundamentally the same, but widely different in character and institutions, in tastes and feelings, and in point of civilisation little, if at all, in advance of the Mahomedans. A Servian and a Montenegrin are of the same race, but their ideas are very different; and a Pole and a Bulgarian, though originally sprung from the identical stock with each other, and with the Servians and Montenegrins, are as dissimilar in feeling and character as two essentially alien races. Nor does this difference in character comprehend the whole difficulty? A Slavonic empire means the aggrandizement of Russia, and the inevitable annexation of the Rouman populations of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the consequent destruction of the equilibrium of the political forces in Europe.

But there still remains the possibility of a Byzantine empire; and that alternation is the one which more immediately concerns us at present. A Byzantine empire—the union, that is, of the scattered fragments of the Greek race which lie about the kingdom of Greece under one emperor—is ‘*la grande idée*,’ the realization of which has been an object of yearning and longing to the whole Hellenic race since the war of independence. Does this rise beyond the sphere of possibility? Is it in any point of view probable that future ages will see Constantinople once again the seat of Grecian power and learning? Will posterity see the Golden Horn filled with vessels laden with Grecian merchandise, and the Greek flag floating over the Seraglio Point, and the Sweet Waters of the Bosphorus? Will the Church of St Sophia be restored to Christian usage, its fountains yielding place to the baptismal font, and the muezzin to the Christian call to prayer? Will Thessaly, and Epirus, and Macedonia, and the Cyclades, and the Ionian Islands, and the Greek cities of Asia Minor, be once more united under one sovereign and into one kingdom? That is ‘*the great idea*,’ so dearly cherished by every Greek. But is the nation worthy of its idea, or shall they see it realized

from their importunity alone? Have they shown sufficient promise during the last thirty years to entitle them to ask it of the great powers? What use have they made of their independence,—what progress have they made in the science of government,—how far have they learned the lessons of honest dealings either in private or in public matters,—how have their finances prospered,—how far have they advanced in commerce, in agriculture, and in general industry? These questions must be looked into, and should be sifted thoroughly, before Greece can be pronounced worthy of so responsible a charge. We propose, therefore, in the following pages, to make a rapid survey of Grecian history since Greece achieved her independence: we shall thus be in a better position to speculate upon her future, and to answer that all-important question, Is Greece worthy to supplant the Porte? or, in other words, Is the great idea to be realized?

The siege of Missolonghi was the true conclusion of the war of independence. The Turkish soldiers who fired the shattered houses of that city, lighted up the torch of Grecian liberty. Had there been no siege of Missolonghi, the fight in the Bay of Navarino never would have taken place; and without the interference of the Western powers at that time, Greece never would have gained her freedom. The Turkish power was broken by the weight of its own hand. Had the Turks been less brutal, or the Greeks less gallant, during those long months, Greece might still be nothing better than a portion of the sluggish Turkish Empire. The fluctuating fortunes of this heroic struggle really terminated at Missolonghi. From that time may date the era of Grecian independence, though it was not till nearly three years afterwards that Greece was formally acknowledged to be a free and independent state. We must start, therefore, with the signing of the treaty of Adrianople in September 1829, in our investigations into the political and material condition of the country, if we would form a true estimate of the progress she has made.

At that time (September 1829), Greece was under the government of Count John Capodistrias, who was appointed President by the National Assembly at Træzene in 1827, in preference to many who had fought well in the war, but who, from selfishness and incapacity, were not considered worthy of the nation's confidence. Opinions differ as to his real character. Some would assert that Greece has not been better governed for the last four hundred years than it was during the three and a half years that Capodistrias held office. Others condemn him as a double-dealing, self-aggrandizing tyrant, who would have sold his country to Russia, or destroyed it in furthering his own selfish interests. It is difficult to reach the truth in this question, but,

like most others of a similar kind, there is some truth in both sides of it. He had a very difficult task to perform. The country was disorganized, and many of his actions which appear tyrannical may have been called for by the state of anarchy which reigned. Were there no evidence of his desire to ascend the throne, his cruel measures might be overlooked on grounds of political expediency; but, in face of his correspondence with King Leopold, and the almost conclusive evidence of his ambitious designs adduced lately, some of his actions become inexcusable. No possible palliation can be offered for his conduct in the brutal affair of Poros, when the most barbarous excesses of war were perpetrated with impunity, and even with honour, by Greeks upon their brethren, and their wives and daughters, who had all fought side by side in the war of independence; and no line of action could be more unwarrantable than his systematic persecution of the family of Mavromichales, which ultimately cost him his life in the Chapel of St Spiridion at Nauplia. Yet the years of his presidency were not in vain. He introduced some beneficial measures, both political and material; and to these measures was due the first appearance of security of life and property in the rural districts; and that security brought back the fugitive population to their homes, and inaugurated what, following on the ruin produced by the war, was almost an era in pastoral and agricultural life in Greece. His death cannot be looked on as a loss to his country, neither was it altogether a gain. Had he lived to reign in Greece, he might have done much good; he could not have done more harm than the monarch who ultimately ascended the throne. That he would have been detested as a tyrant, and that his tendencies would have been ultra-Russian, there can be no doubt; but whether his strong-willed despotic measures would have been more prejudicial than beneficial to his country it is impossible to say. We cannot judge of such things theoretically, we can only look to the result; and Capodistrias did not live to produce results. He was assassinated on the 9th of October 1830; and the utter disorganization under which the country suffered until the election of King Otho, almost did away with all the good Capodistrias effected in his life, and left a task of more than overpowering difficulty for the untried energies of his successor.

There is a picture in the New Pinakothek at Munich in which the landing of King Otho at Nauplia is delineated. There is a sunny, radiant look about that picture. The blue sky overhanging the mountain citadel of Palamedes, and the white buildings of the Turkish town of Nauplia; the clear blue waters of the Gulf of Argos, on which vessels of every size and shape, from the British war-ship to the Greek caique, are represented; the

quaint intermixture of brilliant Oriental costumes with the more familiar Western dresses, and the eager faces of the thronging multitude welcoming their king; and the luxuriant vegetation of the foreground contrasting with the snowy summits of the Arcadian and Laconian mountains far behind;—all are grouped together in a masterly manner, and form a picture which, if it be not a masterpiece of art, tells its story, and describes its scene, and testifies beyond all doubt to the genuine enthusiasm with which King Otho was received in Greece. He landed on the 6th of February 1833; he left the country on the 24th of October 1862; and during these thirty years, all but three months, he cannot be said to have performed a single action likely to do credit either to himself or to the country which has discarded him. From the date of his arrival till his ignominious withdrawal, his reign has been one long series of mistakes. The regency appointed by King Louis was the first mistake, and from it may be traced much of the calamitous future. It was composed of three members—Count Armandsparg, M. de Maurer, and General Heideck. The secretary, Mr Abel, was invested with a consultative voice, and was appointed supplemental member, to fill any vacancy that might occur. Not one of these men was competent to fill the posts to which they had been appointed. General Heideck had been in Greece, and had acquired a somewhat cursory acquaintance with the people; but Count Armandsparg never knew the language; and M. de Maurer's knowledge of the country is nowhere better shown than in his own history, in which he informs the world that Greece produces dates, sugar, and coffee! The duties of the regency were important, and their position delicate. Firmness, resolution, and a certain nicety of handling, were the qualities that were wanted; but these were precisely the qualities which the members of the regency did not possess. It was necessary to create an army, a navy, a civil and judicial administration, and to sweep away the more glaring evils of the Turkish financial system. The task of organizing the military arm of the State fell to the lot of General Heideck; but that ingenuous warrior, in his enthusiasm for reform, overlooked the nation he was reforming, and entrusted all the more important posts in the new army to his own countrymen. He bought popularity in Bavaria by selling appointments in Greece; and instead of forming a national army out of men who had fought for their country, and had made it, he collected together hordes of place-seekers and beer-drinking mercenaries who had flocked from Germany for their own purposes, and who cared nothing for the country whose borrowed finances they swallowed up and then deserted. But these unprincipled measures might have turned out to the advantage of the country, had he been suffered to

bring them to completion. Greece was exhausted when General Heideck arrived with his Bavarians, and any strong line of action consistently carried out would have been tolerated. But there was dissension in the camp of the Triumvirate, and General Heideck's measures were negatived by Count Armansperg, and Count Armansperg's measures were derided and opposed by General Heideck. A fatal want of union manifested itself in the councils of the regency, and consequent upon that, a course of vacillation and indecision where resolute and decisive action was imperative. The organization of the army proved a failure. The old irregular bands of armed retainers became more formidable than they were before the presidency of Capodistrias, and that long course of brigandage commenced, which for many years afterwards was the curse of Greece. The civil administration fared no better. It was based upon the principle of complete centralization, and soon degenerated into a worthless and corrupt bureaucracy. A system of centralization, however admirable it may be in a country like Bavaria, where agricultural prosperity, long usage, and a perfect system of internal communication make it practicable, and little irksome to the people, is absolutely impracticable in a new country not yet opened up, and inhabited by a turbulent population emerging from a state of anarchy. The peasantry refused to submit to this new-fangled form of Government, with all its financial and judicial enactments. They refused to pay the grievous taxes imposed upon them; they cried aloud for the old municipal institutions of their days of bondage. They left their flocks and herds to die for want of that nutriment which had been declared a Government monopoly. They left the lands uncultivated, to which no safe title could be procured, and their vineyards and currant gardens untended; in self-defence they joined the armed bands of brigands that were spreading far and wide throughout the country, and trusted to robbery and rapine for their daily bread. Such was the state of things at home under the regency; abroad it was even worse. Those frauds commenced which have robbed the nation of the most valuable portion of the national property, which have sapped the country's credit, and which, by depriving the English bondholders of their lands which were given them in security, have done more to retard the progress of the country than years of foreign war could possibly have done. Nor was this the worst. Not content with destroying the country entrusted to them, they ruined the character of the future king; they became contemptibly jealous of each other, and they conspired against each other's partisans, who in their turn quarrelled ignominiously among themselves. Mr Finlay, whose valuable work on the '*History of the Greek Revolution*' we have

followed in these pages, thus describes the result of their personal animosities :—

‘The members of the regency were men of experience, and strangers. It was natural to count on their cordial co-operation during their short period of power. Yet the two leading members, though they had been previously supposed to be political friends, were hardly installed in office before they began to dispute about personal trifles. Mean jealousy on one side, and inflated presumption on the other, sowed the seeds of dissension. Count Armansperg, as a noble, looked on Maurer as a pedant and a law professor. Maurer sneered at the Count as an idler, fit only to be a diplomatist or a master of ceremonies. Both soon engaged in intrigue to eject their colleagues. The cause of Greece, and the opinions of the Greeks, were of no account to either of the intriguers, for Greek interests could not decide the question at issue.’

The inefficiency of the regency was the main source of all the evils in the future administration ; and we have dwelt upon it at some length, because it has been little noticed by most writers on this subject, who, without examination, have heaped accusations upon the King which apply more truly to his ill-chosen councillors. King Otho has enough to bear in the weight of his own delinquencies, and his sins of commission as well as of omission. It is only fair to separate the ill deeds of his guardians from his own. He proved himself incompetent at an early period. He was a man of weak and vacillating mind, and of an ungenerous disposition. He was unable to rise to any emergency, and soon began, from sheer incompetency, to look upon his kingdom as a toy for his own use and gratification, and was ever after unable to extend his political vision beyond the limits of his capital. In 1836 he married Queen Amelia, daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and she soon proved a more intolerable burden to his subjects than her husband or his advisers. Years rolled on, but they brought no heir to divert the Queen’s unwelcome attentions from her subjects, or to give some symptoms of stability to a dynasty however uncongenial. They brought nothing but an increase of the intolerable misgovernment of the King and Queen, and of the discontent of their neglected subjects.

‘The agricultural population remained in a stationary condition. They were plundered by brigands, pillaged by gendarmes, and robbed by tax collectors. They had to bear the whole burden of the conscription, and pay heavy municipal taxes ; yet their property was insecure, and no roads were made. The Bavarians reproached Capodistrias with having neglected to improve the Turkish system of levying the land-tax, to construct roads and bridges, and to establish security for persons and property. The Greeks now reproached

the Bavarians with similar neglect. A remedy was required; and the people having long patiently submitted to the despotic authority of the Bavarians, now began to clamour for a constitutional government.'

A revolution became inevitable. The Bavarians in office must be turned out of Greece, and the King must acknowledge the constitution, or return to the country from which he came. The eventful day arrived. Orders had been given from the palace to arrest General Makryiannes, the leader of the reactionary party. A strong body of gendarmes marched to his house at midnight on the 14th of September 1843. They found it barricaded, and on their attempting to force an entrance, they were met by a discharge of musketry, which forced them to retire. The troops were drawn up ready to lend assistance to the gendarmes, but the opportunity for action was lost. The people had risen to the cry of '*Ζήτω τὸ Σύνταγμα*,' and the troops were not reluctant to join them, and to shout 'Long live the Constitution' with them. General Kalergy assumed command, and marched them to the gates of the palace. Their appearance before the royal windows was the first announcement of the revolution that reached the King, and the intelligence thus suddenly conveyed to him was not assuring. He sent in haste for the artillery, on whose devotion he confided. They arrived under the command of Captain Botzares, a son of the brave Marko, who had been educated in Bavaria. But they galloped to the position assigned them by Kalergy amid loud shouts of 'Long live the Constitution!'

'The King showed himself at one of the lower windows of the palace. Kalergy informed his Majesty that all Greece appealed to him to fulfil the promises given when he was elected King of Greece, that the people should be governed constitutionally. A low conversation ensued, which was indistinct to those nearest, but the attitude of Kalergy indicated dissent. The King turned to the troops, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Retire to your quarters!" Kalergy swamped the royal order by calling, "Attention!" and with a deferential air, veiling a tone of satire, observed to the King, "The troops expect your Majesty's orders through me, and they will wait patiently for your royal decision in their present position."'

As morning dawned the King received the deputation from the Council of State, who came to demand his answer to the people's request. Even at this crisis he continued to act with his 'Bavarian precipitancy,' which had become a byword with the Greeks for doing nothing. He still trusted to the support of the German ministers at the Court, and determined to postpone his answer to the last moment.

'Suddenly a few carriages arrived in quick succession; they con-

tained the foreign ministers. A faint cheer was raised as the Russian and English ministers appeared; but, in general, the people displayed alarm, and remained silent, or formed small groups of whisperers. At this moment it was fortunate for Greece that Kalergy was at the head of the troops. On that important day he was the only leading man of the movement who was in his right place. He had the good sense to declare to the foreign ministers that they could not enter the palace until the deputation of the Council of State had terminated its interview, and received a final answer from his Majesty. The representatives of the three Allied Powers being made acquainted with the demands of the deputation, acquiesced in this arrangement, on receiving from Kalergy the assurance that his Majesty's person should be treated with the greatest respect. The ministers of Russia, England, and France departed, deeming that their presence might tend to prolong the crisis and increase the King's personal danger. The Austrian and Prussian ministers thought the field was clear for action on their part, and they resolved to act energetically. They insisted on seeing the King. They used strong language, and made an attempt to bully Kalergy, who listened with coolness, and then quaintly observed, that he believed diplomatic etiquette required them to follow the example of their *doyen*, the Russian envoy, and that common sense suggested to him that it would be prudent for them to act like the representatives of the three protecting powers.'

The King now saw that the game was lost, and he determined to choose the milder alternative, and resign his absolute power in order to preserve his crown. In his bewilderment he signed the ordinances presented to him, dismissed the Bavarians, appointed a new ministry, and convoked the National Assembly, which prepared the constitution according to which Greece has since been nominally governed.

Thus ended the first revolution in King Otho's melancholy reign, and thus the Greeks became a constitutional people. But the constitution was nothing but a piece of paper. In theory it was defective, in practice it became a mockery. Absolutism and the divine right of kings, and the old pernicious centralizing system, continued to be the machinery by which King Otho governed. The constitution was a dead letter, an empty name; the Chambers became a packed assembly, where none sat but those nominated by the Crown; and the petty kingdom was fading away into a still pettier empire. 'The King,' it has been said, 'loved his royal crown, he would have loved still more an imperial one, but he did not love his people.'¹ Things were ripening to a state of confirmed absolutism; and the people, who could not shake off the incubus that was weighing them to the ground by legal means, began to think of another revolution. In 1854 it became imminent, and nothing short of a special providence

¹ M. About, *La Grèce Contemporaine*.

could ward it off. That special providence appeared, and in the form of 'La grande idée.' The Eastern question was opened up, and the Court saw that now was the moment to divert the pent-up passions of the people into another channel. Emissaries were despatched to every country to which, like the Israelites of old and of the present day, the Greeks had wandered. The great idea became the thought of every member of the Hellenic race. The time had come to push the frontier, and to gratify their feeling of animosity towards the Turks. Greece became enthusiastic in the cause, and large sums of money were subscribed for its promotion by the deluded Greeks, and paid into the hands of creatures of the Court. The King and Queen became wildly popular, and the Chambers, more servile than they had been since 1844, decided that the one chance was to crush a hampering opposition, and confirm the King in almost despotic power. Revolutionary projects were discarded, and the people for once became unselfish and unanimous. They threw all care for individual aggrandizement to the winds, and thought only of their country's greatness.

The delusion was but temporary. Failure on the frontiers, jobbery in the army, mischievous squandering of the funds, and the strenuous opposition of the Western powers, ending in the armed occupation of their capital, opened the eyes of the deluded Greeks. They perceived, when too late, that they had been duped by the Court. Their contributions were spent in furthering the pleasure-seeking projects of the Crown, instead of furthering 'la grande idée.' The great powers of Europe scowled upon them, threatened them, sent an army of occupation into their beloved country, instead of smiling on them, conniving with them, and helping them, as they had been led to expect they would; and the Assembly turned out to be a servile, grovelling body, who thought of nothing but their places and their pay, instead of a Chamber which they looked to in their need as a strong bulwark of patriotic feeling. The Court, however, gained a temporary extension of power, and a considerable addition to its impoverished finances. The King became more absolute than ever, and the Greek nation was considered in Europe to be the guilty cause of all this disturbance, and, to quote the words of the remarkable letter in the *Times* of the 8th of October, 'was suspected as a turbulent set, with immoderate pretensions and utopias, to counteract which the hands of Government ought to be strengthened.'

The Greek people awoke to find that they had been, throughout the affair of 1854, the victims of Court duplicity. The old hatred towards the Bavarians returned in an aggravated form ;

King Otho was considered the curse of the country at home, and his administration began to attract the attention of the powers abroad. The Greek people saw that there was now no hope of advancement either for themselves or their unhappy country. They saw that the Germans cared nothing for them after so many years of political acclimatization. They saw that they looked upon Greece as a private domain for their own amusement, and Athens and the plain of Attica as a pleasant residence, that wanted nothing but the usual equivocal attractions of a Spa to make it as desirable as any of the watering-places of their native land. They saw that the resources of their country could never be developed under the existing regime, and that no free constitutional government could be established to secure their rights and liberties. The question began to be mooted freely how they could get rid of the Bavarians; some expedient they would have hit on years before, had they not been met with a second difficulty—where to find a substitute. But for that fatal difficulty,—a difficulty, to compare small things with great, analogous to our bolstering up the Turkish dominion,—Otho would have been without a kingdom more than six years ago. These last six years speak volumes for the good sense and moderation of the Greeks. They were unanimous in their condemnation of their King and Queen. They knew that their country was retarded in every way by the mal-administration of the Government. But for fear of a return to the anarchical state into which Greece was thrown upon the assassination of Capodistrias, and from which she was slowly emerging, they exercised sufficient self-restraint to hold their hand. Had there been even the faintest gleam of light to give them hopes of better times, they would have waited still. But when the darkness that was brooding over their country gathered in, they made up their minds that night was coming on, and that the blow that must be struck some time or other should no longer be retarded.

Abroad, an impression that the reign of Otho was coming to an end had gradually stolen over the minds of all whose attention had been directed to the affairs of Greece. After the occupation by the allied forces in 1856, it was determined that an investigation should be made by the protecting powers into the administrative and financial state of Greece, in accordance with the terms of the protocol of May 1832, which guaranteed the Greek loan. A commission was appointed, consisting of Sir Thomas Wyse and MM. de Monthert and Ozerof. They commenced their inquiries in February 1857, and remained in commission until the 24th May 1859. The result of their investigations has lately been published, and it proves beyond all shadow of doubt the utter demoralization of the financial administration and the

shameless misgovernment of the latter years of King Otho's rule. The commissioners pursued their inquiries as far back as 1845, and surveyed the period from then till 1859. They examined the different branches of the revenue and the resources of the country; they examined into the manner of collecting the taxes, into the expenditure of the Government, and into the reforms that might be suggested. It is needless to enter minutely into all the points elucidated by their labours, but the most striking results may be shortly mentioned here; and first with regard to the loan of 1832.

In 1832, England, France, and Russia supported, by their guarantee, a loan of sixty millions of francs to Greece to complete her emancipation and ensure her prosperity. Part of these sixty millions was intended to indemnify the creditors of Greece, and especially the Turkish Government. The rest was to supply the first wants of agriculture and commerce, and form a capital for the material improvement of the people. These funds were entrusted to the Council of Regency, who were irresponsible. They squandered the money with the utmost recklessness, and went away without giving in any accounts; and the example set by them has been sedulously followed under the administration which succeeded them. The resources of the Treasury have unquestionably increased, but the expenditure has increased likewise—on what, it is impossible to say. There have been no improvements in the state of the country to carry away the funds. No works of public utility have been carried on. There has been no encouragement to industry, and there are no undertakings emanating from the State that will in any way account for the deficit. The credit of the country is utterly gone; for, though Greece paid the interest of the loan up to 1843, she has fallen hopelessly into arrears since then. 'And now,' to quote the report of the Commission, 'if the three powers were to give up the interest owing for advances made up to the 1st January 1859, the debt of Greece amounts at this date (March 12, 1859) to 56,142,304 frs. 75 cents; and it would amount on the 15th of March 1870, the time fixed for its acquittance towards the owners of bonds, to 121,528,198 frs. 81 cents.'

So much for the financial transactions with the protecting powers. They are hopeless and beyond salvation, and irreclaimable by anything short of a declaration of national bankruptcy, and a total reformation in the administration of the revenue. The amount of reckless dealing and barefaced malversation in the home affairs brought to light by the Commission is almost incredible. They discovered that the national domain, which is undefined and destitute of boundaries, was being constantly encroached upon and lessened. They discovered that the funds

of the communes, and the use made of them, were ignored by the State ; that many of the taxes and revenues did not bring in as much as they ought ; that the land-tax, in particular, gave rise to abuses prejudicial to the Treasury, and that it impeded the development of agriculture ; that arrears increased every year, and could never be recovered, owing to the inefficacious state of the land ; that the 'ministres ordonnateurs' of the expenditure have never rendered any account ; that the agents employed to collect the taxes escaped supervision ; that the Ministers of Finance had systematically neglected to verify the resources of the Treasury, or to publish any account of the state of the finances ; and, generally, that there was no check upon the administration of finance, and no publicity given to the acts of the administration, and therefore an absence of that control which is the only guarantee to the country and the protecting powers.

This exposure made by the labours of the Commission did not tend to dissipate the cloud that was hanging over the government of King Otho, or to disprove the prophecies of evil that were current throughout Europe. It shook any confidence that might still be felt ; and though it created a temporary retrenchment in the Court expenses, it could not eradicate the evils that thirty years of iniquity had produced. The crisis was near at hand. There was a seething and a fermentation working and spreading throughout the whole country, which sooner or later had to find an outlet in some form or other. The exciting circumstances of the Italian Revolution, the glory of Garibaldi, and the ignominy of Francesco, whom they looked on as a second Otho, brought the crisis to a head, and the long pent-up feeling burst forth in the spring of 1861.

On the evening of the 28th of May of that year, a discovery was made in Athens of what appeared to be a vast conspiracy, organized by the anti-dynastic party and a considerable faction in the army. The object of the conspiracy was to overthrow the Government, and decree perpetual banishment upon King Otho. On investigation, it turned out to be of little moment, a straw thrown up to see how the wind blew. Tranquillity was restored for the period of four months, when the old feeling broke out again in an unexpected quarter. At nine o'clock at night, on the 15th September, Queen Amelia returned on horseback from her model farm at the foot of Parnes, a rustic plaything, some seven miles from Athens, where, a burly matron, she aped the youthful frolics of Marie Antoinette in the Petit Trianon. Just as she arrived at the palace, a man stepped forward from the shadow of the gate and discharged a pistol at her. He missed his aim, and was arrested on the spot. He was well known,—Aristides Dosios, aged seventeen, a young Greek of noble family,

nephew of Mavrocordatos, and closely connected with many of the more distinguished Phanariot families. There was found upon his person a document written in his own handwriting, entitled, 'My Apology.' In it he explained calmly and clearly the reasons of his conduct. His love, he said, and his devotion to his country, impelled him to commit the act. But for that, he never would have raised his hand against a woman; but this woman, by her consistent tyranny, had sacrificed the privileges of her sex. His trial created a strange sensation throughout the whole of Greece. The advocate who acted for him pronounced a panegyric upon the history of his family, that recalled the days of the great Greek orators. He showed how they had been distinguished, some in war, some in politics, some by public benefactions, all by patriotism. He dwelt upon the learning and the sweetness of character of his aged father, who sat throughout the trial by his son's side in abject grief, his eyes suffused with tears, and his whole body torn with emotion. He dwelt, too, upon the noble character and the literary accomplishments of his mother;¹ and attempted, in vindication of the youthful Aristides, to show that he had acted under the temporary influence of monomania. When he had finished, Dosios arose, and in a calm and natural voice addressed his judges. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'a solemn promise has compelled me to be silent during this defence, which I absolutely repudiate. If this promise had not been exacted from me, I would have proved to you how thirty years of tyranny had imposed on me the duty which I attempted to perform.' The effect of this bold defiance almost overpowered the court. The youth, the courage, the unflinching patriotism of the self-condemned assassin, touched a chord of sympathy in the hearts of all who heard him. It carried back their minds to the times of ancient heroism; and even in reproducing it, one is unconsciously reminded of the early days of Rome, and of the well-known words addressed by C. Mucius Scævola to Porsenna under the walls of Rome,—'Romanus sum,' inquit, 'civis, C. Mucium vocant: hostis hostem occidere volui, nec ad mortem minus animi est quam fuit ad cædem: et facere et pati fortia Romani est.' Dosios was condemned to death; but his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, at, it is said, the instigation of the Queen.

Six months later, a new conspiracy came to light. Otho was to be raised to the dignity of an old world tyrant, and was doomed to suffer the fate of the son of Pisistratus, on the road between the Piræus and Athens. His life was saved by a telegraphic message, and hurrying on from Corinth, he arrived in Athens

¹ Mme. Dosios was well known as a devoted admirer of dramatic poetry, and as an accomplished authoress.

six hours sooner than he was expected. Warned by these suggestive incidents, he made an almost honest attempt to satisfy his subjects at the beginning of last year. He summoned Admiral Canaris, the brave old Ipsariot, to the palace, and entrusted him with the formation of a ministry. Canaris was sanguine. He told his friends that the King had at last listened to reason, that, in his own words, 'le monstre était enfin garrotté.' But it was too late. The leaders of the opposition, Christidis, Bulgaris, and Zäimis, would not take office, and the list of names offered by Canaris was such that Otho had no choice but to reject it. Miaoulis and his ministry remained in power. That ministry, consisting of Miaoulis, Condouriotis, Potlis, Crestinitis, Simos, and Botzaris, had been openly accused of every species of baseness, of underhand electioneering of the most flagrant kind, of making dead partisans vote, of suppressing unfavourable and replacing them with imaginary votes, of using every means for ensuring the success of their candidates, and of violating every known maxim of constitutional government. A few days afterwards, on the 12th of February, the revolt of Nauplia was proclaimed. There was something almost dramatic in that proclamation. As the sun was setting behind the mountains of Arcadia on the evening of the 12th February, a number of officers quartered in the mountain fortress of Palamede, which rises some 800 feet above the waters of the Gulf of Argos, and over the city of Nauplia, assembled in the great hall of the fortress. They were addressed in eloquent and impassioned terms by Lieutenant Grivas, son of old Theodariki Grivas, who had done good service in the war of independence and in 1854, and who died a few days after the deposition of the King. Some of his brother officers spoke after him, and the grey dawn of morning had stolen in upon them before their deliberations were concluded. The sound of the drum awoke the citizens of Nauplia, and the intelligence soon spread among them that the revolt against the barbarians had commenced. They received the news enthusiastically, and to a man declared themselves ready and willing to die for their country and the revolution. But the country was not prepared to answer to their call; their cup of discontent was not quite full. The leaders of the revolt waited for a response, but in vain. The country was not yet ready for a general rising. The revolution was premature, and therefore on the 20th April the offers of the King were accepted, and the garrison capitulated on honourable terms. These terms—a general amnesty, the formation of a national army, and the summoning together of the Chambers—were not fulfilled. The amnesty was disregarded, and the prisons were filled with political prisoners. The idea of a national army—a hook baited with a shred of 'la grande

idée'—was entertained only until Nauplia surrendered. The Chambers, indeed, were called together, and they promptly and imperiously demanded the dismissal of Miaoulis, and a change of ministry.

In the meantime, a strange scene had been enacting in the Legislative Assembly. The popular excitement had penetrated even into the midst of that servile and obedient body. A rumour had reached Athens that the royal troops had bombarded Nauplia; and on the afternoon of the 28th of March, the question was put to the President Miaoulis, whether the rumour was true or not. He answered shortly and flippantly that the insurrection was at an end; that it had been extinguished by a few cartridges, and that peace was restored. This barefaced impudence awoke the anger of even the tamest of deputies.¹ Up started a crowd of heated faces to reply to the arrogant speech of the Premier, wounding to their national as well as individual feelings. Fifty voices attempted to speak at the same time, till above them all the stentorian utterance of Voulgariis found its way. 'No,' he cried, 'you tell us lies; you have not quenched the insurrection; not, though you have thrown above a thousand patriots into prison, devastated the country, bombarded a flourishing city, and carried utter ruin into the homes of thousands of Greek citizens. You tell a lie again if you talk of peace and order. How can there be peace under such a reign of terror as yours; how can there be order with your foreign general and his army of vagabonds, enlisted from among the scum of the population? I curse you and your lies; and I weep for my poor country, which has to submit to such rulers as you. The memory of our fathers, who with their blood sealed the independence of Greece, cries up to Heaven against such infamous rule, crying aloud, "What have you done with our country?"'² It was a strange scene, one worthy of a nobler nation and a better cause. The immediate effect was the utter discomfiture of Miaoulis, who sat mute as one stunned with the weight of his iniquity. The Minister of Finance, M. Simos, by sound judicious words, threw oil upon the troubled waters, and calmed them for the moment; but the overthrow of the ministry was accomplished.

Promises of a new ministry were made profusely, but weeks passed on without their being fulfilled. Disaffection began to appear abroad again. Missolonghi raised the red cross, the banner of insurrection. Syra, where many of the heroes of Nauplia were temporarily resident, was not slow to follow the example, and bands of armed peasants were gathering on the plain of Attica. On the 7th of June, Colcotronis was summoned to the palace by an imperative order of the Queen, and he was

¹ *Spectator*, April 19, 1862.

² *Ibid.*

straightway commanded to form a ministry. With difficulty he secured the services of some notorious and of some unknown men, and attempted for a few short weeks to sustain the double part of a creature of the Queen's and a President of a Liberal Council. The attempt was abortive, and the reactionary party became stronger than ever. On the last few days of June, anarchy was rife throughout the whole of Greece, and bands of the youth of Athens were parading the streets, and shouting aloud for Amadeus, the second son of the King of Italy, under the palace windows of the King of Greece; and so things struggled on until the 23d of September. On that day the Chamber of Deputies was prorogued until November. The cup was overflowing now. All hope of honest reform, all hope of a revision of the constitution which had been promised to them, was thus destroyed; and so the opposition party made up their minds that the crisis had now arrived, and that the blow must now be struck. They had waited long and patiently, but now the pear was fully ripe. The last blow was struck on the night of the 20th October. A Provisional Government was formed at Patras; King Otho abdicated in favour of his brother; the Provisional Government proclaimed the deposition of his race; the revolution was silently and bloodlessly accomplished, and Greece has seen the last of her Bavarian oppressors.

Historians who, in future ages, will take up the subject of a resuscitated Greece, will treat these thirty years of King Otho's reign as a period of national torpor. Individual Greeks in foreign countries—*Græci extra Græciam agentes*—rose to wealth and eminence during this period; but their native country did not advance one step in political or material improvement. Whether the verdict of futurity will pronounce these years to be a period of falling away, or merely a transient phase of preparation for the good time to come, cannot even be conjectured now. It may be that Greece has been passing through a stage of political existence consequent upon exhaustion. The old soil which was turned up during the war of independence, has been lying fallow; and the country and its inhabitants have been girding themselves up for years of fresh struggle and exertion. It may be that the character of the people has now recovered the equilibrium that was upset, and that a new generation will fulfil the promises that were expected from the generation that is now passing away. These thirty years may constitute a period of necessary repose; but it looks more like a period of unnecessary stagnation. The inhabitants have not increased with anything approaching to the rapidity which was anticipated. They have not improved in wealth, in organization, or the first rudiments of self-government. They have disappointed their friends, who hoped to see in the

new kingdom a Christian power renewing its youth, and reviving the days of Greek pre-eminence. They have left unfulfilled the prophecies of political philosophers, who saw in the noble struggle for independence the promise of a new centre of civilisation and political liberty, that was to spread its influence through the regions bordering upon the Ægean Sea, and infuse new blood into the lifeless veins of the body politic of the East.

And as the people have been torpid, so the country has been stationary. Nothing has been done for it, except just in the immediate precincts of what was the Court. The plain of Attica is intersected by carriage roads, and promenades, and pleasant places; but the interior of the country shows less of the external symbols of civilisation than it did in the days of Agamemnon. 'The Sultan,' it has been said, 'does not possess a foot of road in his dominions that would not be indicted as a nuisance in this country;' and there is very much the same state of things in Greece. There are not 120 miles of road from one end of the kingdom to the other, and not a dozen bridges. Between Athens and Corinth there is no direct communication: Sparta, in itself a flourishing little modern village, is unapproachable, except by the sorriest mountain-path. Mule-tracks of the most perilous nature connect Patras with the interior; and yet Patras is now the second city in Greece, and is destined, owing to its commercial importance, soon to become the first. Railroads have hardly been contemplated in the wildest dreams of the most advanced reformers; yet no country is more in want of them, and in none are there greater facilities for making them. Five miles of level plain separate Athens from its port; four miles without a rise above one hundred feet is all the space between the old Saronic and Corinthian Gulfs; twenty miles by the Eurotas valley connects Sparta and the heart of the Morea with Gythium, and a few short lines of railroad would connect the more fertile districts of Boeotia with the sea; yet not one of these routes have been surveyed, or even thought of, by the multitude of railway speculators. There is indeed one road—a carriage-road, overshadowed by luxuriant pepper-trees—leading from Athens to the barren rocks of Phalerum. But at Phalerum there is no flourishing city, no commercial bustling seaport,—simply one solitary house by the sea-shore, and that was the bathing-house of Queen Amelia.

From want of internal communication, the inland produce cannot be transported to the sea, and so is useless; and from want of this stimulus to exertion, among other causes to be noticed presently, agriculture is neglected, and anything like industrious employment is nowhere to be found. The intermin-

able tracts of forests are turned to no account, the valuable mines are not worked, and laborious manufacture is all but unknown. The people and the country have been alike asleep during the last quarter of a century, and were gradually falling into a state of more confirmed inaction than they were in under the Turkish domination.

The Greeks themselves, and their more indiscriminating admirers, have attributed this period of lethargy to King Otho and his Court alone, and have held him up to execration as the sole cause. Other writers have attempted to whitewash the Bavarians, and to throw the blame upon Europe and the protecting powers; and one writer, the title of whose book is prefixed to this article, looking upon everything in Greece through the vision of her virgin enthusiasm, has been unable to see anything amiss either in the people, the country, or the ruler. If we do not mistake her meaning, the authoress of 'Greece and the Greeks' is ready to cling, even in King Otho's case, to the belief that the King can do no wrong, and to do battle for the King, Queen, Court, people, and country, with all the blind devotion of her enthusiastic nature. Her admiration for everything connected with Greece is beyond all praise, and infinitely beyond all criticism; but the glory of her enthusiasm for the Court is somewhat tarnished by the prominence which she gives to the fulsome but not uncalculating attentions lavished upon her by the now notorious exiles, who were the King and Queen of Greece when she was avowedly engaged upon a book that would be certain to command some attention. To adopt her own words, '*La reine était plus que charmante, elle était séduisante.*'

We confess ourselves unable to side very strongly with either the partisans of the Court or of the people. There are faults on both sides. In the foregoing pages we have shown where the Court has failed, and most conspicuously: we now propose to dwell on some of the characteristics of the people.

'We know no spectacle,' says Lord Macaulay, 'so ridiculous as the British public in one of its fits of morality,'—except, he might have added, the spectacle presented by the same public in one of its fits of enthusiasm. We are strangely feminine in our likings and our dislikings, always enthusiastic about something or another, without in the slightest degree understanding the true bearing of our enthusiasm. If any one will cast his eye over the different phases of public opinion in this country in its estimates of foreign nations during the last ten years, he will be penetrated with a feeling of curious contempt for the capricious admirations of his fellow-countrymen. Some vague rumour of an oppressed

nationality struggling for its existence, like the Poles, or of a ferocious and blasphemous population being converted wholesale to Christianity, like the Taepings, reaches this country, and the most demure among us cannot restrain his indignation and excitement. We do not wait for facts, and disregard them when they arrive; we form our theories and opinions, and will not hear them gainsaid. But the phase passes away; we forget that we were foolish, and we take to something else. Look at our inconsequent and fickle conduct towards the Greeks since 1839, when the *Morning Chronicle* first drew attention to King Otho's incompetence, and scandalized the Athenian Court by referring to some 'mysterious medical certificate,' now forgotten. The British public did not look favourably either upon Greece or her inhabitants at that time. But in 1843 we turned round, and were nearly as noisy in our attentions to the Greeks as we are just now. In 1850, the Pacifico affair again alienated our wavering affections. We were divided in our opinions then; but in 1854, the moral indignation of the country against the unhappy Greeks was almost sublime, and there were those among us who would have swept them from the face of Europe. But here we are in 1863, and the weathercock of public feeling has chopped round again, and it is impossible to find a word to say against them. Newspapers, Members of Parliament, public speakers at sensation meetings, *Times'* correspondents under every signature in every known language, and journalists of every kind, have employed the whole battery of the art of giving publicity to sentiments in applauding to the sky the very nation that, eight years ago, they execrated as everything that was degraded. We know of no half measures. Foreign nations are either the noblest work of God; or the most contemptible of their kind. We recognise no happy medium in our likes or dislikes. We cannot look abroad philosophically, and form a calm discriminating judgment.

Our state of enthusiasm for the Greeks three months ago was preposterously ridiculous. It has somewhat toned down within the last few weeks. We are beginning to learn the truth of the matter. The Greeks have not a fine national character, neither are they altogether sunk in moral obliquity. They have good points and they have bad points, but the bad predominates. Their character resembles that of the French more than any other people of the present day, but it has features of its own different from those of any nation in Europe. A traveller arriving in Greece is struck at once by the intermixture of the East and West in the aspect of the country and the people. If he comes from the dominions of the Sultan, the Western appearance of everything he meets is pleasing to him. He feels he has left behind him the 'stereotyped stationariness' of Eastern

life, and has come again within civilised and, as it were, familiar precincts. If he comes from the West, he is amused and interested by the Oriental appearance of everything he sees. The scenery with its unusual vegetation, the inhabitants in their white Albanian dresses, and the language so unlike anything else in Europe, all tell him that he is in an unfamiliar land, and suggest ideas of Eastern life and sunshine. And just as there is this intermixture in the aspect of the country, so there is in the character of the people. There is much of both the East and the West in it, as is shown, on the one hand, by their long acquiescence in their destiny, by their occasional fierce outbursts of spasmodic excitability, by their imaginative impressionability, and by their ignorance of truth; and, on the other, by their insatiate love of learning, by their desire for adventure and for national glory, and by a sort of blind groping in the dark after a genuine political existence. But, besides these traits of character, there are also striking indications of the less pleasing features of the old Athenian character, the only trace of antiquity that centuries of foreign domination have not extinguished. The Alcibiades stamp of mind, but without the high military and political qualities and the refined geniality of that most characteristic Greek, is not eradicated; and the combination of love of enterprise, restless egotism, vanity, and unscrupulous want of rectitude which rendered him conspicuous in his country's history, are still at work among his countrymen of the present day. The more prominent virtues of the Greek race are their love of country, their love of liberty, and their love of enterprise. But their love of country originates in their vanity and their fondness for ostentation, and degenerates into selfishness and indefinite yearning for the glory of themselves. Their love of liberty takes the form of jealousy towards all who are their superiors in rank, position, or wealth—a feeling traceable to the old time-honoured leaning towards Ostracism—and of a thorough Alcibiadean contempt for discipline, law, and regular authority. That much-abused word 'liberty' means very different things in different countries. With us in England it means a reverence for the habeas corpus, and freedom of the individual to do, and say, and think exactly as he pleases. In France, it means omnipotent equality, and the abolition of the exclusive rights and privileges of our neighbours. In America, it used to mean permission to insult anybody with impunity, but in Greece it comprehends all these ideas, and goes beyond them. In that country it means contempt for organization, and hatred for the ordinary restrictions incidental to political society. It leads to brigandage, to anarchy, and all disorder, and can be kept within bounds only by the most stringent measures. Their third virtue

is their love of enterprise, and in that even more distinctly than in the others does their combination of East and West display itself. From their Western connection they take their fondness for commercial adventure, and from their Eastern connection the somewhat questionable methods freely adopted by them for turning their commerce to account. Venality, and avariciousness, and trickery, and a general want of truthfulness, are only too common in their mercantile relations. 'They are formed of three parts,' says an old Greek satirist of the fourteenth century; 'their tongue speaks one thing, their mind meditates another, and their actions accord with neither.' These moral blemishes in their national character may be in great measure attributed to their long life of degradation under the Turks: they constitute just that species of moral turpitude fostered by oppression and degradation, and which extended commercial relations more than anything else will tend to dissipate; and once dissipated, they will not return to distort that which is the most promising feature in their character.

So far we have treated this question historically, and from a retrospective point of view. We come now to look to the future, and to consider in a few words what are the prospects of Greece. Political prophecy is seldom of great value, and political speculation, though interesting, is rarely conclusive; but the question of the future of Greece is one that engrosses so much attention now,—it is one which may be pregnant with such gigantic results within the next few years,—that one is led into speculation almost unconsciously. What, then, has the revolution produced? At the present time things are in such a transient state that it is all but impossible to form an estimate that can be trusted. A single day may change the current of events, and agencies yet undeveloped may rise to the surface, and overthrow any temporary political fabric from its foundations. So far, the revolution has advanced with unexpected moderation; but he would be a bold man who would confidently assert that this moderation will endure for many months, or that it proves that Greece has thrown off her old spoiled-child life with her Bavarian rulers, and that she will henceforth rise to eminence among nations. She has a lengthened trial to pass through before she acquires the first rudiments of self-government, and she must learn them well before she can hope to be entrusted with a larger field of labour.

It seems admitted on all hands that Greece desires to be governed constitutionally like England. Her overtures towards this country are creditable alike to England and to Greece. To England, because it shows that the so-called 'moral influence' exercised by this country in her relations with Italy, has not

proved barren and unprofitable in Europe, and that her prestige stands as high now as at any time during the last half-century, and higher than that of any other country. To Greece these overtures are creditable, because they show that her inhabitants are really desirous of entering on a new phase of political existence. But is Greece fit for constitutional government? A parliamentary system such as ours, is, it may be said without self-flattery, the nearest approach to the perfection of government that can be attained to in the present state of political knowledge and of social life. To reach so elevated a position in the economy of government, and to work it safely, there must be existent in the governed people certain qualities that are not the universal birthright of nations. Among these, four may here be mentioned as most essential: (1) orderliness, or respect for constituted authority; (2) a sense of truthfulness and morality wide-spread throughout the nation; (3) some political experience in the many, or consummate statesmanship in the few; (4) a good prospect of national well-being among the lower classes of the community. How far does Greece partake of these essential qualities? That is the question to which those who are interested in the welfare of the country must direct their attention.

(1.) Habitual respect for established law is indispensable; what Carlyle calls 'an inveterate and inborn reverence for the constable's staff,' must be engrained in the hearts and dispositions of a self-governing population. It is to that reverence, above all things, which is so deeply implanted in the English character, that we owe the success of our popular institutions. Are the Greeks endowed with that essential possession? We fear not. They are restless and unsettled, and intolerant of all restraint. Yet, it may be argued, the Greeks do not feel the want of government so much as some other nations. There are nations that have been accustomed to help themselves from childhood, and there are others that are dependent on a ruling mind. The former can accommodate themselves easily to circumstances; the latter have had everything done for them, and are so used to act upon the inspiration of some leading man, that they are helpless as a lame man without his crutches when their advisers are removed. This state of dependence is one of the many crying evils of all paternal governments. A rigid system of centralization unfits a nation for helping itself. It cannot shake off its swaddling-clothes, but remains tied hand and foot like an infant. It is not fit for self-government, but remains a child among the constitutional powers around it. To some extent such a line of argument is applicable to Greece. King Otho and his councillors attempted to establish a system of centralization, but it never entered into the national life of Greece. Her own old municipal

administration, under which she existed during the Turkish domination, has left its impress on the national character, and Greece may not be so helpless as at first sight she appears. A system of self-government, for instance, would be more feasible in Greece, as far as former training goes, than it ever could be in France. The paternal form of government is so intimately bound up with the life of the French nation, that it would take ages of gradual relaxation before the feeling of dependency on some central system could be rooted out. But with the Greeks it is somewhat otherwise: in proportion as they are less dependent upon the omniscience of one ruling mind, in like proportion is there some hope of their learning to rule themselves.

(2.) Granting, then, that habituation to a system of municipality is a stepping-stone towards successful self-government, it is but a stepping-stone; and there are other qualities of a deeper nature that underlie a national character, and are even more indispensable than a mere objective reverence for order. Just laws are invaluable institutions towards propping up the political and social edifice; but, after all, they are but the props and scaffolding. Justice and morality constitute the real building, and without them the scaffolding is useless. A strong and active sense of these two virtues is essential in a people that would hope for the successful working of a constitutional form of government in its highest manifestations. A spirit of justice, and morality, and unselfish truthfulness must exist in the nation. It may be wide-spread throughout the people, or it may be found in the ruling body alone, but it must be in one or other. It must either be diffused or concentrated; and the wider it is diffused, the more capable of self-control the nation; the more concentrated it is, the greater the necessity for some one to control it. That spirit, unfortunately, does not exist in Greece as yet. We have already shown that truthfulness and a high standard of morality are not characteristic of the people. They are not diffused throughout the land, neither are there striking indications of their being concentrated in the ruling body.

(3.) Do we find any traces of political experience pervading the general public in Greece, or do we find any consummate statesmanship in the few? Again we have to answer in the negative. Neither the Turkish yoke nor the rule of Otho was calculated to unfold any treasures of political ability. The secrets of diplomacy are not learned in such schools as these. With regard to the people, it may be said that their political experience has been limited to the vaguest aspirations: with regard to the leading men brought to the surface by the revolution, we must consider their characters more in detail.

The Provisional Government consists of—

President,
Demetri Bulgaris.

Vice-Presidents,
Constantin Canaris, Benizelo Roufos.

Th. A. Zäimis,	Minister of the Interior.
T. Manghinas,	Minister of Finance.
D. Califronas,	Secretary of the Admiralty.
A. Coumoundouros,	Minister of Justice.
E. Deligeorgis,	Minister of Public Instruction.
Lieut.-Col. Demetri Mavromichales,	Minister of War.
Col. Papa Diamantopoulos,	Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

These ten men are the representative men in Greece, and, with the exception of Mavrocordatos, are probably the best men in the country. Mavrocordatos is an old man, between eighty and ninety; and though his intellect may still be keen, and his experience greater than that of all the ten leading men put together, he is precluded from taking an active part in politics, owing to his failing health and his total blindness. In his younger days he held republican views, and even now his tendencies are inclined to radicalism. Of the other men there cannot be said to be one who has been trained in statesmanship. Otho's policy was not favourable to the development of diplomatic ability. Pliability and servile acquiescence were qualities of much higher repute with him than statesmanship; and the best point in the character of these men is, that, with one or two exceptions, they kept aloof from Otho's influence; and that gives the best promise for their integrity.

Bulgaris is a native of Hydra, and is now about sixty years of age. From his youth he has dabbled in politics, but he held no office until just before the revolution of 1843. At that time he was Minister of Finance. Distinguished alike for his physical and mental activity, and of high repute as an accomplished orator, he soon rose to eminence, and in 1855 he was President of the Cabinet, a position which he occupied until 1857. Since then he has sat steadily with the Opposition. He has been a consistent enemy of the reigning dynasty, and was more than suspected of being in communication with the anti-dynastic faction who originated the revolution of Nauplia. In default of Mavrocordatos, he probably is as suitable a man to occupy the position of President of the Provisional Government as any other man in Greece. Yet he is not a man of that high order of statesmanship that can bear the weight of the future of his country.

Canaris never was a politician, and now that he is over seventy years of age he is not likely to acquire the elemental principles of diplomacy. No man is more beloved in Greece, and no one

has gained such a reputation for individual courage as the brave old Ipsariot, who almost single-handed destroyed the Turkish fleet at Tenedos. But individual bravery alone will not raise a state from a condition of almost absolute disorganization to a leading place among nations.

Benizelo Roufos is the best man in the Government, and on him dependence must be placed, if upon any man of the revolution. He was born in Patras in 1794, and is now sixty-eight years of age. He is a man of great wealth, being a large landed proprietor in Greece and the Islands, and has for a long time commanded great personal influence, from his well-known rectitude, truthfulness, and nobility of character. He is the leader of what is called the English party in Greece, which, in opposition to the French and Russian parties, means that party which admires English institutions political and commercial, which desires to make the revolution a truly popular movement, and which desires to see a genuine form of constitutional monarchy established in the country. To the influence of Roufos and his party must be attributed, in great measure, the late movement in favour of an English monarch. Of the other members of the Cabinet we need not speak in detail.¹ They number among them patriotic men and good lawyers, but not a single man worthy the name of statesman. And this is one of the melancholy features in this revolution. In other countries, during turbulent times, distinguished men have ever risen to the surface, thrown up, as it were, by the very violence of the national agitation. In France, in the first revolution, they sprang up in numbers, men of grandeur of aim and intellect, mighty leaders of a mighty people. The revolution of 1848 brought forth Napoleon, in his own peculiar way surpassing any of his predecessors in the former revolution. The Italian struggle produced Cavour and Garibaldi, men whose names will live for ever in the pages of history. And in America—in the Southern States at least—such men as Jefferson Davis, Jackson, and Lee will not go down unhonoured to posterity. But this poor bloodless thing in Greece has not produced a man whom either the present or future generations can admire. There is no centre, no great character standing out from the crowd, to which men may look for comfort. The best thing that can be said of the Government is, that it appears to be composed of men of sobriety of character, and, so far as is known, of rectitude, who are somewhat impressed with the responsibility of their difficult situation. Yet this sobriety of character is something ; and so long as Bulgaris and

¹ A good account of them is given in the *London Review* of November 29, 1862.

Roufos remain at the head of affairs, there is some hope of Greece in her present crisis; but if the republican party, under the auspices of young Grivas and his hot-headed companions, once gain the upper hand, it is impossible to conjecture what may be the ultimate result. Better far that blind old Mavrocordatos and his radical supporters should be entrusted with the helm of the state.

The fourth quality essential in a nation that desires to govern itself, is a good prospect of material wellbeing among the lower classes of the community. That is an all-important element, affecting the stability of any people. How, then, are the lower classes circumstanced in Greece, and what are the prospects of the country in an agricultural and commercial point of view?

No country can long languish in which commerce and agriculture are pursued energetically by its people; and no better signs of resuscitation could be given by Greece than a determination on the part of her people to devote their energies to these two lines of material well-being. Commerce is no new thing to them. An aptitude for mercantile transactions, on the largest or the smallest scale, has long been their most leading characteristic. They are, above all people, a nation of shopkeepers, for trade cannot come amiss to them in any form. 'C'est au reste,' says an accomplished French author; 'à cet esprit de commerce qui s'empara de la plus grande partie des habitans de la Grèce, que ces peuples ont été redevables de ce degré de puissance et de considération dont ils ont joui pendant quelques siècles. Une nation commercante est en général une nation active et industrielle. Le trafic maritime surtout exige beaucoup de travail, de hardiesse et de sagacité. Ces qualités influent nécessairement sur les mœurs, et rendant les esprits plus propres aux grandes entreprises.'¹

This estimate is not too highly coloured. Their commercial aptitude is the most promising feature in the Greek character; and if it was only balanced by scrupulous rectitude, and by a capacity for continuous exertion, it could not fail to raise the nation to the very highest place in the commercial world. As it is, they have even now in their hands the greatest portion of the carrying trade in the Levant. They might soon monopolize the traffic between the East and West. The position and physical features of the country are, in themselves, a guarantee for maritime and commercial success. If their credit in the market was only sufficiently established to induce speculators to embark capital upon the country, to make railways, roads, and seaports, to establish packets, and to carry out such other improvements as are demanded by the neglected state of the country, Greece might

¹ Goguet de l'origine des Loix, etc.

very soon become the first commercial country in the Mediterranean, and might extend her trade to limits unequalled by any nation but our own.

The agricultural prospects of the country are by no means so healthy and so promising as the commercial prospects. The tastes of the people, the nature of the institutions affecting land, and the physical condition of the country, are all hostile to a profitable development of agriculture. The Greeks have a natural distaste for cultivation. It requires more patience, more perseverance, and a more stable mind than they possess. A true-born Greek feels himself degraded if he stoop to plough. He leaves field-labour to the women, while he dresses himself up magnificently, and struts about the public places of his village gossiping with his fellow-men.

This disinclination to manual labour on the part of the inhabitants will for long remain a drawback to successful agriculture, but it may wear out along with the more fatal of the institutions. And first and foremost, and most fatal, among them is the land-tax. This ruinous and oppressive source of revenue extends its baleful influence over all the countries of the East, but nowhere has it proved so oppressive as it has in Greece during the late corrupt administration. Under the Turks, this tax, though essentially paralyzing to anything like agricultural enterprise, was less ruinous to the cultivation than it has been of late ; and for this reason, that the Turks had a register of assessable lands, and the cultivators were protected by the municipal authorities from the more flagrant abuses of the tax-collectors ; but when this municipal system was exchanged for King Otho's bureaucratic centralization, this register was swept away, and the cultivators were left without redress at the mercy of the farmers of revenue. These men used their power to suit their own interest or caprice, and, as will be seen from the following sketch of the system, these powers were not contemptible.

The land in Greece is held chiefly by the Crown. At least two-thirds of the cultivated, and four-fifths of the uncultivated, soil belong to it. The tenants who hold of the Crown pay 15 per cent. of the gross produce as rent for the usufruct of the land, and the land-tax, which varies from 3 to 10 per cent. in addition to the rent. Those who hold of proprietors pay the stipulated rent to the landlord, and the land-tax to the Government. The whole agricultural produce of the country is in the hands of farmers ; and no cultivator can touch the produce of his land except by permission of the farmer, who exacts tithes of everything, grapes, olives, garden produce, silks, and green crops. Under these circumstances the farmer's will is law ; and the cultivator, who has no register or 'cadastre' of the true value of his

land, or the rent he pays for it, to appeal to, has to submit to any iniquitous compromise suggested by the farmer. If he attempts to act independently, his crops are ruined. The farmer postpones his order for reaping until the crop has become useless, or he gives his order before they are ripe, and the cultivator has to bear the loss. And after his crops are reaped, he is more than ever in the farmer's power. The farmer fixes the time of threshing, and the mill to which (to use a Scotch term) the crops 'are thirled.' The cultivator must obey, and must convey his produce the best way he can for miles over that roadless country. To be sure the law steps in at this point, and, with a bitter touch of irony, puts it thus—'The farmer is not entitled to force the cultivator to take his produce by a bad road if there be a better one.' The grain, when threshed, is collected in heaps outside the public threshing-ground, and the cultivator has to wait the farmer's pleasure until he separate the public from the private grain, when at last he is allowed to depart, after, it may be, months of waiting, and to retransport his grain to his home on mules and donkeys across the mountains at his own risk and to his own hurt. The consequences of this pernicious system are disastrous. It is against the interest of the cultivator to produce more than is absolutely required for his annual maintenance. There is no inducement even to the proprietor to expend capital on improvement, still less to the cultivator who only looks to his daily bread. Ploughing has not advanced since the days of Hesiod. The plough is the same time-honoured implement constructed with a single shaft or handle that existed in the time of Homer, and now, as then, is carried about on men's shoulders from one patch of ground to another. The agricultural population decreases annually, capitalists will not invest their money in land, and no steps will be taken to encourage agriculture so long as this barbarous expedient for raising the state revenue by numbing the energies of the people is kept in force.

Besides these drawbacks to agriculture, there are physical peculiarities in the country which are formidable. The climate is not favourable to heavy crops. Owing to various causes,—among others, perhaps, the extension of cultivation throughout Europe, and (to come nearer home, to Greece itself) the extension of the reckless habits of the Wallachian shepherds who systematically destroy whole forests by fire, from mistaken notions of expediency,—the climate seems to be undergoing certain modifications. The hot sirocco wind blows more frequently than in former times, parching up the soil, and bringing with it something of a desert climate. Rain is less plentiful than it was of old, and what does fall in spring and winter rarely remains to do much good. It flows away directly to the sea by the beds of tor-

rents, down the abrupt cliffs and slopes, with a rapidity which greatly tends to ruin vegetation and increase the natural nudity of the mountains. Hence water has become very valuable, and rights of irrigation and water tenure have to be secured by title as binding as those by which land is secured. But with all these drawbacks, great improvement can be made both in the condition of agriculture and in the state of the population. Not one-half of the arable land is under cultivation, and even what is cultivated does not yield above five or seven bushels an acre, whereas an improved system of husbandry might produce a return of from four to five quarters. The same backwardness pervades the whole system of cultivation. There is as little knowledge or ingenuity displayed in the grinding as in the growing of the corn. Windmills and water-mills are common enough in the Islands and in the Morea—in the latter country you meet a water-mill, more or less dilapidated, at every turn—but they are so inadequately constructed, that they are incapable of producing more than a couple of bushels of flour in a day. In the towns and villages, horse-mills, and hand-mills worked by women, are in general use, but their construction is even more antiquated than that of the water-mills. So in the manipulating of the grapes and the manufacture of wine the Greeks are far behind the age. It is true that the cultivation of the vine and the currants, for which the Morea is celebrated, is superior to that of the grain crops; and for the simple reason, that the owner keeps his vineyards and currant gardens in his own hand, and cultivates them by means of hired labourers, whereas the arable land is let out on the Metayer system. But after the grapes and currants come to maturity, and when they require more careful handling, then the ordinary Greek is at a loss to know what to do with them. He pays no attention to the quality of the grape, nor to the method of fermentation; and the owners of productive vineyards are content to see the wine trodden out by half-naked men, and then so heavily adulterated with resin as to be unsaleable in any market, and undrinkable by any but themselves. Such being the state of the agricultural produce of the country, the condition of the population that is dependent on that species of industry cannot be very high, and the condition of that class which is dependent upon manufacture is not much higher. Except some gold and silver embroidery work chiefly carried on at Athens, some ironware at Tripolitza, some silk gauze at Calamata and Mistra, and some woollen fabrics at Lebadœa, there is no such thing as handicraft or manufacture in Greece. The tastes of the population do not run in the direction of raw material, and so long as they can import all they want they prefer to do so.

The lower classes have much to learn and much to do before

they can be raised above their present low level in the circle of humanity. Great and searching reforms are wanted in their condition, which can only be produced by time ; and the healthiest symptom of a revivifying Greece will be an improvement in the well-being of these classes. When their social condition is ameliorated, and when there are good prospects of security of life and property, and encouragement is offered to settlers, their numbers will rapidly increase. Liberty, affluence, and comfort will attract the kindred populations that are now vegetating rather than living under Turkish rule.

In conclusion, do the foregoing observations tend to show that Greece is worthy to occupy the high position which her people would arrogate for themselves? Is the 'great idea' to be realized? Is a Byzantine to supplant the Ottoman Empire? The answer to this all-important question must be qualified. Greece is not yet worthy, but there are good grounds for hoping that in time she may become worthy. She has passed through a long ordeal of degradation ; she has passed through a sharp and bitter season of suffering and war, and come out of it victorious ; she has lain fallow, resting from her toil, for thirty years ; she has shown self-restraint and moderation during a trying period ; and she has given evidence of an unanimous, decided, and unequivocal desire to prepare herself to receive the benefits of constitutional liberty, and to reap the fruits of industry and enterprise : therefore we have hopes of Greece. But, as we have shown, she has much to learn before she can be ripe even for the benefit of a constitutional system of government. The moderation which she has shown during the last few weeks must continue during the next few years. She must keep for ever before her eyes the remembrance of that state whose example she hopes to follow in the East. She must never forget the long years of training and political education which Piedmont passed through before she shone out full-blown into Italy. Constitutional liberty is not a thing that springs up ready made at the bidding of a nation, however desirous that nation may be of enjoying its blessings. Self-government requires many years of preparation, moral and material as well as political : it will not come by asking for it. Let Greece therefore wait her time. Let her show herself gradually emerging to the light, and standing out like the clear cut outline of her own mountains, a pattern of a moderate, cautious, self-restraining people. Let her prove herself capable of governing herself, and then Europe will have confidence in her powers of governing others. Already she has implanted confidence in this country, and has received in token a certain extension of her territory, and, if report speak true, our

moral aid in acquiring more. The annexation of the Ionian Islands is a great step in the right direction; and if the late mission of our ambassador to Constantinople be successful, Thessaly, and perhaps Macedonia and Epirus, may be added also. Our influence has been well directed, and the cession of the Islands reflects the greatest credit on the good sense, the generosity, and the appreciation of national rights on the part of England; and it shows that the overtures on the part of Greece towards our reigning family are not likely to be forgotten. Greece need not be discouraged even if she have years yet to wait before her territory be still more extended. The Turkish power must go, for its days are numbered, and sooner or later the Mussulman must disappear from Europe. Let Greece prepare herself to supply the place; and when politically she approximate to the condition of Piedmont under Count Cavour, and materially to that of Belgium under King Leopold, the European powers will pronounce her fit and worthy to succeed. But, in the meantime, let Europe leave her to herself. Russian intrigue and French and English mismanagement have already done too much evil: much of the misery of the last thirty years must in justice be laid at their doors. They failed conspicuously to perform the duties which, in their respective jealousies, they laid upon themselves. Let them learn to be more generous now. Let them forswear all management and all intrigue, and from henceforth leave Greece to work out her own salvation.

ART. VI.—*Novels and Novelists of the Day.*

THE ghost of Dr Johnson, remitted for an hour to the periodical table of one of our reading-rooms, and engaged with the *Athenæum* or the *Saturday Review*, would find much to astonish, and much to ponder over. He would find that since he dominated in the world of letters, vast changes had taken place,—that new ideas were shaking mankind, and that unknown names were regarded with reverence. And if the august shade happened to cast a casual glance over the literary advertisements of the journals we have mentioned, reflections would be awakened, which, if chronicled by the ghost of a Boswell, might prove of practical service. If such a revisiting, and such an employment, were possible, nothing, perhaps, would surprise the Doctor so much as how eagerly, at this present era of English history, novels are written, and how extensively—he, with his practical shrewdness, would assume—novels are read. He would remember that, in his own day, he could count the good novels existing in English literature on his fingers; now, he would discover that good English novels are to be numbered by the hundred, and the bad or indifferent ones by the thousand. To his natural disgust, he would find that *Rasselas* had fallen into the lot of weeds and outworn faces; that the *Vicar of Wakefield* was sometimes spoken of, and seldom read; and that the productions of his vivacious little friend, Miss Burney, which he had himself perused in MS., and adorned by a massive didactic touch here and there, were almost forgotten. He would retire from the modern reading-room with the conviction that some hundred or two English men and women spend their days and nights writing stories, and that the rest of the nation spend their days and nights reading them. Unable, during his brief stay of one hour, to make himself acquainted with the serious work undertaken and accomplished since his time, and with only the advertisements of the current number of the *Athenæum* to speculate upon, he would consider that his countrymen had deteriorated—that they had become almost Frenchmen in their levity; and on his return, he would express his dissatisfaction in majestically balanced sentences, which the ghost of Boswell—now, as of yore, henchman and amanuensis—would eagerly listen to, and inscribe upon his ghostly tablets.

In the circumstances stated, we have ventured to suppose the spirit of Dr Johnson not a little dismayed at the amount of novel writing and novel reading going on amongst us, and

that the construction he would place on the phenomenon would not, perhaps, be quite flattering. Whatever construction may be placed upon it, the phenomenon exists, and is not without significance. It is estimated that two novels, or six volumes, every week, are produced in England; consequently, only the reader possessed of excellent digestion, of ample means, and entire leisure, can hope to keep pace with the press. If he has a week's illness, if he undertakes a journey, he is thrown out, and can never be in at the death. It is curious to reflect that, at this present moment, the manufacture is going on. A hundred deft pens are even now careering over foolscap sheets, pursuing the fortunes of imaginary personages. Murders are now committed, tender farewells are spoken, fathers are getting reconciled to prodigal sons—with all of which the world will be acquainted anon, reading with wet eyes. Of course, the greater proportion of contemporary novels are worthless, or nearly so; but as a set-off, we have more eminent names in this special literary walk than in any other. We have one eminent poet, and we have a dozen eminent novelists. Strike off the poor and indifferent novels, and there still remain a certain number of books of this class, written by men and women at present alive, or but recently deceased, exhibiting greater literary skill, wit, humour, imagination, observation of character,—more general intellectual resource, in fact, than we shall find in any other department of contemporary literature. During the last ten or twelve years a larger amount of good English brain has expended itself in fiction than in philosophy, history, poetry, or biography. The novel has of late been the favourite vehicle of English genius. It is the favourite literary form in the reign of Victoria, just as the drama was the favourite form in the reign of Elizabeth, and the essay and the didactic poem in the reign of Anne. Out of the mass of books written in our time, posterity will concern itself with the works of one poet, of perhaps three essayists, and of at least—not to stretch the point too far—half a dozen novelists. And it is just possible that the novelists will be the most highly valued of all.

It is curious to trace the stream of tendency in literature. We know that the novel, as a form of literary expression, is at present more popular than the poem; and it is interesting to discover how this has come about. Literary fashion, like every other kind of fashion, even of the most trivial kind,—the flowers in a lady's bonnet, the setting forth of a dinner-table, the ethics of morning calls, and the other received usages of society,—is not accidental. Every fashion is based upon a sense of propriety; and this propriety is the result of many things, most of which

may be traced pretty far back. That the novel is popular at present, we know; that there is a sufficient reason for this popularity, we also know; and this sufficient reason is not very difficult to discover. First, then, it may be premised that our most esteemed novels concern themselves with delineations of modern life, and that modern life, in virtue of our immersion in it, and the complexity of its relations, can be represented more fully and satisfactorily by prose than through the higher medium of verse. Artificially knit together as men at present are, bound up in a whole network of intricate relationships, subdued into a certain uniformity by public opinion, and with a narrower field provided in which individual character can display itself than when the world was less thickly peopled, and the laws of society—which are, in truth, its necessities—were less stringent, certain problems, born of our social condition, and of more or less importance, though all interesting, in so far at least as they bear directly upon ourselves, are continually confronting us; and these problems cannot, from the very nature of them, be discussed or set forth in verse. For the dramatic representation of such problems and intricate relations, prose is imperatively required, and of such matter the most popular of our modern novels are to a large extent composed. The novel is the mirror in which society looks, in order that she may become acquainted with her own countenance. The provinces of prose and verse may be very strictly defined. Verse can deal with the tent of Achilles, prose with the modern drawing-room or dinner-table. When men and women fell in love as they did in the old ballads, verse could not, with all its resources, over-do the delights or agonies of the passion. When people fall in love as they do at this age of the world, when the passion is clogged and embarrassed by marriage settlements, when the lawyer has as much to do with the union of lovers as Cupid, we see at once that the time for the epithalamium is gone, and that verse cannot assist at the bridal. It goes hard with verse in a world where it is seriously questioned whether lovers can marry on less than an annual income of L.300. In one of our recent novels, the tragedy of love lies in the gentleman's fear that, if he marries, he will bereave himself of material comforts, and of the good opinion of certain of his fellows; that he will be 'cut;' that his name will be omitted in dinner invitations; that, in fact, the domestic hearth will be colder than the club fire before which he is at the moment basking. It is admitted that the situation is not without tragic possibilities; but then, such tragic possibilities do not require verse to set them forth. The range of verse is narrower if higher than the range of prose. Verse deals with the mountain peaks of passion, so to speak,—prose with the lower slopes and the

level plain, on which stand towns and cities, and to which the experience of the majority of mankind is confined. Men are moved deepest by that which touches them most closely; and the novel, in so far as it concerns itself with modern social relationships with which readers are inevitably brought in contact, and with the more or less passionate or sorrowful complications arising out of them, is naturally more popular than the poem, which, by an innate necessity, must deal with the simpler and intenser emotions, and with these stripped of prosaic modern circumstances with which all are familiar—emotions so set forth which are not matter of common experience, and which cannot, in the nature of things, evoke the same amount of interest.

Another reason for the popularity of the modern novel may be found in the advance of prose during the last century as a medium of expression,—‘that other harmony of prose,’ as Dryden called it, with a far-reaching gleam into its capabilities. We do not write verse so supremely now as Shakespeare and his companions did, but as a whole we write prose better.

‘What wants he that a king should have’?

cried James, as he gazed with pitiless admiration on the huge limbs and bold bearing of the outlaw of Ettrick. ‘What wants prose that verse should possess?’ the reader may exclaim, as he closes one or other of our English masterpieces. If it be admitted that verse is the nobler vehicle of expression, it will not be denied that prose is the more generally useful, and the best suited for ordinary purposes. Verse is a service of gold plate, which is only brought forth on princely festivals, and high solemnities and anniversaries; prose, the service in everyday use, and if the viands are properly cooked—and that, after all, is the chief matter in a feast—they taste as sweetly in the ordinary service as they do in the golden one. And, after all, it may be questioned whether verse is a higher vehicle of expression than prose, when prose is at its best. Have we not seen prose as ductile, and as easily turned and twisted by quip and phantasy? Have we not seen it, chameleon-like, coloured by the food it feeds on? Have we not heard its voice, and been unable, even when sitting amid the flutes of Arcady, to remember a sweeter note? Miltonic music lingers in the sentences of De Quincey. There are inspired passages in Ruskin that will hold their own with anything in poetry. Professor Wilson and Kingsley have written descriptions of natural scenery which are equal to anything of the same kind existing in verse; while Carlyle’s style is unique and unapproachable; everything by turns,—solemn, grotesque,

humorous,—capable of dealing with the highest and the lowest, free at once of earth and air. Verse cannot without detriment descend beneath a certain level; and there are elements with which it is not endued. It can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, like Ariel; but it cannot carry logs, like Ferdinand. The sea-bird is beautiful wheeling in the air,—charming when it sinks to rest, breast-deep in the billow; but on the ground its movement is a waddle, all grace is gone. Prose is more Protean than verse, and can make itself at home anywhere—in the rare passionate and imaginative regions, in the severities of logical statement, in the even flow of narrative. It can do all that verse can, and it has no pride: it can concern itself with trifles; it can paint Dutch pictures; it can analyse proverbs. And it is curious, too, that the wider intellectual region over which prose dominates, almost inevitably attracts to itself, sooner or later, writers whose minds are of the purest poetic type. Men who begin with poetry, feel, as time passes on, and experience widens, a strange propulsion to prose, or to the drama. They weary of abstractions, of the beautiful masks and shadows of things, and long to feel the earth beneath their feet, and to assure themselves by human fellowship. Verse takes the cream off their thoughts, so to speak; but much remains behind, on which the shaping instinct within cannot help exercising itself, and which seeks a prose outlet. Thus we observe that, for the most part, the great writers who made brilliant the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, either forsook the passionate and emotional element, in which in early life they delighted, for closer relationship with men in the drama, or wrote poems in which the satirical and prosaic side of things predominated over the purely emotional, or relinquished verse altogether, and became prose novelists, prose essayists, or prose humorists. The author of *Marmion* became the author of *Waverley*. Shelley sought refuge from lyrical pain in *The Cenci* and *Hellas*. Coleridge forsook verse altogether. Byron, in his closing years, was a poet only in form: the last cantos of *Don Juan* are, to all intents and purposes, a brilliant satirical novel, in which poetry adds a sheen to the wit, and a sharper edge to the epigram. Had he lived, there can be little doubt that he would have relinquished verse and betaken himself to prose fiction, in which he would have brought much of Fielding's good sense, solidity, and heartiness, all Thackeray's gift of melancholy scorn, and a width of imaginative range and power of tenderness unknown to either. The fact, then, that prose, as a vehicle of literary expression, has, during the last century, immensely developed; that it can deal gracefully and effectively with prosaic subject-matter;

that it can chronicle small beer and the tattle of village clowns ; that it can paint moor, and fen, and woodland ; that it can take on the edge of epigram ; that it can turn upon itself in self-analysis ; and that, when required, it can rise into the passionate regions, of which, hitherto, verse has been the great inhabitant and exponent, is one reason, and perhaps the chief one, why the novel has surpassed the poem in popular estimation. The novel can give us all that we were wont to expect from the poem ; and as it can more effectively combine heterogeneous elements, farce and tragedy, satire and moral reflection, the high mood and the mean, the one grand passion and the hundred sordid ones, it is better fitted than the poem to reflect the many-coloured world in which we live, and in which each plays his part. The novelist can stretch a wider canvas than the poet, and on his palette he has a greater variety of pigments wherewith to produce his picture in its lights and glooms ; and it is his own fault if the tone of his colours be not as pure, if his scarlets are not as brilliant, and his umbers as sombre, as the poet's. As a work of art, the novel may be—nay, sometimes is—as perfect as the poem. The *Newcomes*, for instance, is a classic as truly as the *Essay on Man* ; with the difference, that it is infinitely more entertaining, and is certain to find now, and hereafter, a greater number of readers.

One other reason for the amount of novel writing at the present day, is the exceedingly obvious one, that a taste for that species of literature exists. We have in possession a large number of novels, distinguished by a variety of intellectual excellence. They are interesting as stories ; but they are much more than interesting stories. They deal with love and the perturbations of the passion, they describe scenery and the rising and setting of suns, and so infringe on the domains of poetry ; they seize on some historical period and vivify it, filling it with light and colour, and the stir and bustle of life, and the adventures of characters in which we are cunningly interested, after a fashion delightful to the reader who has yawned over the pages of Dr Dryasdust ; and they contain, at certain portions of their progress, criticism, dissertation on social manners, moral homilies and reflections, and so occupy the place of the essayist and the didactic writer. Over all conditions of minds the novelist casts his spells, all kinds of people are caught in his net. And the taste for novels thus produced and established, acts in a variety of ways. Should a man have any pet theory to air, any moral panacea to vend ; should he be an 'earnest' soul afflicted with a mission ; or should he have a gift of narrative and a knack of dialogue, and be anxious to turn these gifts to the best pecuniary account, he immediately betakes himself to the writing of novels.

To the man, again, of poetic heart and instinct, on whom has weighed 'the burden of the unintelligible world,' and who has, by whatever thoughtful strife and effort, removed in part the burden, and in some degree solved the unintelligibility, the novel is the fairest existing field in which to exercise his artistic activity, and effect his spiritual release. And when we add to this literary impulse the fact, that there are some six or eight million persons in these islands who are novel readers, and who draw their chief spiritual sustenance from these compositions, we have at once explained the advertising phenomenon which, a page or two back, we fancied would dismay the sturdy ghost of Dr Johnson, should it transport itself for an hour from Hades and the disputations of the dead to one of our reading-rooms, and trifle with the current number of the *Athenæum* or the *Saturday Review*. The circulating libraries cry, Give! give! The universal British press proceeds at the rate of two or three volumes per week; and Mr Mudie stands between the British press and the eager librarians as a sort of middleman, much to the satisfaction of the libraries, and, as is believed, not in the least to his own pecuniary loss.

The novel is more potent than the poem at present; and we have in a cursory manner indicated certain reasons which show the phenomenon to be a perfectly normal one, and over which, it were idle to lament. It may, however, be said, that not till the stupendous success of Scott did the novel become the favourite field of British literary activity. The story-telling and dramatic faculty lying latent in the British mind, he pointed to brighter worlds and led the way; and the example was followed even before the great magician was laid to sleep in Dryburgh, in the heart of the land which he had made enchanted. Galt and Lockhart devoted themselves to the delineation of Scottish character, and the representation of Scottish manners. They worked, for the most part, in the curiously mingled vein of seriousness and humour which Scott laid bare in the *Antiquary*. Mr G. P. R. James employed himself in a species of historical fiction, the suggestion of which he found in *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe*, and burdened with his labours the libraries of the three kingdoms. Bulwer began his career as a novelist with a knowledge of society, a cynicism, an icy glitter of wit and epigram, remarkable in a man so young; and since *Pelham*, he has played many parts—made crime romantic in *Paul Clifford* and *Eugene Aram*—made antique ages live again in *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Rienzi*—revived the strifes of English kings and nobles in the *Last of the Barons*—prattled of tea and toast and the refined domesticities in the *Caxtons*—and given the world a galvanic shock in the *Strange Story*. D'Israeli, in his 'wondrous

tales,' 'psychological romances,' and modern novels, has given us a singular mixture of orientalism and politics—mingling Jerusalem and St Stephens. Then all the world roared over *Pickwick*, and followed Little Nell to her grave. And in a short time, the humour and pathos of *The Shabby Genteel Story* and the *Hoggarty Diamond* drew attention; and when these were followed by *Vanity Fair*, the English public knew that a master in fiction had arisen in the person of Thackeray. For many years past they have listened to the voice of one crying in Pall Mall and Belgravia, '*Vanitas Vanitatum!*'

Dickens and Thackeray are at present the lords of the novel; and as partisans of one or other, the world of novel readers are pretty equally divided. Critics are perpetually comparing the one with the other; and we are sorry to observe that these gentlemen, with something like ingratitude, are inclined to speak disparagingly of Dickens, and to sigh amid his autumnal leaves for the freshness and fulness of his spring. In the possession of two such men, to measure the one against the other is somewhat ungenerous. When similar comparisons were instituted in Germany between Schiller and Goethe, the latter was wont to say, 'The fools! they ought to be thankful they have two such men to quarrel about.' Preference in the matter of Dickens and Thackeray is the result of mental constitution, and cannot be affected by argument. Dickens has by far the more exuberant genius, the richer plenitude of gifts; his faults are the faults of excess. He is a pomegranate which has burst with its ripeness. He overlays his work from sheer wealth of resource. Humour, whim, and animal spirits carry him captive at times. He has the keenest eye for oddity that ever perhaps looked out on this odd world. To him the street pump has a rakish aspect, and he reads a man's character in the way he wears his hat. There is a certain fitfulness and levity in his mind which is its chief fault, and which lies at the bottom of all the defects which have been laid to his charge. But the prime test of a writer is the depth to which he has affected his time; and the application of this test Dickens need not fear. His wit and humour have coloured the language of the streets; people unconsciously quote him in drawing-rooms; and from him are gathered half the telling points in the 'leaders' of our morning newspapers. Then, if we think for a moment, no other English writer—with the exception of Shakespeare and Scott—has peopled the popular imagination with such a medley of characters, with whom we have become quite familiar, and of whom we constantly catch ourselves talking, as if they were personal acquaintances. And then these characters are so queer, so unique, so perfectly original, so unlike the other persons we meet in books; and, still more, we always think of

them with a certain pleasantness ; we greet them with a smile, a hearty good morning, a kind motion of the hand, as it were.

Thackeray's good points, on the other hand, are quite dissimilar from those of his rival. Less efflorescent as a genius, he is greater as an artist. He commands his powers, his powers do not command him. His mind is altogether of a quieter, manlier, firmer texture. There is nothing lyrical or impetuous about his writing. Above all things, he is reticent ; and he is credited for what he keeps to himself as well as for what he gives. He speaks when he says nothing. His stories are unromantic in point of characters and incidents ; the movement is far from rapid ; and, in his later works more especially, he turns continually on his reader and lectures him on the spot. A very considerable volume of moral essays could be culled from Thackeray's novels. His style, for directness, high-bred ease, continual flexibility and grace, and adaptation to the matter in hand, is perhaps the most perfect of any contemporary writer. One of the most unsentimental, he is one of the tenderest of writers, when his mood deepens. After its truth and rarity, the most curious thing about his pathos is its unexpectedness. It is always sudden, short, surprising. The moving stroke, the sentence sighing of graves and a far-off happy time, the touch which is like the touch of a spirit's finger, comes out from the midst of commonplaces, or from characteristic cynicism tinged with pleasantry ; and if the tears are on the cheek of the reader, they are there before he is aware. His leisurely style of writing conduces to finish ; and if he has not Dickens variety of character, what he has is more sharply defined, and stands out in bolder relief. We are not so intimate with the cut of their garments, their modes of progression along the street ; but we are more intimate with their hearts. Thackeray's great characters, are worth more than Dickens' great characters ; and, indeed, one or two of them, Warrington and Colonel Newcome, take their place along with Uncle Toby and Parson Adams as permanent glories of English fiction. These do not amuse from eccentricity of attire or odd forms of expression, or from peculiarities of gait or feature ; but they become friends whom we esteem, whom we love, for their goodness of heart, for their manly purity, for their contempt of all lying and baseness. Young people are the chief novel readers now-a-days ; and than these high, simple, heroic gentlemen,—with the soul of an ancient knight beating beneath the modern garb,—no young man can find better companions in all the range of fiction. They can at once stimulate, advise, and rebuke.

Since Dickens and Thackeray attained eminent literary posi-

tion, the novel has broken out in many directions, with various degrees of excellence ; and it may be noticed, as instance of the firm hold this form of composition has on the productive talent of the country, that many of them aspire to be more than stories ; that they are often disguised pamphlets and sermons ; that they are not unfrequently coloured by one or other of the ideas prevalent at the time of writing ; and that, not only by implication, but by direct advocacy, they strive to advance the special notions on religion, social order, and government, the relation of employer and employed, which may be held by the author. Since the period alluded to, Mrs Gaskell has made the manufacturing towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire the haunt and main region of her song, and laid her finger on certain anomalies which seem to her to exist there and to call for redress. Kingsley, in his worst novel—so far as *art* is concerned—has dealt with competition and the religious condition of the masses ; and in his best—speaking again from the art point of view—with the hearty, pious, brave times of Elizabeth—an historical period of which he and his friends never weary expressing admiration. During the period, too—although in it little direct ethical purpose is discernible—arose the most beautiful, most pitiful outburst of the Brontë Sisters, which made so bright for all of us the purple Yorkshire moors, and mill and hamlet in the Yorkshire valley by the gurgling beck. The tender fiery hearts so suddenly known, it was fated death should as suddenly make quiet ; and now there is one other sad chapter in literary history, one other fame hanging over graves. The most recent development has been the novel of school life in *Tom Brown*,—a development which has already attained its best, and which, if carried forward, will inevitably attenuate in interest and value.

And this hurried glance at the most valuable novels of the last twelve or fifteen years, brings us down to those more recent works with which we have more particularly to concern ourselves.

George Eliot has achieved the greatest literary success of recent years. But a little while ago this writer was unknown ; now she stands in the first rank of living novelists. The *Sketches of Clerical Life*, with which she first broke ground in fiction, were, in their way, excellent ; but they did not suggest the plenitude of power which has been exhibited since in *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*. This lady—and there is enough in the books to convince that the writer is a lady, even although one had not been assisted to that conclusion by rumour—combines in remarkable harmony the most diverse intellectual qualities of her sex. Her eye takes as keen note of things—the trifles of dress, furniture, and demeanour, which men miss—as ever did Miss Austen's ;

while her humour is deeper, broader, more complex; really a wonderful gift, drawing its sustenance from the deepest sources, and with something of Shakespeare's unfathomableness in it. There is a world of meaning in her quiet smile. On the other hand, if she has less than Charlotte Brontë of lyrical impulse and impetuosity,—fewer of those unexpected, passionate, intense sentences, which light up an object, as the sunbeam the rock or the oak-boll, or the ruined turret on which it smites,—sentences which readers of *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* know so well,—she has quite as much passion, only it exists in equally diffused heat rather than in sparkles of flame. The most striking characteristic of George Eliot as an artist is moderation, and the apparent ease with which results are accomplished. The tone of her writing is always subdued. She says her most striking things in the quietest way. She is never rhetorical or declamatory. She brings out her characters by a multiplicity of delicate touches, and these are laid on as if by a pencil of camel hair. She avoids glaring and positive colours; and when she paints an English landscape, it is done by pearly grays, and unobtrusive misty tints. It would be perhaps too much to aver that there is a trace of morbidity in her books; certainly she has, like Hawthorne, a liking for psychological problems, and is fascinated by the obscure twilighted region in which motives have their roots. Spiritual ecstasy, rude minds in which the present world is overshadowed by the next, men and women of humble rank and of not much acquired knowledge, in whom the overweight of the religious element has destroyed normal balance and equipoise, have in more than one of her works been favourite subjects of delineation. For her, trance and catalepsy have attractions. She delights to look out on the world through the eyes of Primitive Methodists, not so much from sympathy with the special notions of that sect, as from the attraction found in the strangeness of the outlook. Whether in this there is morbid feeling, we shall not inquire: it is sufficient to say that her studies of that class of character are profound and interesting, untainted by sneer and scorn; that, playing on those strange human instruments, her fingers never yet bewildered amid the intricacy of the strings. In addition, this writer possesses a notable power of reflection. She is a thinker as well as a story-teller, and could write moral essays and inquiries into the nature of this thing or the other quite as well as she can write novels. Her tales do not press straight on, confining themselves strictly to the dramatic or humorous matter in hand; on the contrary, the writing, in a curious mood of self-analysis, is frequently turning on itself, is retrospective, abounding in commentary. And these more serious, reflective passages, expressed in the purest, most graceful English, are, whatever fate they

may receive at the hands of youthful readers, the passages to which their elders are most certain to recur.

Silas Marner may never attain the popularity of *Adam Bede* or the *Mill on the Floss*, but as a work of art we regard it as superior to either. The machinery is simple, the entire interest centring in Silas and the young squire Godfrey Cass, and Eppie, the daughter of Cass,—unrecognised, and indeed unknown by him to be so until the close—who tragically connects them. Silas himself is one of those psychological studies of which the writer is so fond. He is afflicted with catalepsy; he had had strange spiritual experiences in the chapel in Lantern Yard, situated in one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire or Yorkshire. When suspicion of crime had fallen upon him, he was deeply wronged by his intimate friend, who robbed him of good name and sweetheart; and when he was solemnly cut off from church membership, he, in hopeless, broken-hearted mood, disbelieving almost that the world was divinely governed, turned his steps to Raveloe, and in a solitary house set up his loom there.

‘It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe. He was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent, short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience; but for the villagers, near whom he had come to settle, it had mysterious peculiarities, which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his employment, and his advent from an unknown region called “North-ard.” So had his way of life:—he invited no comer to step across his door sill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright’s: he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge one of them to accept him against her will—quite as if he had heard them declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again.’

And so in this solitary, ungenial fashion, Silas lives a weaver, and makes a little sum of money, which he loves to draw from its hiding-place and look at, till in an evil hour he is robbed, and for the second time the world is wrecked around him.

Godfrey Cass is a somewhat unspiritual young squire, of a tolerable figure and face; but on him too, as well as on Silas, the world is pressing hard. He has contracted a secret marriage with a woman of low origin and habits, who has born him a child; and, although the marriage is unknown to his family, the shame and disgrace of it is eating continually into his heart. He has been attracted by the pink cheeks and clear eyes of Nancy Lammeter; and her would he gladly marry, were it not that by his own act he had made such a hope impossible. He

is also in pecuniary difficulties, and in dread that his horrid secret will break out and ruin everything. He is sketched for us after an angry altercation with Dunstan, his younger brother.

‘Godfrey stood still, with his back to the fire, uneasily moving his fingers among the contents of his side pockets, and looking at the floor. That big muscular frame of his held plenty of animal courage, but helped him to no decision when the dangers to be braved were such as could neither be knocked down nor throttled. His irresolution and moral cowardice were exaggerated by a position in which dreaded consequences seemed to press equally on all sides; and his irritation had no sooner provoked him to defy Dunstan and anticipate all possible betrayals, than the miseries he must bring on himself by such a step seemed more unendurable than the present evil. The results of confession were not contingent, they were certain; whereas betrayal was not certain. From the near vision of that certainty he fell back on suspense and vacillation with a sense of repose. The disinherited son of a small squire, equally disinclined to dig and to beg, was almost as helpless as an uprooted tree which, by the favour of earth and sky, has grown to a handsome bulk on the spot where it first shot upward. Perhaps it would have been possible to think of digging with some cheerfulness if Nancy Lammeter were to be won on those terms; but since he must irrevocably lose *her* as well as the inheritance, and break every tie but the one that degraded him and left him without motive for trying to recover his better self, he could imagine no future for himself on the other side of confession but that of ‘listing for a soldier,’ the most desperate step, short of suicide, in the eyes of respectable families. No! he would rather trust to casualties than to his own resolve—rather go on sitting at the feast and sipping the wine he loved, though with the sword hanging over him and terror in his heart—than rush away into the cold darkness where there was no pleasure left.’

The well-meaning, easy-tempered, pleasure-loving man, like Godfrey, who immeshes and complicates himself chiefly through that same ease of temper and love of pleasure, and who is then unable to help himself, who *drifts* aimlessly towards the crisis in which he involves not only himself but others, must by this time be familiar to the readers of George Eliot’s novels. They will remember Arthur in *Adam Bede*, and the deplorable issues of his love of ease, and the wilful shutting of his eyes to ugly futures. And it is quite clear that, although the authoress sees through this peculiar temperament, and has a perfect knowledge of its weaknesses and temptations, it is by her contemned and despised with somewhat peculiar intensity. Her characters of this class she sets in an atmosphere of scornful commentary; with ruthless scalpel she lays bare their amiable selfishness. Her ideal man must be brave, far-seeing, strong-hearted—

‘Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world.’

And the present book, as we shall see, preaches the sternest moral; for wrong, even when only wrought through sloth and love of ease, is made its own avenger.

There is to be a ball given at Raveloe that winter. Nancy Lammeter is to be there; and for one night at least Godfrey will delight himself in her beauty. His gin-drinking wife, eager to be revenged for neglect, purposes also to be there with her child. On her way, and when close to the dwelling of Silas Marner, she sinks in the snow and perishes, while the child creeps into his dwelling, and becomes to him far more than his lost gold ever was, or could be. Godfrey, his way being now clear, finally marries Nancy—keeping, meanwhile, everything connected with his former wife a secret,—and, on the death of the elder Cass, settles down in the great house, and inherits traditionary respect. No child blesses their union; and events turn out so, that Nancy is informed by her husband of his former marriage, that his daughter is living with Silas Marner, and so the twain visit the strange weaver, in the hope of inducing Eppie to live with them, and to take upon herself all a daughter's rights.

“Eppie, my dear,” said Godfrey, looking at his daughter, not without some embarrassment, under the sense that she was old enough to judge him, “it'll always be our wish, that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you'll come to love us as well; and though I haven't been what a father should have been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that'll be a blessing you haven't known since you were old enough to know it.”

“My dear, you'll be a treasure to me,” said Nancy, in her gentle voice; “we shall want for nothing when we have our daughter.”

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas' hand in hers, and grasped it firmly—it was a weaver's hand, with a palm and finger-tips that were sensitive to such pressure—while she spoke with colder decision than before.

“Thank you, ma'am, thank you, sir, for your offers; they're very great, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight i' life any more, if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home a thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think o' no happiness without him. And he says he'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he'd have nothing when I am gone. And he's took care of me, and loved me from the first; and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobody shall ever come between him and me.”

“But you must make sure, Eppie,” said Silas, in a low voice, “you must make sure, as you won't ever be sorry, because you've made

your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might ha' had everything o' the best."

'His sensitiveness on this point had increased, as he listened to Eppie's words of faithful affection.

"I can never be sorry, father," said Eppie; "I shouldn't know what to think on or to wish for with fine things about me, as I haven't been used to. And it would be poor work for me to put on things, and ride in a gig, and sit in a place at church, as ud make them as I'm fond of think me unfitting company for 'em. What could I care for then?"

'Nancy looked at Godfrey with a painful, questioning glance. But his eyes were fixed on the floor, where he was moving the end of his stick as if he were pondering on something absently. She thought there was a word which might perhaps come better from her lips than from his.

"What you say is natural, my dear child; it's natural you should cling to those who've brought you up," she said, mildly; "but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. There is, perhaps, something to be given up on more sides than one. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right you shouldn't turn your back on it."

"I can't feel as I've got any father but one," said Eppie, impetuously, while the tears gathered. "I've always thought of a little house, where he'd sit i' the corner, and I should fend and do everything for him: I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working folks, and their houses and their ways. And," she added, passionately, while the tears fell, "I'm promised to marry a working man as'll live with father, and help me to take care of him."

'Godfrey looked up at Nancy with a flushed face and a smarting dilation of the eyes. This frustration of a purpose, towards which he had set out under the exalted consciousness that he was about to compensate, in some degree, for the greatest demerit of his life, made him feel the air of the room stifling.

"Let us go," he said, in an under tone. "We won't talk of this any longer now," said Nancy, rising. "We're your well-wishers, my dear; and yours too, Marner. We shall come and see you again. It's getting late now."

'In this way, she covered her husband's abrupt departure; for Godfrey had gone straight to the door, unable to say more.'

With the exception of a single incident, this is the close of the story; and in Eppie's determination in the dialogue we have quoted, lies the grim moral. The evil done by Godfrey in his hot youth, and allowed by him for so many years to lie neglected, cannot be rectified, although he would almost lay down his life to purchase rectification. He committed the sin; he allowed it to remain unatoned for years. During that space, through the sweetness and clemency of nature, it had branched out, in its own way, into blessing; but a blessing which is not

for him, which he cannot touch, however fondly he may wish it. From the branch Eppie may gather the pleasant fruits of love ; *he* can only gather the bitter fruits of disappointment. And for Silas, too, there is sadness. He had been wronged by his friend ; he had been falsely accused of crime ; he had been cut off from church membership in Lantern Yard ; and when, in his old age, accompanied by Eppie, he goes into the great town in which he had spent his youth, and where his great trouble came upon him, to have the falsehood of the robbery wiped away and his character redeemed, he finds the minister dead, the church gone, and a factory whirring with a thousand wheels on the site of Lantern Yard. All the people who remembered him have disappeared ; things must just remain as they are ; and Eppie, holding the old man's hand in the noisy street, gives him the only comfort possible in the circumstances. ' You were hard done by that once, Mr Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it ; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me.'

' There's something in the world amiss,
Unriddled shall be righted by and by,'

may not be the most satisfactory conclusion of a story ; but it is nobler, truer, more suggestive than the commonplace happiness in which so many close. It looks towards infinity, and seeks redress from another tribunal than ours.

Mr Wilkie Collins is a writer of quite a different stamp from George Eliot, and in his own way he has achieved eminent successes. The interest of his books is absorbing, the ingenuity of his plots marvellous ; and to go to bed after the perusal of the *Woman in White* or *No Name*, is like going to bed after supping on a pork-chop. Mr Collins can hide a secret better than any man, he is a master of mystery ; but when once the secret is discovered, when once the mystery is unravelled, his books collapse at once, their interest perishes, they are flat as conundrums to which you have the answers. For to this writer plot and incident are all in all, character nothing. He has little spontaneity of humour, no reflection, no aphoristic wisdom, no poetry, but little painting of scenery, and, what there is, not of the highest kind. He relates his stories boldly and nakedly ; he pursues his plot with the directness and pertinacity of a detective or a bloodhound. From the beginning of the first chapter of his work, he keeps his eye steadily fixed on the last. So long as you have his book open, you are spell-bound ; whenever you close it, you feel you have been existing in a world of impossible incidents, and holding converse with monstrosities. The touches that make the whole world kin, the humour which

is a perpetual delight, the pathos which makes sacred, are not in these books. Everything is tense, strained, and unnatural. The characters are preternaturally acute; they watch one another as keenly as duellists do when the seconds fall back and the rapiers cross. Then every trifling incident is charged with an oppressive importance: if a tea-cup is broken, it has a meaning, it is a link in a chain; you are certain to hear of it afterwards. In a short time, however, you discover the writer's trick. If a young lady goes into the garden for a moment before dinner, you know that some one is waiting for her behind the laurels. If two people talk together in a room in a hot summer day, and one raises the window a little, you know that a third is crouching on the gravel below, listening to every word, and who will be prepared to act upon it at the proper time. Everything in these books is feverish and excited; the reader is continually as if treading on bomb-shells, which may explode at any moment. The incidents follow each other rapidly, and they are generally of the most improbable description. Every chapter is a shock of astonishment; but in a little while the feeling of astonishment perishes, the sense of wonder is dulled by the repeated calls made upon it, the marvellous becomes commonplace; and if Mr Collins described a dead man walking out of his grave, the reader would peruse the startling sentences without a thrill—just as if such a proceeding was the most ordinary thing in the world.

The Woman in White is amazingly clever and ingenious. It contains, of course, a mystery, and the solution is skilfully hidden away under folds on folds of incident. The passion of curiosity is appealed to at the commencement, and so strongly is it roused that it carries one through to the close. The reader may dislike the book, despise the form of art of which it is an example, but, once started, he is certain to go on with it. The chief attraction gathers round Count Fosco; but this attraction is dissipated long before the story closes. The wily Count deteriorates as you make his acquaintance; he is found to be the most impudent of knaves. *No Name* possesses a simpler and more intense interest than *The Woman in White*, but it is a horrible and unnatural interest; the book enchains you, but you detest it while it enchains. The incidents at Aldborough, where Miss Magdalen, under the instructions of Captain Wragge, is striving to entrap Mr Noel Vanstone into marriage, and where Mrs Lecount is working to foil the conspirators, are cleverly told, but the repulsiveness of the matter disturbs the pleasure of the reader. Here, again, the actors are preternaturally acute; there is plot and counterplot, and the game of wits is played out as mercilessly as a duel. The reader is interested of course; but immediately on closing the book, he feels the un-

reality of the whole thing; he flings it off as he does the remembrance of a nightmare. There never was a young lady like Magdalen, there never was a scoundrel like Wragge, a fool like Vanstone, a housekeeper like Mrs Lecount. Such people have no representatives in the living world. Their proper place is the glare of blue lights on a stage sacred to the sensation drama. And yet there are excellent things in *No Name*. Wragge—with his boundless impudence, boastfulness, and impecuniosity, his love of order, his consideration of himself as a ‘Moral Agriculturist’—is amusing; and there is a certain philosopher, Mr Clare, in whose remarks there gleams at times a perverse, wilful humour:—

“‘In your presence and out of it,” said the philosopher, I have always maintained that the one important phenomenon presented by modern society is—the enormous prosperity of Fools. Show me an individual Fool, and I will show you an aggregate society which gives that highly favoured personage nine chances out of ten, and grudges the tenth to the wisest man in existence. Look where you will, in every high place there sits an ass, settled beyond the reach of all the greatest intellects in this world to pull him down.”

“Here is this perfectly hopeless booby Frank,” pursued the philosopher. “He has never done anything in his life to help himself, and, as a necessary consequence, society is in a conspiracy to carry him to the top of the tree. He has hardly had time to throw away that chance you gave him, before this letter comes, and puts the ball at his foot for the second time. My rich cousin (who is intellectually fit to be at the tail of the family, and who is therefore, as a matter of course, at the head of it) has been good enough to remember my existence, and has offered his influence to serve my eldest boy. Read his letter, and then observe the sequence of events. My rich cousin is a booby who thrives on landed property; he has done something for another booby who thrives on politics, who knows a third booby who thrives on commerce, who can do something for a fourth booby thriving at present on nothing, whose name is Frank. So the mill goes. So the cream of all human rewards is supped in endless succession by the Fools.”’

Few writers have won their laurels so swiftly and easily as Mr Trollope, and few writers deserve them so well. His praise is in all the libraries. The novel-reading world is familiar with his characters as they are with their own relations and personal friends. He writes with amazing rapidity and gusto, has frequently a couple of novels in course of publication at one time, and he has the rare knack of making everything he writes interesting. It is quite true that his novels are superficial, that they deal almost entirely with costume and manner, that they do not concern themselves with psychological problems, that

they studiously avoid great passions, and that they never present the poetic aspect of men or things. But, on the other hand, the writer has such a quick genial eye, he observes so sharply, he is so well acquainted with, and at home in, his subject, and he writes with so much good-nature, sense, kindness, and gentlemanly tact, that his books are almost entirely satisfactory. His mind presents no very salient point, it possesses no very special characteristic. He is witty, but not supremely so; he has humour, but no one would ever dream of speaking of him as a humorist; he can laugh at the follies in our social arrangements, but he is not a satirist; he can moralize prettily enough, but he has no claim to be a teacher; he can turn a sentence or an epigram with considerable neatness, but he will never be ranked amongst the masters of style. He has his share of all intellectual and artistic qualities, but he has nothing in excess; he inherits all the powers of the great novelist, but he has no very large inheritance of any one of these powers. And it is for this reason that we cannot attach any very distinctive personality to Mr Trollope. We know him to be a writer of clever stories, but we shall never know him to be anything else. There is nothing to read between the lines. We see the puppets go through their little drama, and are amused enough, but we care nothing for the hand that pulls the strings. The stories are unquestionably clever and charming. And then Mr Trollope dashes them off so easily. His stage is always occupied; the curtain has no sooner fallen on one play and set of characters, than, to light orchestral music, it rises on the next and another set of characters. Perhaps the qualities to which he chiefly owes his success are his unflagging spirits and unvarying good sense. He begins his stories as gaily as a scarlet-coated hunting field begins the chase when reynard breaks cover—he resolutely faces every fence, brook, and ditch in the way, and comes in at the death with as light a heart as when he started. Then his good sense tells him what he can do, and what he can't; it presides over the whole machinery of his stories, and prevents his characters from ever becoming unintentionally ridiculous. Mr Trollope finds his material at his hand. His heroes wear the costume of the day, and are moved by passions in keeping with that costume. They neither utter complaints to the moon, nor do they apostrophize nature. When they are crossed in love, they smoke harder than ever, and talk in surly monosyllables. Mr Trollope's heroines—a charming bevy they have become now—when in grief, do not linger about weedy pools, or sing songs of the willow; they run up to their own rooms, double-lock the door, fling themselves down on the bed, and have a good cry there,—in which position they are sketched by Mr

Millais, and enter thereby on a new lease of the reader's affection and admiration. These novels contain admirable delineations of contemporary society, clever painting of manners. In these pages you hear the tones of the street and the drawing-room; and twenty years hence, when whatever of passionate flavour they now possess may have died away, they will assume a certain historical value. For Mr Trollope's novels, considered as representations of society, are more valuable than the—in all other respects—much higher works of Dickens and Thackeray, because they are representations in which strong individual character has not operated as a disturbing agent.

Orley Farm is, as yet, Mr Trollope's best book. In the character of Lady Mason, and her relations with Sir Peregrine Orme and his family, there is a purely tragic element, which he has reached in no former book, which perhaps he did not care to reach. In the home scenes at the Cleve, Sir Peregrine himself, his daughter-in-law and her son, there is something almost poetic. The old home, surrounded by open glades and sweeps of woodland, the peace and order of the family life, its courtesy, its love, its self-respect, are depicted with a really admirable touch, with a refined sunny gracefulness which is rare in Mr Trollope, which is rare, indeed, in any writer. The chief interest of the book exists in the relation between Lady Mason and the Ormes; and it seems to us that the reader's attention should have to a greater extent been concentrated on that relation. To speak truth, the book has an immense deal of what the *Saturday Review* calls 'padding.' A number of characters are introduced who hang but loosely on the story, and who do not aid its progress in the least. Excursions are continually made from the main line of interest. There are some half dozen contemporaneous love matches going on amongst those subsidiary and somewhat irrelevant people. It must be said, however, that many of these are very cleverly hit off. The commercial gentlemen, for instance, are drawn in that spirit of hearty, if somewhat coarse, caricature, which we may regard as Mr Trollope's family inheritance. Lady Mason forms the centre of the story; and one is somewhat unsatisfied when the narrative leaves her. We know that she is guilty, but towards her our hearts are strangely moved by pity. The writer himself seems not to have been proof against his own magic, and he cannot leave her without tenderness.

'And now we will say farewell to her; and as we do so, the chief interest of our tale will end. I may, perhaps, be thought to owe an apology to my readers, in that I have asked their sympathy for a woman who had so sinned as to have placed herself beyond the sympathy of the world at large. If so, I tender my apology, and

perhaps feel that I should confess a fault. But as I have told her story, that sympathy has grown upon myself, till I have learned to forgive her, and to feel that I too could have regarded her as a friend.'

This expression of feeling is interesting from several points of view, and it is through his sympathy with Lady Mason that Mr Trollope has so entirely enlisted in her behalf the sympathies of the world.

Lady Audley's Secret has recently rushed into a sudden and, to some extent, an inexplicable popularity. It is understood that, within the last month or so, six editions have been disposed of. This popularity is indicative of a certain morbid condition in the public mind, for which Mr Wilkie Collins, and, in some degree, Mr Trollope, is responsible. *Lady Audley's Secret* is not nearly so clever or ingenious as *The Woman in White* or *No Name*, and it possesses none of the artistic qualities which redeem *Orley Farm*, and take away all danger from our sympathy with the guilty Lady Mason. This novel is a tale of circumstantial evidence; and the principal characters are Lady Audley, the young wife of Sir Michael Audley, and Robert Audley, barrister, and nephew to the baronet. The lady is a beautiful demoness, with a slight fairy figure, a mouth like a rose-bud, an exquisite complexion, the most innocent and winning blue eyes, wonderful hair of feathery gold which floats round her head like a glory; and every man who approaches her is bewitched by her helpless, appealing style of beauty, and her trustful, confiding ways. All this beauty, all this charm of manner, is a dangerous mask merely,—the real woman being false, calculating, cruel, a bigamist and murderer. Mr Robert Audley, whose work it is to tear away the beautiful mask, is one of those acute and far-seeing individuals whom Mr Wilkie Collins has brought into fashion. He had, a little while previously, encountered in London his friend George Talboys, fresh from Australia with a fortune of L.20,000, and broken-hearted by the discovery that his wife, whom he had left in England, had died a few days before his arrival; and he takes him down for a week or ten days' fishing in the neighbourhood of Audley Court. There his friend mysteriously disappears; and shortly after, in his uncle's drawing-room, Audley discovers a slight purple mark on her ladyship's white arm, and, drawing her attention to it, fancies that the explanation given is not quite trustworthy,—that, in fact, her ladyship is telling fibs. His suspicions are aroused, and the remainder of the story consists in his efforts to bring home the murder of his friend to Lady Audley. As a matter of course, Talboys is found to be

her first husband, and equally as a matter of course, he—believed by every one to be dead, Lady Audley included, who had indeed the best reason for the supposition—turns up well and hearty at the close of the third volume. Lady Audley, when she finds that she has been foiled, confesses her guilt, explains that she is afflicted at times by fierce paroxysms of madness, and is conveyed away under Robert Audley's care to a private madhouse in Belgium, where she ultimately dies. The plot is clumsily constructed, and incredible to the last degree. The writing is slovenly and down-at-heel; and the book is stuffed with the coarsest horrors. Still *Lady Audley's Secret* possesses a certain crude unspiritual fascination, it is not without power of an uncomfortable kind, and the reader has a cruel satisfaction in seeing the beautiful wild cat driven to the wall. The authoress possesses unquestionable ability, but we hope that hereafter it will be exercised on higher objects than delineations of hateful crimes, and the remorse of a mean nature.

It is pleasant to turn from *Lady Audley's Secret*, with its thick unhealthy atmosphere of crime and madness, to the sharp, briny breezes which blow through the pages of *Thalatta*. This book, which bears no author's name on the title-page, is somewhat ambitiously entitled, a Political Romance. The title is unfortunate, because, considered as a romance, *Thalatta* cannot be held quite satisfactory. The plot is of the slightest, and the characters are not knit together in any vital relationship. It contains no startling incidents; it has no cumulative interest; it is not a book for the circulating libraries, in short. But with the class of readers who do not depend for spiritual sustenance on Mr Mudie, the book will be a favourite. It is the production of a full and thoughtful mind, and contains satirical and melancholy discourse on many men and things. The sea, with its unquiet and tremulous glitter, runs up into its chapters as it runs up into the hearts of the Highland hills. The reader is always in hearing of the surge. *Thalatta* takes you away from the noise of towns to the North—to headlands looming through the mists of twilight or morn—headlands yet wearing Norse names—to marshes skirting the sea, full of wild fowl—and to fishing villages in which life has a serious colour, for the inhabitants are pensioners on Ocean, whose moods are ever changing, and who has in his gift death as well as riches. Contrasted with this primitive northern life, we have Cabinet councils, parliamentary debate, and the battle of the clubs,—the burden of political glory, the cares of empire. The story is so slight that any indication of it would be useless; and all the more useless, that it is not as a story that the book is to be

judged. Its value consists in its discussions, its wayward digressions, its interpolated essays, its playful or melancholy commentaries on opinion and life; and to these things the story—although several separate scenes are effective, and suggest what the writer could do in the way of story-telling if he chose—is kept in abeyance, or is brought forward as an excuse for their introduction. The subjoined speculation on honour is a specimen of this writer's style and manner:—

‘Honour—what is honour? “Detraction will not suffer it to live with the living,” said Falstaff; “but does the sepulchre shut it out? Fancy being dissected and anatomized for ever—the unclean hands of critics wandering uselessly over the weary limbs that should rest for the resurrection. “He was vain, pompous, superficial; his style is rugged, turpid, inelegant; he said foolish things, that have done much hurt to men.” So the palaver goes on from one generation to another. You are spoken of as if you were a picture or a statue,—not of marble, but of mud,—and the shuttle-cock is kept flying till the day of judgment. No wonder that men should stir in their coffins, and feel that they have defrauded their ashes of the respect that is bestowed on meaner dust. I cannot doubt that the Protector envies the quiet grave wherein rests “the Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.” There they lie side by side; the brother who conquered and cast down, the brother who was wisely silent and died. Mark the contrast. No dread disturbs *his* still repose. His very name is forgotten among men; for on the tombstone which was meant, not unkindly, to perpetuate for a season his homely virtues, every letter (except only the numerals of some unknown event of birth, or marriage, or death) has been clean washed out. But even in his mutilated sepulchre the other may not rest; he is renowned, a famous, an illustrious man; one calls him a hero, another a liar and a knave; of the writing of books about him there is no end. “O that I had stayed at home,” exclaims the vexed and attenuated ghost, “and ploughed my father's acres! My eyes are heavy, but I cannot close them; I am tired to death, and yet I cannot rest. See my brother, he does not stir, nor moan, nor turn in his bed; he sleeps as well as when we lay together on our mother's lap. Oh! dear brother, waken and speak to me but once; for the night is dark and tedious, and I am sick of the generations of fools that possess the earth so long.”’

ART. VII.—*Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Rebellion of 1745.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, F.R.S.E., etc. 3 vols. 8vo. W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh and London. 1858–61.

THE ‘Domestic Annals of Scotland’ is a contribution to a class of historical works for which the literary appetite of our age shows no small craving. The days have gone by when history disdained to take notice of any one of lower station than a prime minister or a general. The tricks of diplomacy, the campaigns of armies, the conduct of sieges, are not now held to constitute the life of a nation: if we would understand what a people really have been and are, we must know their manners and customs; we must see the houses in which they lived, the roads on which they travelled, the towns where they made their markets; we must learn how they employed their time, how they were clothed, what they ate and drank, what they believed, what they hoped, what they did, and what they refrained from doing. The plays of Shakespeare and the fictions of Scott, it has been somewhat paradoxically but truly said, are truer histories than most books that bear the name. They give at least an ideal picture of life and manners, and vividly reproduce past peoples and ways—the old national life in all its manifold phases.

But information of this kind is not easily to be found. It must be hunted out in the by-paths and out-of-the-way corners of literature. The historian must dive into pamphlets and poems, into letters and diaries, into inventories and registers, in which careful housewives ‘chronicled small beer’ and other things of equally high moment; he must dwell amid the dust and debris of great libraries, poke into family charter chests, and peer into papers not looked at for centuries; and even after the materials are found, it is not every one who can use them. To most men it appears a hopeless task, out of such tangled waft and woof to weave a web on which will be fairly pictured the lives, and loves, and labours of the past. The poetical faculty is needed for such a task; but to him who is possessed of that divine gift, visions of the past will rise out of every ancient document, and in his pictured pages he will show to his delighted readers the very men and manners of a bygone time.

Mr Chambers’ work is a valuable stepping-stone to such a history. The reading public are greatly indebted to both the brothers who bear this well-known name, in their double capacity of publishers and authors. As publishers, they were among the first to understand the power of cheapness in literature; and

to their enterprise it is, in a great measure, due that treatises of a high class, both in science and letters, have been brought down to the level of the masses. To their honour, too, it must be said that in all their serials they have had scrupulous regard to morality.. No passage is to be found in them which cannot be read in the family circle. On the other hand, the systematic exclusion of religious sentiment and sympathy gives a dry, worldly tone to much of their literature, which we cannot but regard as a serious drawback. As authors, they have shown their large and varied accomplishments by their books of travels, of history, of antiquities, of almost everything under the sun. And whatever they have done, they have done creditably, never rising to the height of great authors, but always exhibiting painstaking industry, liberality of opinion, and common sense.

The 'Domestic Annals' of Scotland occupy three closely-printed large octavo volumes. They were originally designed to extend from the Reformation to the Revolution; but in the third volume the latter boundary is overstepped, and the record brought down to the Rebellion of 1745. Mr Chambers informs us in his preface, that as history had, in a great measure, confined itself to political persons and transactions, it was his ambition to detail the domestic annals of his country, to lay bare 'the series of occurrences beneath the region of history; the effects of passion, superstition, and ignorance in the people; the extraordinary natural events which disturbed their tranquillity; the calamities which affected their well-being, the traits of false political economy by which that well-being was checked; and generally those things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered, and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in their days.' In carrying out this plan, he is frequently compelled to go beyond the homestead, and record events which were transacted upon a larger stage; and, accordingly, he gives us many glimpses of the national as well as of the domestic life of our ancestors. He expresses the hope—and we think he was entitled to do so—that, from the large induction of facts which he has made, general principles may be deduced which will be of service to the political economist, the physician, the naturalist, and the divine. In truth, that must be a sorry collection of historical events which does not reveal the operation of some universal laws; for amid all the changes which are continually going on, we may always detect a repetition of the same cycles, and within these, and forming their centre, a something that is unchanging and unchangeable.

In the development of his plan, two methods were open to Mr Chambers. He might weave his materials into one continuous narrative, or he might present them in their original state, un-

connected with one another, and just as he found them in the old chroniclers from whom his book is compiled. He might polish and string his pearls, or he might set them before us in 'the rough' and in a heap. He has chosen the latter method, and we are not sorry that he has. Of course, his book wants the charm of a consecutive, well-written tale : it is fragmentary, disjointed, presenting the appearance of those pieces of patchwork of many colours in which our grandmothers delighted ; no plot unfolds itself, no tragic hero courts our applause, no catastrophe occurs ; and accordingly, many readers, after perusing a few pages, will throw it down for want of sustained and increasing interest. But to balance this, there are great compensating advantages in the plan which Mr Chambers has pursued. If his volumes are less interesting, they are more instructive. If less read by the many, they will be more frequently and more respectfully studied by the few. But besides their mere utility, they have a charm of their own. In the contemporaneous account of events there is often a freshness, a naturalness, a likeness to life, which no future historian can reproduce. By reading the very words of the old author, we often get an insight into old life which we cannot otherwise obtain. We are thus brought into the closest possible contact with the men of a past age, with their habits of thought, and their style of expression. Moreover, every one knows that when truth passes through many hands, it is generally diluted, often contaminated, sometimes entirely destroyed. It is very instructive to compare the sweeping statements in some of our popular histories with the original narratives upon which they are founded, and mark the discrepancy between them. In fact, he who would study history thoroughly must not be satisfied until he has read the contemporaneous record of every important period, and, if possible, its literature too ; and he will find this study one of the most inviting in which he can engage.

The 'Domestic Annals of Scotland,' then, pretend to be nothing more than a compilation—a miscellaneous collection of notices of old life and manners, generally given in the very words of the old authors. They are not unlike the carefully kept note-book of a studious reader of history. But though Mr Chambers has stooped to be a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, leaving it to others to rear the temple out of the materials he has gathered together, he has rendered good service to the history of his country. He has collected an immense number of stray notices, generally of a very interesting kind. He has availed himself of the latest antiquarian researches, and laid the publications of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Spalding Clubs under heavy contribution ; and those who would wish to study Scotch domestic history may now save themselves the trouble and expense of

consulting a whole library of rare books, by simply having beside them Mr Chambers' three volumes.

The 'Annals' begin at the stormy and eventful period of the Reformation, when society was seething up under the passions which that great religious struggle had evoked. Nor was the struggle over when the Parliament, in 1560, accepted the Reformed Confession, and declared it a crime to be present at a mass. A considerable proportion of the people remained attached to the ancient faith; and even those who had become Protestants found themselves unable all at once to throw off their Romish prejudices, and discontinue practices to which they had been trained from their childhood. They went in pilgrimage to famous shrines, they believed in the virtues of consecrated wells, they performed superstitious rites at births and bridals, and had wakes and dirges for the dead. Above all, they remained attached to the amusements which the ancient Church had fostered. The modern drama owes its origin to the priesthood, who were accustomed to perform plays called 'mysteries' and 'moralities,' partly for the instruction and partly for the amusement of their flocks. These plays were founded upon Bible incidents; and though they appear to us to be a burlesque upon all sacred things, and, in some cases, a horrible outrage upon both religion and morality, were yet acted in all seriousness, and generally upon a Sunday. Long after the Reformation such plays were still performed, and sometimes still upon a Sunday; for the people saw no harm in this, and petitioned the General Assembly that it might be allowed. But the Reformed ministers had now begun to entertain stricter notions of the day of rest, and forbade, on that day, the performance of plays.

The people had their own sports modelled in some measure after those of the Church, but naturally more rude and boisterous. The chief among these were rude dramatic games, called Robin Hood and Little John, the Abbot of Unreason, and the Queen of May. These games were held upon a Sunday, in the merry month of May. A grave burgher was chosen by his fellows to play the part of the English outlaw, another to personate his faithful squire: if they refused to don a fantastic dress, and 'make sports and jocosities' for the people, they were mulcted in a sum of money; if they agreed, they must represent the robbing of rich bishops, the pummelling of fat friars, and the deliverance of poor widows, in the presence of their fellows assembled on the town-common. But there were other sports, designed to give vent to a different humour. It is the nature of man to love a joke at the expense of his superiors. In the present day, *Punch* holds up for our laughter the highest and gravest personages of the realm. Three hundred years ago, our

ancestors gratified the same humour by their high jinks of the Lord of Inobedience and the Abbot of Unreason, in which the great dignitaries of the Church and State were exhibited in circumstances the most ridiculous. The women, too, must have their own amusements, for they could scarcely take part in the wild frolics of the men. They chose their Queen of May, and joining hand in hand round the trees which were just bursting into leaf, sung their glad

‘ Hey trix, trim go trix, under the greenwood tree.’

These sports were known in England as well as Scotland; and this age, which has in a great measure abjured all roystering and fun, can hardly conceive the love which the people had for them. For the day, everything else must be abandoned. The hours were sacred to fun. Bishop Latimer tells us how once, coming upon a town when it was a holiday, he could not find an audience to preach to. ‘ This is a busy day with us,’ said the people, ‘ we cannot hear you. It is Robin Hood’s day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you hinder them not.’ ‘ I was fain,’ says the bishop, ‘ to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded though I were not; but it would not serve. It was fain to give way to Robin Hood’s men.’

Even before the Reformation an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting these plays, probably because they were now employed to turn the clergy into ridicule, when they could not so well afford to be laughed at. Be this as it may, the Reformers set their face against them too, probably because they were performed on a Sunday, and did not harmonize with the growing seriousness of the age. But neither Acts of Parliament nor Acts of Assembly could put down the frolics of the people. In 1561 a riot was caused in Edinburgh by an attempt to stop a Robin Hood procession; and when one of the rioters was to be hanged, a rescue was effected by the craftsmen, who ‘ dang down the gibbet and broke it in pieces,’ ‘ dang up the Tolbooth door perforce,’ set not only the condemned man free, but all his jail companions, and finally compelled the magistrates to grant them a pardon for their outrage. In 1572, during a severe dearth, a journalist specially notes that the people comforted themselves in May with their old pastimes. Even the elders and deacons of the Reformed Church were not always able to resist the temptation to be present at the popular games; and until the close of the sixteenth century we find the Assembly complaining of the existence of the evil, and uttering its threatenings against it. The authority of the Church appears to have finally prevailed, for all such sports have long since disappeared in Scotland. In

England they lingered longer. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, James VI. and I., of facetious memory, attempted to revive them by his Book of Sports. Some of them continue still ; and the ' Queen of the May,' one of the earliest and most touching of Tennyson's poems, has invested one of them with a new interest.

The amusements of the sixteenth century would scarcely be suitable for the nineteenth. But is it not to be regretted that the ancient holidays and the ancient sports have disappeared, without any others being substituted in their place ? The age in which we live is consecrated to toil ; and though more prosperous than those which have preceded it, it is questionable if it be happier. With the mechanic it is only toil, toil for ever. The only day when the whirl of the mill ceases, and the hammer rings not on the anvil, and the shuttle flies not athwart the loom, is the one in seven, which, if sacred to rest, should be sacred also to religion. When comes the day when the artisan can don his best attire, and repair to our green fields, or steam down our noble rivers, or meet with his fellows on the common to join in some athletic game or some harmless frolic ? In the olden time the Church had her festivals, which, though nominally designed for devotion, were really used for recreation. In Roman Catholic countries it is so at the present hour. In Protestant Britain alone is there no break in the ceaselessness of labour, no oasis in the wilderness of ' work on, work on.' Why should it be so ? Why should Protestantism not do that honestly which Popery does dishonestly—give holidays to the people which will not be holy days ? There is work here for some philanthropist to do ; and when it is done, the present tendency to break in upon the sanctity of the Sabbath will be weakened, if not destroyed.

Mr Chambers enables us to trace very clearly the history and effects of some of the superstitions of the land. The belief in witchcraft was a world-wide superstition. In this matter Scotland was not wiser, nor was it less wise, than its neighbours. The cardinals and bishops who assembled at Trent, the doctors who were convened at Dort, the divines who sat at Westminster, all possessed the same unwavering faith in witches and all kinds of diablerie. The laity believed at least as firmly as the clergy ; and there is no more painful chapter in the history of human progress, than that which relates the torments and burnings to which multitudes of ill-favoured old women were subjected under the suspicion of this crime. The most curious thing is, that many of these unhappy hags believed themselves to be witches, in league with the devil, and possessed of the hellish powers which were attributed to them. The revelations which some of them made, even when not subjected to torture (though this was

applied with fearful frequency and severity), proves that they were either labouring under a singular hallucination, or that they had a strange pride in the character which was assigned to them, for which they were ready to brave the fagot and the fire. It is probable that many of the ancient witches were persons affected more or less with insanity, for we know that the peasantry to the present day regard such persons with superstitious awe. When there were no asylums, and no Lunacy Bills, every parish would have its idiot, its maniac, or at least its imbecile, sauntering about; and these, dreaded and disliked, would naturally fall under the suspicion of being the cause of the murrains that wasted the cattle and the blights that fell upon the corn.

The statute under which all the subsequent cases of witchcraft were tried, was passed in 1562. It enacted that ‘nae person take upon hand to use ony manner of witchcrafts, sorcery, or necromancy, nor give themselves forth to have ony sic craft or knowledge thereof, there-through abusing the people;’ also, that ‘nae person seek ony help, response, or consultation at ony sic users or abusers of witchcrafts . . . under the pain of death.’ This statute was not allowed to lie idle, and for nearly two centuries afterwards it was having its victims almost as regularly as the statutes against murder, robbery, and theft.

In 1576 we find a woman named Dunlop tried for witchcraft. She had been in the habit of prescribing cures for her sick neighbours, and declared she got all her knowledge from a man, Reid, who had been killed at Pinkie nearly thirty years before, who she affirmed frequently met her and conversed with her.—(Annals, vol. i., p. 107.) In all probability this was simply a case of spectral illusion; but, nevertheless, the poor woman was burned. Alison Pierson was a noted druggist, and so famed for her cures, that she at one time had the Archbishop of St Andrews under her care. She also, however, was haunted by spectres, whom she believed to be visitants from Elfhame; and so she was burned as a witch.—(Vol. i., p. 183.) But there were witches who could kill as well as cure—inflict evil as well as remove it; and most of the trials for witchcraft arose from suspicions of this kind. The years 1590–91 were famous for witch trials. Among those charged with the crime, were John Fian, schoolmaster of Prestonpans; Agnes Sampson, known as the Wise Wife of Keith; Barbara Napier, wife of an Edinburgh burgess; and Euphame M’Calyean, daughter of a judge of the Court of Session. The confession of Agnes Sampson, who is described by Archbishop Spottiswood as ‘matronlike, grave, and settled in her answers,’ is highly characteristic of the period, and worth quoting:—

‘The devil in man’s likeness,’ she declared before the Court, ‘met

her going out in the fields from her own house in Keith, betwixt five and sax at even, being her alane, and commandit her to be at North Berwick Kirk the next nicht. She passit there on horseback, conveyet by her good-son, callit John Couper, and lichtit at the kirkyard : a little before she came to it, about eleven hours at even, they dancet alangs the kirkyard. Geilie Duncan played to them on ane trump. John Fian, missolit, [masked] led all the rest ; the said Agnis and her daughter followit next, besides thir, wee Katie Gray, etc., etc., etc., etc., with the rest of their complices, above ane hundred persons, whereof there was sax men, and all the rest women. The women first made their homage, and next the men. The men were turned nine times wethershins about, and the women sax times. . . . John Fian blew up the doors and blew in the lights, whilk were like mukle black candles sticking round about the pulpit. The devil start up himself in the pulpit like ane mukle black man, and callit every man by his name ; and every ane answerit, “ Here, master.” . . . The first thing he demandit was, “ Gif they had keepit all promise and been guide servants ? ” and, “ What they had done since the last time they had convenit ? ” On his command they opened up the graves, twa within and ane without the kirk, and took off the joints of their fingers, taes, and knees, and partit them amang them ; and the said Agnes Sampson got for her part ane winding sheet and two joints, which she tint negligently. The devil commandit them to keep the joints upon them while they were dry, and then to make ane powder of them, to do evil withal. Then he commandit them to keep his commandments, whilk was to do all the evil they could.’—(Annals, vol. i., pp. 214–15.)

There is, in some points, a striking resemblance between this witch-confession and Burns’ celebrated witch-dance in the haunted kirk of Alloway. The devil, it will we observed, is not Goethe’s Mephistopheles, or Milton’s Satan, but the popular devil of the period—black, horned, and hoofed. We have a rude print of the day—the Devil Preaching to the Witches—in which he is so portrayed. At this trial King James VI. himself presided, and no doubt gathered some of the information which he afterwards embodied in his *Treatise on Demonologie*,—one of the most curious monuments of the monarch’s genius, and of the times in which he lived. The woman Sampson, with several of her accomplices, was strangled at a stake, and afterwards burned to ashes.

In the succeeding century the belief in witches was as rampant as ever. But, happily, while the country was under the domination of Cromwell, and the administration of the law in the hands of English commissioners, a check was given to the burning of them. We hear of sixty being accused at one circuit, but not one of them was condemned. Two poor wretches who had acknowledged themselves to be witches, when asked why they had done so, ‘ declared they were forced to it by the ex-

ceeding torture they were put to.' Their thumbs were tied behind their backs, and by these they were suspended in the air, and, while they hung, two Highlanders whipped them. Their backs being torn by the scourge, lighted candles were put to the soles of their feet, and between their toes; and as if this were not enough, they were next thrust into their mouth. Any one under such exquisite torture might gladly confess she was a witch, that death might come and put an end to her sufferings.

One of the most common kinds of diablerie was to have an image of the intended victim made of wax, and suspended in the chimney; and as the image slowly melted away, so, it was said, would the person it represented. In 1676-7 Sir George Maxwell of Pollok was sick, and a deaf and dumb girl affirmed that his sickness was caused by witchcraft. A boy and five women were, in consequence of this, apprehended. One of them confessed that a wax image had been made in presence of the Black Man, her mother, and the other three women. After it was made, they put it on a spit and turned it round before the fire, saying, 'Sir George Pollok, Sir George Pollok.' In consequence of this and similar confessions, and because some of the accused were said to have witch-spots upon their bodies (places insensible to pain though pricked by pins), four of the women and the boy suffered death at Paisley.

But perhaps the most famous case on record is that of Christian Shaw of Bargarran. This girl, when about eleven years of age, was seized with violent convulsions; and during these she declared that a servant, who had an ill-will at her, another woman, and the devil, were tormenting her. By-and-bye, in addition to her fainting fits and convulsions, she began to vomit or spit from her mouth, hair, cinders, straw, wool, and feathers. Sometimes, during her fits, she would point to her tormentors, reason with them, implore them to leave her, wonder why others did not see them as well as herself. Rumours of all this soon spread fast and far. The presbytery took up the case, and sent a committee of its members to observe and report. But now the wonders increased. Christian was moved through the air without touching the ground; she was lifted up to the top of the house; she was, by invisible hands, dragged down into the cellar. So serious had the matter become, that the Privy Council appointed a commission to investigate the case and try the culprits. The trial, accordingly, took place with all the forms of law. It was said to have been conducted with 'tenderness and moderation.' The declarations of Christian Shaw were read—the confessions of certain of the accused heard—witch spots were examined—evidence led; and finally six persons were found

guilty and condemned to death. Five of these were actually hanged and burned, and the sixth anticipated his fate by hanging himself in the jail.

But the days of this darkness, which made Scotland the abode of abominable cruelty, were happily drawing to a close. In 1736—but not till 1736—the ‘Act anent Witchcrafts’ was blotted from the statute book. It is doubtful if the Scotch Parliament would have done what the British Parliament did. Light had dawned upon England sooner than upon Scotland. It is certain that many of the most pious men of the day bewailed this merciful piece of legislation as a departure from the faith of the Bible. Wodrow, the historian, bemoaned himself because of it. Lord Erskine of Grange, in his place in Parliament, spoke against it. And when the Associate Presbytery, which had recently seceded from the Church under Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, issued their Judicial Testimony, they mentioned, among other sins of the time, the repeal of ‘the penal statutes against witches, contrary to the express letter of the law of God—Exod. xxii. 18—“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”’

How are we to account for these strong delusions? Is witchcraft altogether incapable of explanation? Is there no possibility of getting at the bottom of the strange stories we have told? We think enough of light is shed upon the subject by the narratives which have come down to us, to enable us to solve the mystery, in part at least, although we be not able, from want of more perfect information, to explain every particular incident in the narratives themselves. At a time when medical science can scarcely be said to have existed, and when physicians were few, many women necessarily applied themselves to the study and cure of diseases. They had their herbs, their potions, their decoctions, their charms. Some of these wise women naturally attained to greater skill than others; and some of the cures performed by them appeared to a rude age to be the result of an agency more than human. Whispers of their miraculous power would swiftly spread, and for a time these would only add to their influence, and invest them with a character of awe in the eyes of their neighbours. To many minds there would be a fascination in the supposed possession of such unearthly attributes; and probably some women, little dreaming of their future doom, encouraged the rumours rather than otherwise. So long as they were fortunate in their remedies, all would go well with them; but when sickness fell upon some one whom they were known to have a grudge at,—when his cows did not yield their usual quantity of milk,—when his mares cast their foals,—when his sheep were smothered in the snow,—suspicion would instantly point to the wise woman, and her very skill would be the strongest

evidence against her ; for it would be argued, that if she had power to heal, she must have power to hurt.

But how are we to explain the confessions made by the witches themselves,—of their visits to Elfame,—of their conferences with the devil,—of their rides through the air on a broomstick,—of their dances at deep midnight in haunted churches and on wreck-strewn shores ? First of all, it must be remembered that most of these confessions were wrung out by torture, and that many of those who had made them afterwards declared, that they were glad to say anything to escape from their tormentors. But further, we may legitimately suppose that in some cases the delusions under which the witches and wizards laboured arose from dreams and spectral illusions. Many dreams have all the vividness of reality. In very deed we seem to visit strange lands, talk with strange people, join in strange revels. In confirmation of this, we find one poor wretch who had confessed many ridiculous things, including frequent converse with the devil, afterwards declaring that he had only been in a dream. Other cases, which cannot be explained by the ordinary visions of sleep, may be explained by spectral illusions. A morbid condition either of mind or body may give rise to these. Many people at this day are haunted by spectres. They see their deceased friends rising from the ground, gliding through the room, gazing kindly upon them. The drunkard, in his fits of *delirium tremens*, sees hundreds of blue devils making all kinds of antics. The opium-eater is transported to paradise, and is visited by angels. Anything which gives an abnormal vividness to our thoughts, will cause these thoughts to be mistaken for sensations ; and so we shall see visions. Luther, after hours of intense thought, saw the devil. Old Balfour of Burleigh, driven half mad by persecution and his wild life in the hills, had frequent contests with the enemy of his soul. Those old stories, to be found in every land, both Popish and Protestant, about visits of the blessed Virgin, and carnal contests with the devil, were not always mere fables, designed to impose upon the people. The devout nun, wearied with long vigils, and half famished with scanty fare, after a night of prayer in her cell, might really behold the spectral form of the blessed Mother and Child, upon which her soul had doted. The stern Covenanter, worn out with fatigue, knowing that any hour might be his last, thoroughly believing that the tempter sometimes assumed a bodily form, after poring over his Bible for hours in the dull twilight of his cave, might lift his eyes and behold the arch-fiend confronting him. In all this there was something terribly real. It was the man's own intense thoughts which had taken this bodily form—this threatening shape ; and his wrestling was not less a fact than if it had

been with flesh and blood. Upon the same principles we can explain the visions of the weird sisterhood. Some of them, from a diseased condition of brain, were subject to ocular deceptions. Others, from being more deeply tainted than usual with the superstitions of the time,—from meditating much and long upon satanic agencies,—at last saw their own thoughts rising up before them like spectre-devils. Others, again, as we have already hinted, were probably imbeciles or monomaniacs, who mistook their own fancies for facts; and their confessions were simply the ravings of insanity.

These facts, now well known to the psychologist, will perfectly account for many of the witch confessions. Some of the other phenomena, solemnly sworn to in courts of justice, may be explained by mesmerism or electro-biology. It is certain we have allusions, in some of the narratives to be found in the 'Annals,' to stroking the head and other parts of the person of the patient, looking into their eyes, and to rigidity of the limbs. Some persons are so easily thrown into the mesmeric sleep, that cases of it must have occurred, and even the mode of inducing it have been known, long before it assumed a scientific shape. All the sciences have been preceded by the facts upon which they are founded. All discoveries have been anticipated by stray guesses at the truth. There is nothing improbable in believing that some of the witches of a bygone era earned their evil reputation by being able to throw their victims into a cataleptic state. In Christian Shaw we evidently see a case of those convulsions to which girls are subject at her period of life. The hair, feathers, and straw which she spat from her mouth, were probably the result of trickery, as it is impossible to account for them upon any natural principles.

Our astonishment at the credulity of our ancestors, and our censures of their cruelty, will be lessened, when we remember that in this year of grace fashionable audiences have been assembling in Paris and London, to witness the wonders of spirit-rapping, and that duchesses have gone home to their mansions, devoutly believing that they have had communications with the unseen world. Owen's 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World,' recently published, is perhaps the most complete collection of ghost stories in print; and it has been read and believed by thousands. What will man not believe regarding the spiritual and unseen? But, after all, these follies are but aberrations of the true light; they are superstitions growing out of religion. There is a spirit in man. There are agencies besides human at work in the world. It is only because 'this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in,' that we do not see and hear much that would fill us with wonder were the veil rent. These beliefs in witches, in ghosts, in spirit-rapping, are but diseased

growths from a well-founded conviction; they arise from the yearnings of the soul after the unseen and eternal. All but universal, let us not wonder that they were held unwaveringly by our rude ancestors, and that they linger in some Highland glens to the present hour.

Considering that Mr Chambers' volumes are entitled '*Domestic Annals of Scotland*,' we should have expected to have found in them more notices of domestic matters. We should like to have had our curiosity more largely gratified regarding the houses and household affairs of two and three centuries ago, and learned what the people ate and drank, and wherewithal they were clothed. We should like to have seen 'the lady in her pantry eating bread and honey,' or whatever else the pantry afforded: the lord in his doublet or steel corslet, in the castle or the camp. There is marvellously little of this information, considering the extent of the work; much could easily have been gathered from the poetry, inventories, and other records of the period. We shall give a few sentences to a subject so interesting.

At the time of the Reformation, and for a hundred and fifty years afterwards, we know the bulk of the people were miserably poor. The country swarmed with beggars,—not only with the old and decrepit, but with strong, masterful beggars. The houses of the peasantry were wretched hovels, and their principal food was oatmeal, coarse bannocks, and twopenny ale. In Dunbar's '*Friars of Berwick*,' which borders upon the Reformation, we have a substantial farmer's house described as consisting of but two apartments. When two begging friars arrive, they are treated to bread, cheese, and ale, and put into a garret to sleep. When the holy abbot, who is too intimate with the farmer's wife, appears, he is regaled with capons and rabbits; and the husband, who returns rather unexpectedly from a journey, has a boiled sheep's head and feet set before him (a common dish in Scotland still), while the abbot is smuggled into a cupboard. In Lindsay's '*Squire Meldrum*,' we have the worthy gentleman described as supping at the castle of the lady whom he loved, on venison, brawn, jelly, and comfitures, which were pleasantly washed down with brandy, wine, and ale. The table was spread with a fine cloth. In the comedy of *Philotus*, an extract from which is given us by Mr Chambers (*Annals*, vol. i., pp. 374–6), we get an idea of how a lady of rank ate and drank, and amused herself, toward the close of the sixteenth century. The morning begins with a cup of Malvoisie. For breakfast there is a pair of plovers, a partridge, a quail, and a cup of sack. For dinner there is 'some dainty dish of meat,' a cup or two of Muscadel, and 'some other light thing.' For supper, which was perhaps the chief meal of those days, we have 'dainty dishes dearly bought,

that ladies love to feed on.' Still the business of eating for the day was not done. The lady is recommended to take, before retiring to rest, some light collation, which will digest easily, and a glass of Rhenish wine, 'for it is cauld and clean.' The intervals between these bountiful repasts were to be filled up with dressing, walking, scolding the servants, reading, music, and gossip. The hour of dinner at that period was twelve or one o'clock, and of supper five or six.

The dress of the bulk of the people in the period between the Reformation and the Revolution, and for long afterwards, was made of coarse, home-spun and home-made woollen cloth. The young women in the sixteenth century were attired in kirtle, shift, hood, etc.; those of higher rank having a hat, hose, shoes, a tippet, and an upper gown and mantle furred and otherwise adorned. We have a country girl described as wearing a red kirtle, and brown hose, and as having her hair hanging down from under her kerchief, tastefully tied upon her head. A damsel of greater pretensions has a kirtle of scarlet cloth, a shift embroidered with silk and gold, a circlet of gold on her head, and a belt round her waist ornamented with silver. When Queen Mary came to the throne, she was accused of bringing a love for French millinery along with her; and the Reformers were very earnest that the Parliament should pass a sumptuary law to check the growing superfluity of female attire. But in this they utterly failed, and ruffles and farthingales continued to be the fashion of the day. The nobles and gallants of the time rivalled the splendour of their ladies, for they wore on great occasions jackets of velvet, and sometimes even of cloth of gold, with breeches, hose, boots, hat or bonnet, and sword. The dress of the Highlands has always been different from that of the Lowlands; but it has lately been disputed whether the kilt can be traced further back than last century. We think there can be no doubt but that it has been the dress of the clansman from time immemorial, though the chief early learned to invest himself in the breeches of the South. Walter Taylor, the water poet, who visited Scotland in 1618, tells us he was present at a great Highland gathering and hunt at Braemar,—that he and the many noblemen who were present were invested with the costume of the country; and that this costume consisted of 'shoes with one sole a-piece, stockings which they call short hose, made of warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan. As for breeches,' he continues, 'many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with flat blue caps on their heads;—

the very dress of the Highlander of the present day.—(See *Annals*, vol. i., p. 496.)

From the extension of commerce, the operation of free trade, and the millions of bushels of grain which are annually poured into our ports from all the corn-growing countries of the world, we are now happily safe from those terrible famines which afflicted our forefathers. These dearths came periodically, with something approaching to regularity in their intervals, and were almost invariably followed by a pestilence. The following notices, scattered over the two first volumes of the '*Annals*,' will show their periodicity. In 1563 there was a dearth, and the wheat rose to L.6, and the oats to L.2, 10s. per boll. In 1568 there was again a dearth, followed by a pestilence which, in Edinburgh alone, cut off 2500 people, probably a tenth of the whole population. The year 1574 was wet and cold, and consequently there was dearth and pestilence. In 1577 there is said to have been the severest famine within the remembrance of any one then living. Meal rose to 6s. the peck, ale to 10d. the pint. It was attended by a 'great sickness.' In 1586 there was dearth again, and 'great death of people from hunger.' In October and November 1595, wheat and malt rose to L.10 the boll, and in the following spring prices rose higher still. In 1598 the wheat was blasted, the oatmeal rose to 6s. the peck, and there was 'ane great deid amang the people.' In 1600 there was both famine and plague. In 1612 there was a severe drought, the harvest was miserably bad, and wheat rose to L.10 the boll. In 1616, in 1622, and in 1623, there were famine and famine prices. Owing to very tempestuous weather in 1633, the corn in Orkney and Caithness had not filled in the ear; a boll of oats, in some cases, not giving a peck of meal. In the following spring a third of the land lay fallow for want of seed to sow it with; and as the summer approached, the scarcity ripened into a desolating famine. 'Multitudes die in the open fields, and there is none to bury them,' said the bishops in a supplication to the Privy Council, 'but where the minister goeth forth with his man to bury them where they are found. The ground yields them no corn, and the sea affords no fishes to them, as it was wont to do. The picture of death is seen in the faces of many. Some devour the sea-ware, some eat dogs, some steal fowls. Of nine in a family, seven at once died, the husband and wife expiring at one time. Many were reduced to that extremity that they were forced to steal, and thereafter are executed, and some have desperately run into the sea and drowned themselves.' A truly pitiable picture! In 1635 there were dearth and disease. In 1639 there were frosts and snows in seed-time, and bad weather in harvest-time, and consequently a scanty crop. The

years 1642 and 1643 were stormy and ungenial, and consequently meal and malt rose to L.9 and L.10 the boll. The pest came in 1644. In 1649 there was a cold dry spring, and the dearth was so great that wheat rose to L.17 the boll, and oats to L.12. In 1650 and 1651 the famine increased rather than abated. In 1655 there was continuous frost from February till the middle of April, and long-continued rains in harvest, and consequently a dearth. Thus, within a century, we have notices of twenty famines, being one every five years.

The prices given above are in Scotch money, which is only one-twelfth of the value of sterling money; but at the time of the Reformation, and for a considerable period afterwards, Scotch money had as great a purchasing power as sterling money has now. In other words, the L.1 Scotch then was of as great value as the L.1 sterling is now. We learn from the Books of Assignations and Assumptions, that the average price of grain at that period was about 20 merks per chalder, or 16s. 8d. per boll, Scots money. How fearful to the poor must have been the change when it rose to 50s., 60s., and even 80s. ! when we know that in our own day a rise from 20s. to 30s. inflicts terrible privations upon the working classes. The value of money gradually fell, as is evident from the famine prices gradually increasing; but we know that, while oats were sold in 1649 at L.12 the boll, and wheat at L.17, and in 1650 still dearer, in 1653 and 1654 the same grains were sold at L.4 and L.3, 4s. respectively, equal to 6s. 8d. and 5s. 4d. of sterling money. The price, therefore, had quadrupled under the pressure of scarcity. It is amusing, and yet instructive, to read the complaints of the Privy Council, in these periods of scarcity, against dealers hoarding up the grain, and their imperative orders to all to have their crops immediately thrashed and sold at certain regulated prices. Had it been possible to have carried out these orders, the famine might have been mitigated for a time, but it would be only to return with tenfold violence. The exportation of grain was punished by the censures of the Church, as well as by fines and imprisonment on the part of the magistrate. In short, free trade was unknown, and sumptuary laws vainly struggled against the operation of the great law of supply and demand.

Some of the notices which we have regarding the ancient scarcity of beef in Scotland are very curious. Thus, when James was about to revisit—‘from a salmon-like instinct’—his native country in 1616, proclamation was made that ‘beasts should be fed in every place, that there might be abundance of flesh when the King came to the country;’ and some of the burghs which the monarch was to visit appear to have had great difficulty in

making suitable preparation, and getting a few nolt fattened for the occasion. The magistrates represented that there was no butcher in their town, and that the fodder which they had carefully collected might be consumed before the beef had become prime; and they knew the King was fond of eating and drinking of the best since he had gone to the bountiful South. Before we laugh at the difficulty of providing a stalled ox, fit even for a king, we must remember that in those days turnip husbandry was unknown, and that the farmer slew his 'mart' at Martinmas, after it came from the summer's grass, and left the rest of his cattle to struggle through the winter as they best could. Those which survived were scarcely fit for food in spring, and accordingly Acts of Parliament forbade the slaughter of cattle during Lent, when they had reached their utmost leanness; policy thus perpetuating an abstinence from flesh which had begun in superstition. Knox, on one occasion, complains that Queen Mary had indulged in so much banqueting as to have caused a scarcity of wild fowls; but we must attribute this to the spleen of the Reformer, who could never bring himself to love his Roman Catholic Queen.

It is pleasant, amid the bigotry and barbarism of the seventeenth century, to light upon a name illustrious for science. In 1614, Napier of Merchiston published his work on Logarithms,—the first great contribution to the science of numbers furnished by Scotland, if we except the somewhat fabulous achievements of Joannes Sacrobosco. It instantly attracted the attention of Henry Briggs, lecturer on mathematics at Oxford, and perhaps the best English mathematician of his day, who published an English translation of it, and visited Napier at Merchiston in the following year. The principles unfolded by the baron of Merchiston are universally allowed to have paved the way to many of our greatest astronomical discoveries, and to some of the marvellous feats performed by figures. But Napier, though a pioneer of science, was not exempt from the superstitions of his time. On one occasion we find him entering into a contract with Logan of Restalrig, to make search in his tower of Fast Castle for a pot of money which was said to be there hid. He was by 'all craft and ingyne' to endeavour to find the hoard, by which is probably meant that he was to use the divining rod, the magic numbers, and other methods in vogue with the magi of the time, which, as Mr Chambers well observes, 'throws a curious light on the state of philosophy even in the minds of the ablest philosophers of that age, the time when Tycho kept an idiot on account of his gift of prophecy, and Kepler perplexed himself with the "*Harmonius Mundi*."'—(Vol. i., p. 257.) The inventor of logarithms appears to have had not only the genius, but the fire

and spirit, which has distinguished so many of his illustrious successors. It is strongly suspected he did not find the gold, and accordingly quarrelled with Logan; and he carried the quarrel so high, that in letting a piece of ground shortly afterwards, he made it a condition that it should not be sublet to any one who bore the odious name. A few years afterwards we find him engaged in a hot dispute with the Napiers of Edinbellie about the tiends of Merchiston, and threatening to assemble his armed vassals, so that the Privy Council had to interfere, and soothe the irate baron. Long before his invention of logarithms, he had shown his bellicose genius by the invention of different means of destroying an enemy. 'One was a mirror like that of Archimedes, which should collect the beams of the sun, and reflect them concentredly in one mathematical point for the purpose of burning the enemy's ships. Another was a similar mirror to reflect artificial fire. A third was a kind of shot for artillery, not to pass lineally through an enemy's host, destroying only those that stand in its way, but which should "range abroad within the whole appointed place, and not departing furth of the same till it had executed its whole strength, by destroying those that be within the bounds of the said place." The fourth and last was a closed and fortified carriage to bring harquebussiers into the midst of an enemy.'—(Vol. i., p. 272.) The third invention, it was calculated, could destroy 20,000 Turks without the hazard of a single Christian. These speculations will appear doubly interesting to a generation which has made such progress in the discovery of formidable weapons of war, though it has not yet found out any gun that will shoot in the manner described by the laird of Merchiston. He thought it right to let his contrivances die with him, as 'for the ruin and overthrow of man there were too many devices already framed;' but he left behind him a race of heroes more destructive than any of them to the enemies of his country.

The following notices are curiously illustrative of the state of medical science exactly two hundred years ago (1662), and of the ingenious methods resorted to, to make physic palatable to the people:—

'Jon Ponthus, a German, styling himself professor of physic, was in Scotland for the third time, having previously paid professional visits in 1633 and 1643. His proceedings afford a lively illustration of the state of medical science in our island, and of the views of the public mind regarding what is necessary to a good physician. Erecting a stage on the High Street of Edinburgh, he had one person to play the fool, and another to dance on a rope, in order to attract and amuse his audience. Then he commenced selling his drugs, which cost eighteen pence per packet, and Nicoll allows that

they “proved very good and real.” Upon a great rope, fixed from side to side of the street, a man “descended upon his breast, his hands loose and stretched out like the wings of a fowl, to the admiration of many.” Most curious of all, the “chirurgeons of the country, and also the apothecaries, finding their drugs and recipes good and cheap, came to Edinburgh from all parts of the kingdom and bought them,” for the purpose of selling them again at a profit. “Thir plays and dancings upon the rope continued the space of many days, whose agility and nimbleness was admirable to the beholders, ane of these dancers having danced seven score times at a time without intermission, lifting himself and vaulting six quarter heigh above his ain head, and lighting directly upon the tow, as punctually as gif he had been dancing upon the plain-stanes.”—Nicoll. The quack subsequently exhibited in like manner at Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Cupar, and St Andrews.—(Vol. ii., pp. 295–6.)

We have notices of other German and Italian physicians visiting Scotland about the same period, and attracting the crowd by similar feats of dexterity. Happily rope-dancing and physicking are separated in our day.

But we now gladly turn our back upon these vestiges of past barbarism, and proceed to trace the first beginnings of our present civilisation. In nothing has greater progress been made than in the means of locomotion. In the sixteenth century, Scotland had no roads fit for wheeled carriages. The roads which stretched between the great towns were in some parts no better than quagmires, and in others so rough that neither vehicle nor passenger could have survived the jolting of a journey over them. Even in 1630, we find the first four miles of the great road from Edinburgh to London—which should be good, if any in the country was so—described as being in so wretched a state, that travellers were in danger of their lives from their coach overturning, their horses falling, or their carts breaking down. In truth, all the roads in Scotland at this period, and for a century afterwards, must have been like those referred to on the obelisk at Fort William which records the road-making triumphs of General Wade:—

‘Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.’

Besides these highways, there were many bridle-paths intersecting the country, affording guidance at least to pack-horses and foot passengers, but not even designed for the rudest vehicle. When a person, therefore, wished to make a journey, he must get into the saddle, or trust to the strength of his limbs. We have cases, however, in which journeys were made upon horseback with extraordinary rapidity. The moment Queen

Elizabeth breathed her last, on the morning of Thursday the 24th of March 1603, a young courtier sprang into his saddle, and on Saturday night he was in Holyrood House, kneeling before James, and saluting him as King of England, France, and Ireland,—probably the most rapid journey from London to Edinburgh before the two capitals were joined by a railway.

Coaches came into our country from France with Queen Mary. There was no such vehicle awaiting her arrival at Leith, and she made her entry into her capital riding on a palfrey. Lord Seaton, who accompanied her from France, is said to have introduced the first carriage into Scotland. The Regent Morton had the second. They were not used in England earlier; but soon the nobility in both countries began to regard them as a necessary part of their state, and to drive about in them, to the great admiration of all beholders. So early as 1610, an effort was made to establish a public conveyance between Edinburgh and Leith. A native of Pomerania undertook to provide horses, coaches, and waggons, and a monopoly of the road was secured to him; but the project appears to have failed, and was abandoned. Forty years later, there was a stage-coach on the road between Edinburgh and London. It went once in the three weeks; fresh horses were provided at convenient stages; the journey occupied seven or eight days, and the fare was L.4, 10s. In 1667, an enterprising merchant started a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, being encouraged to do so by a liberal subsidy from both the municipalities; but the enterprise does not appear to have succeeded; for, sixty-six years afterwards, we find a new project on foot, to start a coach with six horses, to convey six passengers between the two cities, twice a-week in summer, and once in winter. This undertaking also failed; and it was not till 1758 that a regular conveyance was established between the eastern and western capitals, occupying twelve hours on the road. Thirty years afterwards, by means of lighter coaches, better horses, and improved roads, the time was greatly reduced. In 1799 it was accomplished in six hours; and before the railway was opened in 1842, spanking steeds wheeled the citizens along over splendid roads from city to city in four hours and a half. Up to the time of the Revolution the progress of improvement had been very slow; but, after that great event, it went on with an ever increasing pace. A traveller to Scotland in 1688 declares that the roads were so bad, that stage-coaches could not pass along them; and that hence even the gentry, both men and women, were compelled to make their journeys on horseback. The great lords, he adds, sometimes travelled in a coach and six; but in that case they had, besides their other attendants, a lusty running footman on each side of

the coach, to keep it up at the rough parts of the road. During the following century, effort after effort was made to improve the roads and start public conveyances; and though the undertakings failed at first, they ultimately succeeded; and now we can scamper along highways as smooth as a bowling-green, or pass from one part of the country to the other in our railway trains with the speed of the wind.

The post is now one of the great institutions of the country; and it is very interesting to trace it back to its beginning—rising like a little rill among the mountains, and gradually swelling till it becomes a mighty river, bearing on its bosom the secrets, the sorrows, and the wants of the whole community. During the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth, there was no regular system of postage in Scotland. Some of the large towns, however, kept an officer called the common-post, who was employed in carrying the messages of the magistrates and burgesses. When a message was to be sent to a distance, a special messenger must needs be employed. On the great roads, however, post-horses were to be found at regular stages; and the post-boys were frequently employed to forward letters. In 1635 a regular letter-post was established for the first time between London and Edinburgh. The letters were carried on horseback once or twice a week, and dropped, as addressed, at the different towns on the way. There is a tradition that, on one occasion, only one letter arrived at the northern metropolis. In 1649 a postal communication was opened up between Edinburgh and Portpatrick, and from thence letters were despatched to Ireland. About twenty years afterwards a regular postal communication was opened up to Aberdeen and Inverness; and gradually the system was extended, till it embraced all the considerable towns in the country. On some of the main roads the letter-bags were carried on horses; but on the great majority, and even where the distances were long, foot-runners were employed. Disasters were continually occurring. On one occasion the London post was robbed by footpads when within a mile of Edinburgh; on another occasion the post-boy and his bags were lost together in the Tyne; on a third, the carriers, who were to exchange their bags when they met about half-way, made some mistake, and the London letters came back again after being absent for a week. These incidents appear passing strange to this generation, accustomed to the despatch, the speed, and the perfect regularity with which hundreds of thousands of letters are daily dispersed over the whole kingdom.

The growth of trade in Scotland is almost as curious as that of the post-office. At the epoch of the Reformation, the manufactures were few and rude, and confined to the barest necessities

of life. A miserable commerce, chiefly with the Netherlands, was carried on—the principal exports being hides and wool. Even a century afterwards—in 1658—when Cromwell was dominant in Scotland, the whole custom duties of Leith amounted to only L.2335; of Aberdeen to L.573; of Glasgow to L.554. In 1862 the customs levied at Glasgow alone amounted to nearly a million of money. It was not till after the Revolution, when the religious dissensions of the country were quieted, and additional security given to property, that the mercantile spirit exhibited signs of growing strength. But immediately after this truly memorable event we have symptoms of improvement. Before the seventeenth century closed we have manufactories for linen and woollen goods, for cutlery, for glass, for sugar, established upon a scale which the country had never previously witnessed. The eighteenth century opened upon the great Darien expedition—the first and most disastrous enterprise of the kind which Scotland has experienced. The union with England worked a great change, cutting off old channels of commerce, but opening up others infinitely better. The Scotchman could no longer have his bottle of Bourdeaux and his glass of brandy untaxed, except through the dexterity of the smuggler; but ships left the Clyde laden with the produce of Scottish looms, to return from Barbadoes and Virginia freighted with sugar and tobacco—the first elements in the commercial greatness of Glasgow. The progress of prosperity is clearly marked by the growth of the revenue. Previous to the Union, the customs of Scotland were farmed for L.30,000 per annum, and the excise for L.35,000: a century later, the excise alone amounted to nearly two millions. Since that period the progress of trade and commerce has been greater still; and now the long lines of noble ships which crowd the wharfs of Leith, Dundee, Greenock, and the Broomielaw, discharging the produce of every quarter of the globe, and the incessant whir of a machinery which supplies millions of the human family with clothing, are a marvellous contrast to the few sloops which two centuries ago traded with Flanders, and the thrifty housewife's spinning-wheel, which spun lint according to the needs of the household.

Banks followed in the wake of trade. A few years after the Bank of England had been designed by a Scotchman, the Bank of Scotland was organized by an Englishman. In Edinburgh it flourished from the first; but branch-offices, which it attempted to establish at Glasgow, Montrose, Dundee, and Aberdeen, utterly failed, and in these towns, for a considerable time afterwards, the banking business remained in the hands of prosperous shopkeepers. The same individual sold sugar, tobacco, and woollen goods, and dealt in bills of exchange. The merchant in

the Grassmarket, who had a reputation among his fellow-citizens of being a man of substance, at his counter in the back shop, took in money at interest, gave it out on loan, discounted bills, bought sugar-house notes, and otherwise transacted the small banking business of the community, as is the case in many parts of Europe at the present day. In 1727 the Royal Bank came into existence, when as yet England had only one bank, and people predicted nothing but disaster from the rivalry of the two. But their prophecies proved false, and slowly the joint-stock banking system was extended to every large town in the kingdom.

The immense mass of materials furnished us by Mr Chambers tempts us to go on ; but we must have done. We have purposely refrained from saying anything regarding the religious history of Scotland, as that, unfortunately, is as much as ever a bone of contention. We cannot, however, refrain from remarking that Mr Chambers has betrayed a worse than want of sympathy with the Presbyterian Church of his country. Every act of intolerance and bigotry of which it has been guilty is carefully chronicled, while there is an almost entire silence regarding the cruel sufferings it has endured, and the heroic virtues it has developed. It is true there is much in the presbytery of the seventeenth century which appears unamiable, harsh, and domineering to the man of the nineteenth century ; but it inherited these in a great measure from its Roman mother,—it had them in common with the other churches of the period,—and its very fanaticism was almost rendered necessary by the persecutions to which it was exposed. Toleration is a growth of very modern date, and let us thankfully acknowledge that we owe it in a large measure to the Independents and Quakers.

A continuous and almost unchecked progress may be traced during the whole two centuries embraced by the Annals. At first it was very slow, for the tyranny of the Crown and the struggles of the people stood in its way ; but after the union of the kingdoms it became more rapid and decisive. When the 'Annals' begin, we have the mail-clad baron, dwelling in his keep, leading his band of marauding and murdering vassals to devastate some neighbour's lands, drawing his sword and stabbing his enemy in the streets of the capital, and perhaps in the presence of his king, hanging his gillies according to his own good pleasure ;—when they end, we see the last great rebellion put down, the chieftains deprived of their heritable jurisdictions, and the might of the law made to be felt in every part of the kingdom. When they begin, the people were in profound ignorance, few could read, fewer could write ; for the Reformation, notwithstanding the great impulse which it gave to thought, at first destroyed

the means of education rather than increased them, and the greed of the barons hindered the noble plan of the Reformers, to attach a school to every church;—when they close, we find a school in every parish, and boys already coming from these, the sons of peasants, but destined to make their country respected for intelligence, energy, and enterprise in every quarter of the world. When they begin, there were few manufactures, little commerce, profound poverty; when they end, the seeds were already sown of the gigantic trade and abounding prosperity of the present day.

But though an impetus had been given, the motion was still slow. There has been more progress during the last fifty years than there had been for six centuries before. All the great improvements of social and domestic life are quite modern. The present generation has seen our cities illuminated with gas—our rivers and oceans ploughed by steam-ships—our whole land intersected by railroads. It has beheld the wonders of the telegraph and photography. It has seen the comforts, the conveniences, and the luxuries of life multiplied ten-fold. Is this progress to go on with still increasing speed, or must there be a limit to it? Will some future century, from its higher pinnacle of perfection, wonder at our vaunts of civilisation, as we wonder at the boastful way in which the classic Buchanan speaks of the refinement of his age? Or must all modern, like all ancient civilisation, have a period of progress, of culmination, and decline?

After all, gas and steam, telegrams and photograms, though they may affect the civilisation, do not form the life-blood of a people. A people may be great, good, and happy without them. There were undoubtedly noble-minded men and women before there were railroads; there were wisdom, and worth, and piety, warm hearts and merry firesides, so long as three hundred years ago. It were a pity we should think that all goodness was born with us, and forget those rare virtues which distinguished even a ruder race. At the same time, the people of Scotland may justly congratulate themselves that, with the growth of their material prosperity, there has been a corresponding advancement in religion and morals; and while foolish boasting on their part may not be convenient, and only fit to call forth sharp rebukes, they may well feel proud of their past history and their present condition. It is seldom so small a people plays so conspicuous a part.

ART. VIII.—*Historical Theology: A Review of the Principal Doctrinal Discussions in the Christian Church since the Apostolic Age.* By the late WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, D.D., Principal and Professor of Church History, New College, Edinburgh. Edited by his Literary Executors. In 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1862.

FOR a theological treatise, this book has a remarkable degree of interest. Such, we are persuaded, must be the impression of every one who reads any considerable portion of it. It is a theological book throughout, and nothing else. Its business is theology; and the business is done in a thoroughly business-like style. The theologian has a work before him, to explain and vindicate his theology. And he never, for a moment, or a page, loses sight of his object. And yet, even the general reader will not find it dry. We believe it to be, at the present time, the book for the laity, even more than for the clergy, if they wish to know 'the lie of the land'—to have an exact and intelligible map of the route which is to be traversed by any one who would know the course which the truth has had to run, in its contest with error, from the beginning of the Gospel until now.

The work is very peculiar. It is not a history of the Church. It is not even a history of doctrines. It is, one might say, almost like a sort of hybrid between Church History and Systematic Theology, of both of which departments the author was professor. The editors have given it the best title they could. But the difficulty of giving it a right title only shows the value, as well as the novelty, of the plan on which the lectures are composed.

The full value of that plan, however,—so far at least as his students, and the discharge of his duty towards them, were concerned,—can be but very inadequately apprehended by those who did not enjoy the benefit of actual attendance on Dr Cunningham's classes. For it should be understood that he usually lectured, in each of his two classes, only three days a week. The intervening two days in each class were, for the most part, devoted, the one to examinations or conversational explanations, and the other, partly to the reading of extracts from books,—but chiefly to talk about books,—or to the giving of a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the books bearing on the topics of the lectures. We have reason to know that the weekly hour spent, in each class, in this last sort of exercise, was considered by the students to be not the least precious of the whole. And we cannot but regret that no adequate record of his teaching at these hours is, or is likely to be, forthcoming.

But the lectures are complete in themselves. The student might desiderate something more in the way of guidance through the processes which lead to the results announced. And even the general reader may feel the want of scriptural references and scriptural proofs; or, at any rate, of such directions as might enable him to find them for himself. But if he is at all familiar with his Bible, he will not be, for the most part, much at a loss. He will often feel as if a confused mist were cleared away, that had made wellknown texts and passages of Scripture all but a blank to him. And the real state of the question being explained,—the atmosphere being, as it were, cleared and calmed by the reducing of a stormy controversy to its original elements of misstatement and misunderstanding,—old familiar Bible sayings will suggest themselves to his mind, as if rescued from a chaotic cloud, and instinct with light again.

This, we think, expresses as nearly as may be, the peculiar service rendered by Dr Cunningham to theology and to the religion of the Bible. It is a most seasonable service; and he was pre-eminently the man to render it. His whole mental constitution fitted him for it. He was a very *helluo librorum*,—a glutton of books. He read everything theological; and he remembered everything he read. But his reading and recollection never involved him in the minute intricacies and details of argument or discussion. These he rather shunned. It was his instinct to do so. His taste lay in the direction of drawing general conclusions. His vast, varied, and minutely accurate erudition made it safe for him to indulge that taste; and he did so, perhaps, occasionally too much. The temptation, or tendency, was so far warranted, by the extent of his knowledge on every point he handled being all but exhaustive, and its correctness being beyond challenge. That was his power; and it was also, we may say, in some sense, 'his infirmity.' He was apt to assert more than he proved, more than he undertook at the time to prove, but not more than he believed he could prove. And therefore he often thought it enough to say that what he stated was capable of proof, without actually adducing the proof, but not without indicating, for the most part, the line in which the proof lay.

These idiosyncrasies or peculiarities of authorship appear very conspicuously in the work now before us. Indeed, to estimate the lectures rightly and fully, in a theological point of view, the author's thorough and minutely accurate acquaintance with the whole field over which he walks must be assumed. For there is no display of learning in the book; nor is there any such argumentative discussion of controversies as might have brought out incidentally, and yet adequately, the possession without the display. The book must be taken for what it is worth; as giving

results, with a key to the processes which lead to them, rather than as giving the actual processes themselves.

It may not be amiss here to specify the special points in which Dr Cunningham excelled as a logician. His power in that capacity did not lie in disputation, or the mere fence of debate, but in such pre-eminent qualities as the following :—

First and foremost, he was a perfect master in ‘stating the question.’ The ‘*status quæstionis*’ was his own favourite phrase in controversy. He always set himself, in the first place, to adjust the state of the question ; and he did so with consummate tact. His statement of a question was often, in fact, the settlement of it. Indeed, but for his full and exact knowledge, and his transparent honesty in the use and application of his knowledge, his power of settling in this way any question, through the mere stating of it, might have become, if he had been unscrupulous, the weapon of a consummate sophist. There was no risk of that, however, in his case. He aimed, in singleness of eye, at the right adjustment of ‘the state of the question,’ purely and simply by itself, as a mere matter of logical arrangement. And he had a wonderful power of disentangling the precise ‘state of the question,’ in each case, out of the misrepresentations, ambiguities, and extraneous, collateral, but irrelevant side-currents, in which it is the interest of unfair disputants, and the tendency of half-informed ones, to involve it. He wielded a sort of Ithuriel spear, to detect and discard all foreign trappings, and bring every question, naked and bare, to stand the test of a reasonable appeal to the Word of God.

We use the words advisedly, ‘a reasonable appeal ;’ for another peculiarity of Dr Cunningham’s logic in theology is to be noted. Whatever may have been his dislike and avoidance of mere dialectic sword exercise, he never failed to survey the field of battle, and indicate the position of the respective forces. In doing so, he was fair to his opponents and to their positions. He might not always appear to be so ; for he spoke strongly, as he felt strongly. He often used language very unmeasured ; and thus he did injustice to himself, by creating a prejudice as if he was doing injustice to his adversary. Perhaps he was somewhat deficient in the power of putting himself, feelingly as well as logically, in his adversary’s place, and looking at the question from his adversary’s point of view. A disciple of the ethical school of Adam Smith, imbued with the spirit of his Theory of Moral Sentiments, might have had more capacity of sympathy with men honestly thinking differently from himself, and might, in consequence, have used softer language in describing their opinions. But he could scarcely have described them, as to their real substance, more fairly or correctly. It is rarely indeed that Dr

Cunningham can be found tripping in his statement of the different views held on any topic, and the different lines of argument by which their advocates support them.

There is yet another logical virtue to be noted in Dr Cunningham. He is careful to relegate objections to their right place. He does not begin with objections; he does not parade them in the forefront. He insists first on the exact state of the question being clearly and accurately put; and next, on the positive proofs on either side, whether from reason or from Scripture, being fairly considered, weighed, and balanced. Then, having ascertained the preponderance of evidence in favour of one or other of the conflicting views, he opens the way for the fair consideration of difficulties, as difficulties. The opposite method is one which a partial and disingenuous reasoner, whether consciously so or not, is but too apt to adopt. It is very prejudicial to the calm and candid search after truth. Obviously the first thing to be done, in dealing fairly with any question, either of polemical divinity or of historical criticism, is to take up and dispose of the positive evidence that bears upon it. Let the dogma, or the alleged fact, that is under examination,—or on its trial, as it were, and its defence,—have the direct and proper proofs on its behalf duly stated and weighed, before we call for objections and difficulties, to see if they can be answered or explained. Let the interrogation in chief take precedence, and then let the witnesses be cross-examined. To reverse this order is to pervert justice and confuse the cause.

We have a notable example of this false method in Bishop Colenso's way of treating the Pentateuch. He would not only, in the first instance, raise, but actually and finally settle, the whole question of its historical authenticity and trustworthiness, upon the mere consideration of minute points of detail, as to which he thinks he detects certain inconsistencies and improbabilities. On the strength of these, apparently, he is prepared at once to ignore and set aside all the accumulated mass of evidence, external and internal, which the facts of Jewish history, the succession of prophets, and the contents of the books themselves afford; as well as also the direct and explicit testimony of our Lord and His apostles; and to acquiesce ultimately, if needful, in the cold abstractions of natural religion. The procedure is as illogical as it is irreverent and indecent. It is a flagrant instance of the sophism, *ὕστερον προτερον*, or putting the cart before the horse. In fair play, the Pentateuch is entitled to the advantage of having its positive claims to credibility first brought forward and fully stated, especially the claim founded on the recognition of it by Him whom the Bishop has not ceased to own as the Son of God. Then let his formidable minute criticisms

be by all means marshalled in all their force. Let old solutions be torn in pieces. Let it be admitted even that in many cases no altogether satisfactory solutions can, at this distance of time, and in our altered circumstances, be suggested. And then let the question be honestly asked, if these unsolved, and, if you will, insoluble, arithmetical, or physical, or economical problems, occurring in writings of so old a date, which have confessedly suffered from the lapse of time, are really sufficient to overturn and outweigh the entire body of positive proof which has been previously built up on their behalf.

Such is an illustration of a sort of false reasoning or vicious logic against which Dr Cunningham was always scrupulously on his guard, and against which he never ceased anxiously to warn his students. In every controversy which he states and discusses, he is most careful to put in the forefront the direct scriptural argument, as that which must first be thoroughly canvassed. Objections are to be considered afterwards; and they are to be considered as what they really are, objections merely, and not proofs. How far they are such as to constrain us to modify the result to which the direct scriptural argument has apparently been pointing, or to fence and guard it by greater fulness or precision of statement;—how far they are capable of answer and refutation, or may be set aside as irrelevant, or may be shown to apply to both sides of the question, and to be inherent in the subject itself;—above all, how far the strict demands of logic require us to go in discussing and disposing of them;—these are the points to be settled, in regard to objections, as objections;—and these alone.

On the last point, especially, Dr Cunningham was accustomed strenuously to insist, that, resting always on the positive scriptural argument, we should not attempt to do more in the way of replying to an objection, or dealing with a difficulty, than the rigid rules of exact reasoning require. He could not well insist on it too strongly; for it is a vital point, a canon of first importance in the logic of theology. The neglect of it has often weakened the defence of the truth. The assailant thus draws the defender down from his citadel, if not into an ambushade, at least into some desultory skirmish that has no real effect on the position to be maintained. The impregnable heights are abandoned for doubtful manœuvring in a marshy plain. The defender had better restrain and deny himself, and be content with repelling the attack, without allowing himself to be carried too far in pursuit, or to be tempted to act on the offensive. The objector's end is often, to a large extent, gained, when in meeting him we try to do more than is absolutely necessary, in fair logical discussion, for our case. For he holds us committed now to satisfy

him to an extent to which he is not entitled to ask that he shall be satisfied. We undertake to explain more than we are at all called upon to explain. We extend, so as to weaken, our line of battle. Our safety lies in modesty, not in presumption ; in our not seeking or assuming to be wise above what is written ; to defend more than God's Word requires us to defend, or to explain more than it enables us to explain.

For it is this which really lies at the root of Dr Cunningham's vast power as a logical theologian—his profound reverence for the authority of Holy Scripture, and his thorough determination to subordinate and subject all his reasonings to its simple teachings. Never man brought his reason more boldly and fearlessly to bear upon the Word of God, and upon all human systems as ultimately to be tested by an appeal to that Word, rationally studied and interpreted. But never man bowed with more implicit submission before the sacred volume ; peremptorily refusing to be led into any inquiries into which he could not carry it as a light to his feet and a lamp to his path ; and with equal peremptoriness refusing to accept anything that could not be shown to be either expressly set down in Scripture, or by good and necessary consequence deducible from Scripture ; refusing also to abstain from accepting anything that, in either of these ways, could be ascertained and established as taught in Scripture.

It is of course impossible to give, within our brief space, anything like an adequate view of the contents of these volumes ; and we do not mean to attempt any such hopeless task. All, or nearly all, the topics usually handled in a course of systematic theology come under review, and are exhibited in the light of the successive controversies which have led to their assuming the forms they now have in the symbolic books of the churches. We have not, indeed, a history of controversies, or even of the literature of controversies. Dr Cunningham was fully equal to both of these subjects, as he often showed in his less elaborate prelections, as well as on various public occasions, and in his reviews of books. He might have given in detail the facts connected with the most prolonged and complicated controversy, and canvassed all the voluminous authorship called forth by it. The present work abounds in specimens of his ability to do so. He was, in fact, thoroughly at home in dealing with men and their writings ; with events, and their dates, circumstances, and bearings. But his plan led him rather to avoid particulars. It is, we must remind our readers, a plan somewhat peculiar and novel. He does not write either as a dogmatic divine or a church historian ; but as something between the two, compounded of both. What was the precise point in dispute ? What were the different opinions held and taught regarding it ? How are they to be

fairly put against one another? On what principles is the decision to turn? And what, upon the whole, may be fairly held to be the result? These, in substance, are the questions which he undertakes to answer, or to furnish the materials for answering. We need not scruple to say that the answer is generally favourable to the views held by the religious body to which the author belonged. He is a staunch defender of the Westminster standards, or of Calvinism in doctrine and Presbyterianism in church government. But it would be uncandid on that account to characterize this work as sectarian. It is, on the contrary, imbued throughout with a truly catholic spirit, and breathes feelings of generous sympathy with whatever is true and good in any church or individual, in any system or society. He does full justice to those near approximations to soundness in the faith which are often exhibited by right-hearted followers of Christ, who feel better than they reason, and are really more 'with us' than their position or their prejudice will allow them to think. Popish Jansenists and Arminian Methodists are evidently held in warm esteem. And as regards his own side of every question, his manner of explaining and advocating it is singularly free, we do not say merely from excess or extravagance, but from anything approaching to what might be called presumption or overstatement.

This, indeed, is one chief excellency and recommendation of the book, in our judgment, that it presents what may be said to be the Scottish type of Christianity, the Presbyterian polity and system, in its most guarded and moderate form. And this remark applies not only to the peculiarities of Calvinism and Presbyterianism, but to the articles common to all evangelical teaching, as they are discussed here;—the Atonement, for example, and the work of the Spirit in regeneration and conversion. So much is this the case, that we can imagine some readers—accustomed to the exaggerations and caricatures in which sometimes injudicious defenders, but more frequently unscrupulous opponents, of these doctrines contrive to clothe them—opening their eyes with some measure of surprise, and beginning to ask, almost incredulously, Is that really all? Are these the tenets we have been taught to regard as so outrageous, so revolting, so horrible? Or has this their great champion abandoned or compromised them? Is he so ashamed of them as to be driven to disguise them?

It is chiefly the portion of the work bearing upon the controversial discussions of the Reformation and subsequent times—by far the larger portion of it, nearly two-thirds of the whole—that we have in view in making this remark. The controversial discussions which preceded the Reformation were not in themselves

of such a nature as to divide the orthodox; and the conclusions in which they resulted have been for the most part unanimously accepted by Reformed Christendom. The doctrines of the Trinity,—the divinity of the Eternal Son, His Incarnation, and the hypostatical union of the two natures in His one person,—the personality and divinity of the Spirit, and His procession from the Father and the Son,—have been held as settled by the Council of Nice, to the satisfaction of the Church at large ever since. Even the Augustinian doctrine of grace has met with a large measure of acquiescence, and is not, at all events, apt to be misapprehended or misrepresented. There is more room for that risk in the case of ecclesiastical questions touching the constitution of the early Church, her internal government, her relation to the civil power, her modes of worship, and the rights of the Christian people. Even as regards these topics, however, there was a large measure of common understanding and agreement among the Reformers and the Reformed communities,—if we except that of England, which secular influences and considerations were allowed to mould after a peculiar fashion. In substance, Presbyterian parity among pastors, and the liberty of congregations in calling them, were pretty generally admitted to be of scriptural authority. Dr Cunningham discusses these topics briefly but clearly. He states with great precision the limits within which a divine sanction, founded on the Word of God, may be warrantably and safely claimed for any one form of administration, or any one rule of practical procedure, more than another; pointing out the reasonableness of being satisfied with such indications of general principles and apostolic usages as reason and common sense may follow out and apply, and the folly of alleging that we either undertake, or are bound, to produce express and explicit authority for every minute particular. And strictly observing these limits and this rule, he certainly places the argument for the Presbyterian system in a light that must leave its opponents without excuse, if they fail to do it the justice of fairly stating it when they declaim against it. He succeeds in dispelling some clouds of dust, so as to let the real questions at issue be sharply and clearly seen. This is the great service which we think he has rendered to the inquirer into ancient Christianity; a service conspicuous, in a high degree, in his treatment of the Sacramental question, on which so much mist has been allowed to gather, to the great perplexity of many honest minds.

For it is in theology, as developed and defined at a later stage, that Dr Cunningham must be owned to be a master. Thoroughly familiar with the writings of the Reformers, German, French, Swiss, and British, he had strong sympathies with the one only

really systematic school in which their teachings were ultimately embodied. For, setting aside certain Lutheran peculiarities of outward order and inward sacramental virtue,—for which, by the way, the Calvinists had far more tolerance than the Lutherans had for Calvinistic scruples in regard to them,—there can be no reasonable doubt that the full and fair gathering up of the Reformation theology—a theology necessarily, in its first promulgation, more or less fragmentary—is to be found in the voluminous writings of the seventeenth century divines. Of these we may be said to have the text-book in Calvin's Institutes, and the index, as it were, in the Articles of the Church of England, and, with more accuracy and less accommodation to circumstances, in the Westminster Confession and Catechisms.

But, fond as he is of the theologians of the seventeenth century, even of the Dutch divines and the Synod of Dort,—believing that, in the main, the truth of God, as taught in Holy Scripture, is embodied in their systems,—Dr Cunningham is very far indeed from being chargeable with holding extreme views. On the contrary, his views are rather characterized by extreme caution and moderation. In threading the mazes of the successive labyrinths through which he has to wind his way, he advances with firm but wary step. He never exaggerates; he never pushes or carries a dogmatic statement beyond what is simply necessary for settling the question to which it immediately relates; he does not allow it unduly to overshadow the entire field; he keeps it in its right place, and in its due subordination to the general scope and drift of the Christian doctrine as a whole. His mind was by far too large and comprehensive,—and, what is more, his heart was far too thoroughly filled with a sense of the vast magnitude of the Gospel method of salvation in its bearing upon God's glory and man's highest good,—to admit of his giving too great prominence to particular points of detail, or viewing them otherwise than in the light of the common faith of Evangelical Christendom.

We admit it to be a fair subject of discussion whether our systems and formularies may not have gone too far in the way of determining authoritatively some subordinate points, or in the way of attempting to define, with exact logical precision, truths which, after all, the logical understanding can only very imperfectly grasp. It is quite possible, on either or both of these grounds, to make out a plausible, perhaps more than plausible, case for revision. There may have been too great minuteness of detail in settling some questions of confessedly minor moment, which, it may be thought, might, with no great detriment to the very creed to be defended, have been left open questions. And in regard to the application of logical forms and laws to what

God has been pleased to reveal of Himself and of His ways, we must always admit that, as spiritual things can only be spiritually apprehended by one whom the Spirit teaches; as they must therefore, from their very nature, far transcend our ordinary modes of knowledge, and must appeal to other parts of our mental and moral constitution besides the mere faculty of ratiocination;—so it is possible that they may sustain some damage when that faculty is rudely and remorselessly brought to bear upon them, especially if it is supposed to make them all plain. ‘There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;’ more things, too, in the divine philosophy than the moods and figures of all the syllogisms can measure. And perhaps we have erred in trying too much thus to measure them. We would not, therefore, on principle, seriously object to our being called to consider any well-timed and well-weighed plan of revision; although we have our own doubts as to the likelihood of success; doubts founded on the present condition of the churches and the present currents of opinion, as well as on the extreme delicacy of the task, and the imminent hazard of unsettling really more than might at first be intended, and weakening, if not destroying, ‘the foundations’ themselves. Meanwhile, we can quite understand, in the present temper of men’s minds, the sort of sensitiveness which many educated and intelligent persons, not trained professionally in theology, are disposed to feel, on the score of what they are apt to regard as human windows narrowing the wide sweep of God’s light,—human manacles fettering the free action of God’s grace. We can so far sympathize with them, and would by no means judge them harshly, when they seem to be for traversing some of the old ways,—perhaps even for removing some of the old landmarks,—provided only we see them really sitting with docility at the feet of Jesus and learning of Him only; learning, and willing to receive, all His teaching in His Word.

At the same time, if we could hope to gain the ear of such friends, we would venture to offer a remark and make a suggestion, arising out of a pretty careful study of the volumes before us. We are persuaded that a candid and attentive perusal even of the chapters that treat of the deepest or highest parts of Calvinism,—and we again assure them that they are very readable and easily intelligible,—would satisfy them, not only that Dr Cunningham does not take any ultra-position, but that he is so thoroughly imbued himself with the living spirit of the Gospel as to make all his positions defensive merely. They are with him, what they ought to be,—barriers against external assault, not hindrances to inward growth and expansion.

It has often been explained that the apparently complex and

artificial character of the Church's creeds, growing for a long time, from age to age, is really owing, not to any desire for definition on the part of spiritual and evangelical men simply pondering the Word of God, but to the endless shifts and sophistries to which the adversaries of sound doctrine have been obliged to have recourse. The accumulating list of articles, and their increasing particularity, is not our fault. So say the orthodox; and with some show of reason. We have been forced to go more into detail, in the line of the dogmatic and discriminating adjustment of controversy, than we should have been inclined to do, had it not been for the skilful, and often unscrupulous, manoeuvres of the enemy. He has compelled us to make our systems and confessions more elaborate and more minutely testing than otherwise they might have needed to be. That is our apology. And it is a fair one. But at the same time it cannot be denied that sometimes what is merely negative has been mistaken for something positive. The defensive armour, taken to protect life, has been assumed to be itself the life. Men have contented themselves with repairing and scouring the armour, instead of cultivating the life. And the issue has too often been a miserable playing at counters, with logical forms, about Christianity, to the sad neglect of its living spirit.

It is idle to deny that such a tendency as we have indicated crept in among the post-Reformation divines, and not least among those of the most correct and scriptural systematic creed. The fruit came to be reaped in the dreary harvest of indifferentism and rationalism which the last century bore. And the reaping is not over; we are still suffering under it, in more ways than one. But one way in which we suffer is that to which we are now specially adverting: the dislike, more or less avowed, of formal definitions, or exact articles, in theology. Hence it is all-important to have the articles and dogmatic statements of theology placed on their right footing and in their right position; as being, not iron bars imprisoning 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' but fences protecting it from outward violence, that its inward vitality may have the freer scope for its development;—the 'hedges' round the 'vine brought out of Egypt,' keeping off 'the passers-by who would pluck her,' 'the boar and wild beast who would waste and devour her;' and that for the very purpose of letting her 'send forth her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.' (Psalm lxxx.)

It is upon this principle that we are prepared to vindicate systematic theology, as not unfavourable to legitimate progress, but the reverse. By legitimate progress, we mean progress in the line of new and fresh discoveries of what is taught concern-

ing God in His Word. In this view, there must be room for endless progression. And from the very outset of the Christian dispensation, advance has been the rule. But how has the advance gone on? Not by successive unsettlings of previously formed opinions, but in a manner the very opposite. A question that has been long in solution has got to be settled and set aside. A *δος που στω* has thus been gained, a standing ground for a new movement. By and by another loose speculation has had its fixed issue, after controversy, in an accepted form of belief. And still there has been thereafter a new step forward, not hindered but aided by the foothold secured. There has been no undoing of the past, but rather a 'going on from strength to strength.'

The whole history of the Church might be appealed to in support and illustration of this remark. Starting from the strange, mysterious, post-apostolic period;—where the dim and doubtful light we have in history betrays a certain loose chaos of doctrine in alliance with warm devotional feeling, not easily explained as coming after the clear and precise teaching of Paul, and Peter, and John;—we find the law of onward movement to be that of successive attainments, recognised once for all, and not afterwards disturbed. How many protracted and doubtful controversies were, as regards the Church at large, finally closed at the Council of Nice? Was the closing of them, even by the most technical accuracy of distinctive definition, hostile to progress? The decisions of Nice on the mysteries of the Godhead may seem to some to be too minute. And if they are viewed, not as mere shields of the heart of Christianity, but as being themselves its very heart, they must necessarily kill life, and not preserve or promote it. But they have been accepted for what they really are, by orthodox and evangelical Christendom, ever since the Council rose. Will any one say that the acceptance of them has not been favourable rather than adverse to 'growth in grace and in the knowledge of Christ?' Would we have been where we now are, in point of doctrinal and spiritual attainment, if all the endless Arian and semi-Arian logomachies were still as alert and busy among us, as they were in these early days of old?

The history of the Pelagian controversy, as we read it, tells the same tale, and witnesses the same truth. The Augustinian doctrine of grace, indeed, was not so formally embodied in an authoritative decree as were the points disposed of by the Council of Trent. But practically and substantially it was a step gained, an attainment made. And the large measure of acquiescence which it secured had undoubtedly a beneficial influence on the mediæval Church, preserving even the schoolmen from a total abandonment of all saving truth; while it afforded to Luther and his fellow-reformers their most powerful fulcrum for lifting up

the long-buried Pauline principle of Justification into the prominence which, among spiritual Christians, it has ever since maintained. We are thoroughly persuaded that, rightly viewed, the 'harmony of the Protestant confessions' is also an instance in point. We believe it to be really good for the cause of real progress in theology that so much has been marked off as ascertained ground. Earnest inquirers, desiring to know more of the teaching of the Spirit in the Word, are thus all the more free to explore new territories and sink new shafts. It is not by throwing loose what has been fixed, but by using it, as fixed, for a fresh start and new advance, that the onward and upward movement is best promoted.

Dr Cunningham's main object is to bring out clearly, and with the utmost possible caution, what, in the judgment of the great body of biblical Protestants, is held to be thus fixed. That is his special service and contribution to theology. He is not himself an explorer or breaker up of new fields. His tendencies are all conservative. He 'stands in the old paths.' But he clears and cleans these old paths wonderfully. He shows us, with exact precision, whereabouts we are; where Calvinism, rightly understood, would place us. In particular, he points out, in discussing the several articles of the evangelical and Calvinistic creed, the precise benefit which that creed renders to Christianity, by putting the ultimately insoluble problems which enter into every system in such positions, with reference to the truths essential to saving faith, as not to touch either the free and sovereign grace of God, or the absolute dependence and responsibility of man. It is a great mistake to suppose that those who lean to the views commonly connected with the name of Calvin undertake or profess to 'explain all mysteries.' Our object simply is to assign to them,—according to Scripture, as they think,—'a local habitation,' not within the ken of human experience, but in the inscrutable counsels of the Most High, where they may remain unsolved, without affecting the actual dealings of God and man with one another, on the terms of the open Gospel. All we care for is to prevent their being so misplaced, through attempts to solve or evade them, as to force a consistent reasoner, by sheer stress of logical consistency, to make God's love more conditional than Scripture makes it, and man after all his own saviour. It is only in defence of the common doctrines of grace that we care to maintain the peculiarities of Calvinism. We believe that the surrender of the latter puts in peril the former, and has invariably been found to do so. But we are not careful to press Calvinistic points beyond what is, in our view, absolutely necessary for the safety, in the long run, of the great cardinal truth, that 'by grace we

are saved, through faith ; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.'

This is a principle of which Dr Cunningham never loses sight. And it leads him often to stop short where others, less wise or less learned, have pressed on, and to warn his students incessantly against the danger of going beyond what the strict requirements of sound reasoning absolutely demand, in the way of explanation or argument, for vindicating the scriptural doctrines of grace. It is this also which imparts to his statements, even on the most difficult and complicated questions, such clearness as may enable the non-theological reader easily and with pleasure to follow him through his whole unravelling of the subtlest web. And it is this that, in our judgment, makes the evangelical system, as he has expounded it, old as it is, and stiff and formal as many think it, not a hindrance, but a help to free thought ; not a barrier to progress, but a foundation for it. We ourselves look for progress. We expect new developments of the truth of the Gospel. We believe that there are lines of theological thought to be prosecuted, mines of theological wealth to be explored, such as may place many old things in a new light. We are persuaded that there is much connected with the relation into which a sinner is brought to God when he is reconciled by the death of His Son that the Reformers themselves failed, and their successors still more, fully to grasp. But we have no idea that anything is to be gained in the way of deeper insight or higher attainment by unsettling past conclusions. We look for more stately fabrics ; to be built, however, on the old foundations.

Our readers will naturally expect us to give them some specimens of Dr Cunningham's method of handling controversy. This is not very easy ; for we can scarcely ever find in his discussions a short passage complete in itself. The whole chapter in which any passage we might select stands, would need to be read and studied in connection with it. The few extracts which follow are designed mainly to confirm the views already submitted with regard to his eminently wise caution and moderation in stating and limiting 'the question.'

We take our first extract from the chapter on the Socinian Controversy. It relates to the doctrine of the Trinity. He thus opens his defence of that great truth :—

'The importance of attending carefully to the true and exact state of the question, in regard to the doctrine of the Trinity, is fully evinced by this consideration, that the opponents of the doctrine, base, *directly and immediately upon the state of the question*, a charge of its involving a contradiction, and of its being inconsistent with the

admitted truth of the unity of God. The duty of Trinitarians, in regard to this subject of settling, so far as they are concerned, the state of the question, ought to be regulated by far higher considerations than those which originate in a regard to the advantages that may result from it in controversial discussion. The positions which we undertake to maintain and defend in the matter,—and this, of course, settles the state of the question in so far as we are concerned,—should be those only, and neither more nor less, which we believe to be truly contained in, or certainly deducible from, the statements of Scripture,—those only which the Word of God seems to require us to maintain and defend, without any intermixture of mere human speculations or attempts, however ingenious and plausible, at definitions, explanations, or theories, beyond what the Scripture clearly sanctions or demands. The defenders of the doctrine of the Trinity have often neglected or violated this rule, by indulging in unwarranted explanations and theories upon the subject, and have thereby afforded great advantages to its opponents, of which they have not been slow to avail themselves. And when, warned of their error by the difficulties in which they found themselves involved, and the advantages which their opponents, who have generally been careful to act simply as defenders or respondents, seemed in consequence to enjoy, they curtailed their speculations within narrower limits, and adhered more closely to the maintenance of scriptural positions, their opponents have represented this as the effect of conscious weakness or of controversial artifice. The truth, however, is, that this mode of procedure is the intrinsically right course, which ought never to have been departed from,—which they were bound to return to, from a sense of imperative duty, and not merely from a regard to safety or advantage, whenever, by any means, their deviation from it was brought home to them,—and which it is not the less incumbent upon us to adhere to, because the errors and excesses of former defenders of the truth, and the advantages furnished by these means to opponents, may have been, in some measure, the occasion of leading theologians to see more clearly, and to pursue more steadily, what was in itself, and on the ground of its own intrinsic excellence, the undoubted path of duty in the matter.’—Pp. 203, 204.

Having laid down this sound principle, Dr Cunningham proceeds to apply it. The duty incumbent on Trinitarians, in dealing with the allegation that the doctrine, ‘even when most cautiously and carefully stated, involves a contradiction in itself, and is inconsistent with the divine unity,’ is thus put:—

‘It will be understood, from the exposition of principles formerly given, that we do not deny that such allegations are relevant, and that they must in some way or other be disposed of; and it will also be remembered, that sufficient grounds have been adduced for maintaining the two following positions upon this point: First, that ‘when the Scripture is admitted in any fair sense to be the rule of faith, *the first step* should be simply to ascertain, in the faithful and honest use

of all appropriate means, what it teaches, or was intended to teach, upon the subject,—that this investigation should be prosecuted fairly to its conclusion, without being disturbed by the introduction of collateral considerations derived from other sources, until a clear result is reached,—that an allegation of intrinsic contradiction or of contrariety to known truth, if adduced against the result as brought out in this way, should be kept in its proper place *as an objection*, and dealt with as such,—that, if established, it should be fairly and honestly applied, not to the effect of *reversing* the judgment, already adopted upon competent and appropriate grounds, as to what it is that Scripture teaches (for that is irrational and illogical), but to the effect of rejecting the divine authority of the Scriptures. Secondly, that in conducting the later part of the process of investigation above described, we are entitled to argue upon the assumption that the doctrine of the Trinity has been really established by scriptural authority,—we are under no obligation to do more than simply to show that the allegation of contradiction, or of inconsistency, with other truths, has not been proved; and we should attempt nothing more than what is thus logically incumbent upon us.'

He deals chiefly with the last of the two Socinian objections, that the doctrine of the Trinity is inconsistent with the divine unity. And after adverting to the danger of attempting too much in the way of explanation or illustration, he brings the matter to a point in the following weighty sentences:—

'But even when applied only to the second of these purposes,—namely, to afford proofs or presumptions of possibility,—they ought to be regarded as unnecessary, unsafe, and inexpedient. Strictly speaking, we are not bound to produce positive proof even of the *possibility* of such a combination of unity and distinction as the doctrine of the Trinity predicates of the divine nature, but merely to show negatively that the impossibility of it, alleged upon the other side, has not been established; and the whole history of the controversy shows the great practical importance of our restricting ourselves within the limits beyond which the rules of strict reasoning do not require us to advance. The only question which we will ever consent to discuss with our opponents upon this point,—apart, of course, from the investigation of the meaning of Scripture,—is this: *Has it been clearly proved* that the received doctrine of the Trinity, as set forth in our symbolical books, necessarily involves anything inconsistent with the unity of the Godhead? And there need be no hesitation in answering *this* question in the negative. No proof of the allegation has been produced resting upon a firm and solid basis,—no argument that can be shown to be logically connected with any principles of which we have clear and adequate ideas. It is the divine nature,—the nature of the infinite and incomprehensible God,—which the question respects; and on this ground there is the strongest presumption against the warrantableness of positive assertions on the part of men as to what is possible or impossible in the matter. The

substance of the allegation of our opponents is, that it is impossible that there can be such a distinction in the divine nature as the doctrine of the Trinity asserts, because God is one; and they must establish this position by making out a clear and certain bond of connection between the admitted unity of God and the impossibility of the distinction asserted. The substance of what we maintain upon the point is this,—that every attempt to establish this logical bond of connection, involves the use of positions which cannot be proved, just because they assume a larger amount of clear and certain knowledge, *both with respect to the unity and the distinction*, than men possess, or have the capacity and the means of attaining.'—P. 208.

The extract which follows is from the chapter on the Arminian controversy. The immediate subject is 'Predestination, State of the Question.' The reader will find here an example of what was remarked by us a little ago, that Dr Cunningham is not only careful to limit himself to what the necessity of the case, in the view of reason and Scripture, requires, when he has to deal with these high mysteries, but is also chiefly concerned, in dealing with them, to conserve the practical doctrines of grace. It is not so much on their own account, as on account of their bearing on the Gospel method of salvation, that he attaches importance to them:—

'The substance of the Calvinistic doctrine is:—that God, from eternity, chose, or elected, certain men to everlasting life; and resolved, certainly and infallibly, to effect the salvation of *these* men, in accordance with the provisions of a great scheme which He had devised for this purpose,—a scheme without which no sinners could have been saved; and that, in making this selection of these individuals, who were to be certainly saved, He was not influenced or determined by the foresight or foreknowledge, that they as, distinguished from others, would repent and believe, and would persevere to the end in faith and holiness; but that, on the contrary, their faith and conversion, their holiness and perseverance, are to be traced to His election of them, and to the effectual provision He has made for executing His electing purpose or decree, as their true and only source,—they being chosen absolutely and unconditionally to salvation; and chosen also to faith, regeneration, and perseverance, as the necessary means, and, in some sense, conditions, of salvation. Now, if this doctrine be denied, it is plain enough that the view which *must* be taken of the various points involved in the statement of it, is, in substance, this:—that God does not make from eternity any selection of some men from among the human race, whom he resolves and determines to save; that, of course, he never puts in operation any means that are fitted, and intended, to secure the salvation of those who are saved, as distinguished from others; and that, consequently, their faith and regeneration, with which salvation is inseparably connected, are not the gifts of God, effected by His agency, but are wrought by themselves, in the exercise of their own powers

and capacities. On this theory, it is impossible that God could have decreed or purposed the conversion and salvation of those who are saved, any more than of those who perish. And the only way in which their salvation, individually, could have come under God's cognisance, is that merely of its being foreseen as a fact future,—which would certainly take place,—though He neither decreed nor caused it,—their own acts in repenting and believing, and persevering in faith and obedience, simply foreseen as future, being the cause, or ground, or determining principle of any acts which God either did or could pass in regard to them, individually, as distinguished from the rest of their fellowmen. This brings out the true, real, and only possible alternative in the case; and it is just, in substance, this: whether God is the true author and cause of the salvation of those who are saved? or whether this result is to be ascribed, in each case, to men themselves? Calvinistic and Arminian writers have displayed a considerable variety in their mode of stating and discussing this subject: and Calvinists, as well as Arminians, have sometimes imagined that they had fallen upon ideas and modes of statement and representation, which threw some new light upon it,—which tended to establish more firmly their own doctrine, or to expose more successfully that of their opponents. But the practical result of all these ingenious speculations has always, upon a full examination of the subject, turned out to be, that the state of the question was found to be the same as before,—the real alternative unchanged,—the substantial materials of proof and argument unaltered; and the difficulties attaching to the opposite doctrines as strong and perplexing as ever, amid all the ingenious attempts made to modify their aspect, or to shift their position.

‘The practical lesson to be derived from these considerations,—considerations that must have suggested themselves to every one who has carefully surveyed this controversy,—is, that the great object we ought to aim at, in directing our attention to the study of it, is this: to form a clear and distinct apprehension of the real nature of the leading point in dispute,—of the true import and bearing of the only alternatives that can be maintained with regard to it; to familiarize our minds with definite conceptions of the meaning and evidence of the principal arguments by which the truth upon the subject may be established, and of the leading principles applicable to the difficulties with which the doctrine we have embraced as true may be assailed; and then to seek to make a right and judicious application of it, according to its true nature, tendency, and bearing, without allowing ourselves to be dragged into endless and unprofitable speculations, in regard to its deeper mysteries or more intricate perplexities, or to be harassed by perpetual doubt and difficulty.’—Pp. 431–433.

We should have liked to give several more extracts, more especially on the subject of the Atonement and on the Sacramental question. We fear, however, that we should be tempted

to extend our quotations to an undue length ; and we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the work itself.

We have tried to confine ourselves to a simple account of what appear to us to be Dr Cunningham's characteristic qualities as a theologian, as these are indicated in the volumes before us. We are not insensible to faults and defects that may be pointed out. It may be admitted that Dr Cunningham's style is often cumbrous and lumbering, and that his manner is diffuse and sometimes prolix. The compensating excellency, however, is his rare faculty of making his meaning always plain ; so plain that we may well pardon his repetition of thoughts and accumulation of words for the sake of the ease with which we are thus enabled to follow him, even in his most difficult disquisitions. To some it may seem an objection that Dr Cunningham dwells so much on old theology, and indicates so little familiarity with the divines of the modern German schools. Certainly he was most at home among writers of English, French, and Latin. But it would be a mistake to imagine that he was a stranger to modern forms of thought in Germany, as well as elsewhere. A minute acquaintance with German works we cannot, indeed, ascribe to him ; but he knew enough of their authors, and of the opinions they held, to ensure his looking at all questions in the full light of the present day, as well as of the past. The province which he had to cultivate in the chair which he occupied, and the plan which he formed for cultivating it, naturally led to his using his vast stores of learning as he has used them, in gathering up the fruits of former centuries of debate. He was always, however, intensely alive to the present exigencies of the Church, both in a doctrinal and in a practical point of view ; and it will not be easy to convict him of ignorance of any recent speculations having any important bearing on the subjects he has discussed.

It would be wrong to close without expressing our sense of the admirable manner in which Dr Cunningham's literary executors, his highly esteemed colleagues and beloved friends, Professors Buchanan and Bannerman, have executed their difficult task. To their careful and faithful editing we owe, in large measure, the *readableness* of these lectures, of which we spoke at the beginning of our article. These gentlemen are well entitled to the warmest thanks of all Dr Cunningham's admirers, and of the Church at large.

ART. IX.—1. *Debate in the House of Commons*, 8th May 1862.

2. *Quarterly Review*. No. 214. 1860.

3. *Quarterly Review*. No. 225. 1863.

‘AFTER us, the deluge,’ was a prophecy unfulfilled. Since it was made, more than one Ministry has held office, and the deluge is not yet. There has never been wanting a body of men willing to sacrifice themselves for their country’s good—to bear the burdens and dispense the patronage of the State. Yet it cannot be denied that the deluge has often seemed imminent; and even at the present time, a rainbow in the political sky, assuring us against such a pluviöse calamity, would be a welcome sign. In plain English, the position of parties is not satisfactory. We have, indeed, ‘Ministerialists,’ and ‘an Opposition.’ According to rule, one body of men sit on the right of the Speaker, and another on his left, in the usual orthodox way; but the outer world is sorely puzzled to detect much difference in principle between them. The whole thing appears too much like a mere fight for place, and such an appearance is not seemly. It is not good that the country should regard the great parties of the State as struggling only which shall be ‘in,’ animated by no better motive than a desire for ‘loaves and fishes,’ endeavouring after no higher aim than the establishment of their own claims to power.

This position of uncertainty and confusion dates from the repeal of the Corn Laws. It would have been in every way a gain had Lord Russell been able to carry that measure, instead of Sir Robert Peel. If Lord Russell shrank from the task because of some wretched dissension between Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston, it was unworthy weakness. But if he felt that, owing to the state of parties at the time, Sir Robert Peel might be able to carry through the measure without turmoil or popular clamour, while he could only ensure success if supported by an agitation like the agitation of ’32, and relinquished for such reasons the glory of inaugurating free trade, then it is not too much to say that he manifested a spirit of most noble self-denial. Yet, even if this feeling ruled him, we may venture to think that it was a mistaken feeling. Peace and tranquillity in 1846 may have been purchased too dearly by a line of conduct which has made everything unsettled since. Had Lord Russell carried the repeal of the Corn Laws, he would not only have accomplished a great victory, and added to the associations which already dignify the Whig party the memory of another great reform achieved by them; he would have rendered a more important service to the State, in this,

that he would have preserved the Conservative party unbroken. As it was, the organization of both parties was completely destroyed. The Whigs turned out the Peel Ministry for no reason on earth, and proceeded to govern on the very principles for the successful vindication of which Sir Robert had lost office. Many of the Liberal party saw the change with dislike, and regretted the downfall of the Minister who had firmly established that commercial policy which they themselves had long advocated in evil days. An Administration with such a beginning could never fare well: and, accordingly, Lord Russell's Administration was neither prosperous nor dignified. It fell unpitied; and at its fall the Whig party was more disorganized than ever. The Tories fared even worse. Its best men followed their great leader. The bulk of the party forswore their allegiance, set up the standard of revolt, elected Lord George Bentinck, and, on his death, Disraeli, as their chief, and adopted Protection as their principle. It was an error fertile in mischief. It made them, to adopt the gentle phraseology of Carlyle, a 'sham' and a 'lie.' The basis on which they existed as a party was the advocacy of a principle which they could not carry out, and which, in point of fact, they abandoned as soon as they incurred the responsibilities of office. From this error they have never recovered; this want of a principle they have never supplied. They built their house on the sand, and it has not endured.

To these causes we owe the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. The principles of parties are not fixed; the allegiance of party-men is not secure. Government by party is a necessity in the English Constitution; and to the good working of Government by party, it is requisite that party distinctions be clearly drawn, and that members of a party be faithful to their colours. When it is otherwise, as unhappily it is at present, we are exposed to a rapid succession of weak Governments,—a state of things which no lover of representative institutions can contemplate without alarm.

Hitherto the Whigs have undoubtedly had the best of it. Twice, since Sir Robert Peel resigned, the Tories have held office. On both of these occasions their tenure was brief, and their failure ignominious. With the exception of these two periods, the Liberals, under one form or other, have been in power for the last sixteen years. Particular Administrations have risen and fallen; the party has sustained some rude shocks; the reputations of some leading men have been grievously damaged; yet, on the whole, fortune has steadily smiled. Nor at the present moment does she evince any sign of withdrawing her favours. Ministers will meet Parliament with cheerful confidence; the

Opposition, eager for victory, cannot see its way clearly—is even uncertain as to the field of battle.

Much of this is owing, beyond question, to the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston. We doubt greatly whether any Premier more entirely popular in the proper sense of the word has ever governed England. Many have been more powerful; none, we think, so much liked. From the first Lord Palmerston has been a favourite in society and in the House; but his exceeding popularity throughout the country may, perhaps, be dated from the great discussion on his foreign policy in 1850. Condemned in the Lords, he was eulogized by the Commons; and his celebrated vindication—‘that gigantic intellectual effort,’ as the *Times* called it—convinced the whole nation that the verdict of the Lower House was the true one. Since then he has done much to increase his popularity, and nothing which has materially diminished it. The people generally approved of his prompt recognition of Louis Napoleon in ’52. They felt that he had hit the real truth when he came to the conclusion that the co-existence of the President and the Assembly had become an impossibility; and that if one or the other were to prevail, it were better that it should be the President. They were indignant at the dismissal of the Minister. They felt that he had been unwarrantably interfered with by the Crown, and unworthily deserted by his colleague. Less noisily, but not less surely, did Lord Palmerston strengthen his popularity by his unostentatious discharge of the duties of Home Secretary under Lord Aberdeen. The public never fail to appreciate disinterestedness. And they admired warmly the patience which could bide its time, and the unselfishness which refrained from urging claims so well founded to a more honourable post, in order that the country, during an arduous contest, might enjoy the benefit of a powerful Government. Still more did they admire the courage which, when so many turned pale, and shrank from responsibility and danger, brought Lord Palmerston to the front, and kept him there unswerving, until the danger passed away, and an honourable peace was restored to the wearied State. Prosperity so long continued induced at last too great self-confidence; it cannot be denied that our Premier, like Jeshurun, waxed fat and kicked. The levity and petulance which, about this period, he occasionally displayed, went far to hasten the overthrow of his first Administration. Yet it may be doubted whether it did him much harm with the country. It was confined exclusively to Parliament. It made several members his enemies; it offended, for the time, the taste of the House. But it did not go further. The people, who only heard of it all, would not give up their favourite because of a few ill-timed jokes, or a tone of sarcasm occasionally

too contemptuous. And with regained office, this slight fault has passed away. He does not, indeed, depend on solemnity to sustain his dignity; nor does he spare a hard hit when deserved, as Mr Cobden can testify. But since his return to power, he has curbed that constant levity which made *Punch* anticipate that some evening he would delight the House with the melody of 'Hot Codlins;' and he has shown no traces of that arrogance which led him to assail, in a manner quite unbecoming, a gentleman so deserving of respect and courtesy as the member for Perthshire. Affliction, though borne but a short time, has cured this, and Lord Palmerston's general courtesy is now not less conspicuous than his ability. The only man whom he has of late put down is Mr Cobden; the only subject on which he has of late shown himself intolerant of opposition, is the subject of our national defences. On both points there can be no doubt but that the feeling of the country is entirely with him. Nothing tends so much to strengthen Lord Palmerston's hold on power as the widespread conviction that the honour of England is safe in his hands. The people are well assured that, under his administration, the shores of England will be secure so far as man can make them, and that even beyond these shores they may rely with confidence on the protection of the English name. The *Civis Romanus* theory has something of swagger about it certainly, but it is at all events well calculated to gain popularity in Rome.

Neither of Lord Palmerston's Administrations has produced great changes, and in some quarters this is urged against him as a grave reproach. But the nation does not sympathize with this. The desire of the people is to be well governed; and so long as they are aware that this desire is fulfilled, they are not eager for organic changes. A certain class of politicians seem to entertain the belief that it is the duty of a Liberal Ministry to be always occupied in carrying some great measure of reform. If this were so, a Liberal Ministry would be one of the greatest nuisances which could afflict the country. 'Measures, not men,' is the shibboleth of this section,—a cry often directed against Liberal Ministers, who are expected to accomplish all things that may be desired by anybody. The truth is, nothing was ever more fallacious than this outcry. 'How vain,' says Fox, 'how idle, how presumptuous, is the opinion that laws can do everything; and how weak and pernicious the maxim founded on it, that "measures, not men," must be attended to.' In which opinion a yet more philosophic statesman than Fox concurs. 'It is an advantage,' says Mr Burke, 'to all narrow wisdom and narrow morals, that their maxims have a plausible air, and on a cursory view appear equal to first principles. They are light and port-

able. They are as current as coin, and about as valuable. They serve equally the first capacities and the lowest; and they are at least as useful to the worst men as to the best. Of this stamp is the cant of "not men, but measures,"—a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement.'

We do not, therefore, care to deny that the present Administration has not characterized itself by passing great and important measures. On the other hand, it has characterized itself by governing the country wisely and successfully. Prosperity is much in this world; and Lord Palmerston has been, to an unusual degree, a prosperous Minister. The present position of England is well calculated to inspire every Englishman with thankfulness and rational pride. At home, we have endured and have overcome a calamity so awful, that we ourselves, in spite of many warnings, would never seriously contemplate the possibility of its occurrence; and which has always been considered by foreigners, when speculating on our future, as the inevitable ruin of England's prosperity, and the termination of England's greatness. The cotton supply has failed; yet the trade of the country is sound, the revenue flourishing, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have a surplus to dispose of. Nor has the manner in which our calamity has been endured and overcome been the least pleasing circumstance connected with it. The working-men of Lancashire have borne their privations with a quiet resignation which is beyond praise. The length and breadth of Great Britain has shown an appreciation of such conduct, not only by frank generosity, but by every considerate endeavour to mitigate, so far as may be, the bitterness of alms. Some foolish men, among whom we are sorry to name Mr Kingsley, have accused the Lancashire capitalists of indifference and want of charity. The accusation has been thoroughly refuted; and no man repelled it more heartily than the man who in all England could repel it most gracefully and most authoritatively—Lord Derby. And the result of all has been, that England has come forth from the fiery trial unscathed even in material prosperity; richer beyond measure in this, that all classes of society, from the Tory peer, through the rich millowner, down to the starving artisan, have learned to know and value the virtues they respectively possess, and have become more firmly knit together because of a misfortune which, falling heavily on one class, has been generously alleviated by the others. The only dark cloud on the horizon is our expenditure. We still can bear it, but with difficulty. It has been forced upon us mainly by the policy of France; and there hardly seems any end to it, so long as the two countries will insist on racing against each other as to the extent and perfection

of their means of destroying their fellow-creatures. In the face of Louis Napoleon we cannot disarm, even to please Mr Cobden ; but we will hope that in this vital matter the Commercial Treaty may at last work some practical good.

While such is the state of matters at home, the dignified position which England has latterly occupied in foreign politics has had its reward. At the close of the Crimean war we were not highly considered ; and Lord Malmesbury's feeble diplomacy at the outbreak of the Italian war brought us into yet deeper disregard. Now all this has changed. A steady perseverance in a policy of non-intervention, coupled with a frank avowal of our sympathy for the oppressed, and our hatred of oppressors, has gained us general esteem. We cannot say that we attach much value to the desire of the Greeks that an English prince should reign over them. We suspect that this desire was closely connected in the minds of that astute people with a hope that the power of England might some day be exerted to acquire Constantinople as the seat of empire for a son of England. Still the goodwill of a nation is not to be despised ; and the reluctance of the noisy agitators of Corfu to accept their proffered freedom, affords to all the world a striking proof that the yoke of England is not unbearable. America, though it does not love us, cannot but respect our position, determined to tolerate no indignity, and yet resolute in the endurance of any suffering rather than abandon the policy of rectitude. The great powers of the Continent look upon us, if not with more favour than before, at least with increased respect ; while Italy sees in us her most trusted friend. The truth, that honesty is the best policy, never received a more forcible illustration than in the feelings which the last-named nation now entertains towards France and England respectively. We have driven no foreign invaders from her soil, we have not fired a shot in behalf of her liberties ; and yet we are esteemed more highly in the Peninsula than the too powerful ally who drove the Austrians from Lombardy. We have rendered her no aid, save by expressing our warm sympathy with her struggles for freedom ; and this sympathy is more highly thought of than the victories of Magenta and Solferino. We do not say that this is altogether fair ; indeed, we do not think it is. The Italians, we think, do not sufficiently allow for the difficulties of Napoleon's position. But it is natural ; and it is also gratifying, for it is the deserved triumph of honesty. It arises simply from the fact, that our support—though not very efficacious against Austrian bayonets—has been without reserve ; has been made subservient to no ulterior political designs ; has had its origin in no selfish motives, but in a pure love of liberty. Tortuous diplomacy has lost France the hegemony she held in

Europe a couple of years ago; straightforwardness has raised England to a position as dignified as she ever held after her most successful wars. Such have been the results of the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston's Ministry.

In spite, however, of this well-founded popularity, Lord Palmerston is not, in the present Parliament, a powerful Minister. He holds his position in virtue of a majority of thirteen only. Several of his nominal adherents cannot be relied on when the day of battle comes. His dignified and liberal policy with regard to the Italian nation has cost him the support of those Irish members who take their orders from the Vatican. Against him is arrayed an Opposition formidable in numbers, led on by men eager for victory, and not very scrupulous as to the means of securing it. The late elections have not certainly strengthened the Government; and the session of '63 is opening amid rumours of wars. Yet we cannot think that the Opposition will begin the campaign with good prospect of success. At the late Devonshire manifesto, three Conservatives of the *pur sang*—Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir L. Palk, and Mr Kekewich—talked very 'big,' but their talk savoured of generalities. They did not indicate, they did not speak as if they had arranged, any definite plan of warfare. If, however, to fight is determined on, a field of battle will of course be found. Whether the attack has a good chance for success, is quite another question; for the Opposition, though, as we have said, formidable in numbers, is not popular with the country. Wealth, general high character, identification with the agricultural interest, are all on the left of the Speaker; and yet few things would be more unwelcome to the country than the accession of the Opposition to power. This may seem puzzling, but the reason is not hard to discover. Two things excite against the Opposition the whole cultivated intelligence of the country,—their foreign policy, and their leaders. If ever the English nation felt deeply on any question of foreign policy, they felt and feel deeply on the question of Italian freedom and Italian unity. On this matter they can understand no middle course, and will tolerate no paltering. Every one has not read the blue book entitled, 'Correspondence respecting the affairs of Italy, from January to May 1859,' in which the vacillation and incompetence of Lord Malmesbury were so plainly made manifest. But without encountering a labour so severe, no one has any difficulty in discovering that the sympathies of the Opposition are not with the Italian cause. Indeed, they take no pains to conceal this. They cheer the fierce onslaughts of the Pope's brass band; they countenance even the drivelling of Lord Normanby. By such a line they may undoubtedly gain some votes on a critical division, but they

pay dearly for them by alienating the general feeling of the country. The idea of their foreign policy is an intimate alliance with the most despotic of the continental powers; and three months of Lord Malmesbury at the foreign office would gain for us the hostility of all Italy,—our sole recompense being the favour of Bomba and the Pope. The country would hardly appreciate this exchange.

Still more does the Opposition suffer from the character of the man who has won, and seems likely to retain, the dignity of leader of the Opposition. Mr Disraeli's political career has not been long, but it has been marked by strange vicissitudes and violent contrasts. Many public men have been inconsistent, but the inconsistency of Mr Disraeli has been a thing by itself. It is impossible to recall without a smile the fervid aspirant to Parliament of some thirty years ago, who told the electors of High Wycombe that his chosen guides, philosophers, and friends, were Messrs Hume and O'Connell, and who rejoiced all Marylebone with the announcement, that on triennial parliaments and vote by ballot depended the stability of the British Constitution. The chosen champion of Protection was once an admirer of Free Trade: the man who but last session would have had us sacrifice everything to friendship for France, has often declared in no faltering tones, that a close alliance with Austria is the traditionary and only safe policy for England. Even the gyrations of Sir Edward Lytton have been nothing to this. But Mr Disraeli is at his best when he is inconsistent. The only one thing in which he has shown himself constant, is a hatred towards the middle classes, which are the strength of England. The nonsense of *Coningsby* and *Sybil* represents his political creed, so far as he has one. He has declared in graver writings than his novels, that 'the aristocracy and the labouring multitude form the nation.' He can sympathize with aristocracy; he can sympathize with Chartism; he abhors with his whole soul moderation and moderate men. If there is any lesson more than another which the history of our constitution teaches us, it is to shun extremes, and that is the very lesson which Mr Disraeli has never learned. But after all, perhaps, his feelings are really interested with regard to one thing only, and that is the political fortunes of Benjamin Disraeli. Personal ambition is his sole motive, and he cares not how that ambition may be gratified. His conduct to Sir Robert Peel should never be forgotten or forgiven. The extravagance of Lord George Bentinck and his followers may be excused, but Mr Disraeli was actuated by no emotion so honest as anger. His feelings were those of spite towards the discerning Minister

who had refused his proffered service, and of eager desire to seize the opportunity of raising himself to importance. He did indeed raise himself into importance, for he raised himself to the leadership of the Tory party. The Tory party have had good cause to regret his success.

‘There is a mire,’ says a politician, by no means unmindful of party ties, ‘so black and so deep that no leader has a right to drag his followers through it.’ Through such a mire Mr Disraeli has dragged the country gentlemen of England. Under his guidance they have shrunk from no inconsistency, they have stooped to any subterfuge, which held out the faintest promise of temporary success. The country has not forgotten, and is not likely soon to forget, the speeches that were delivered on Tory hustings in 1852. At that election Ministers and their adherents had one object only present to their minds—how best to secure the suffrages of their respective constituencies—heedless of consistency one with another, heedless even of stating truly what they intended to do. In the words of Lord Macaulay at the time, ‘Nothing would be easier than to select from their speeches passages which would prove them to be Free-traders, and passages which would prove them to be Protectionists. But, in truth, the only inference which can properly be drawn from a speech of one of these gentlemen in favour of Free Trade is, that when he spoke he was standing for a town; and the only inference that can be drawn from the speech of another in favour of Protection is, that when he spoke he was standing for a county.’ Such double-dealing had its reward. From the first denied the confidence of the country, the Derby Government of ’52 led a troubled life, and died young. The trail of the serpent, or, in other words, the character of the Tory leader in the House of Commons, was not less manifest in the unprincipled intrigues which brought them again into power in ’58. And the use which they then made of power was in all respects worthy of the means by which they had attained it. What they did was to carry out the measures of the Ministry they succeeded, against their own convictions, if they had any, certainly against all their recorded opinions. It was now Mr Disraeli’s turn to achieve that ingenious fraud with which he so often reproached Sir Robert Peel—to catch the Whigs bathing, and to steal their clothes. Did he not then bethink himself of a sarcastic picture in ‘Sybil,’ of a Conservative minister seeking in the pigeon-holes of his Whig predecessor for the details of a measure which he himself had bitterly opposed? Did his vituperation of the great Conservative leader on the night of the last Corn Law debate not recur to his memory? Did the words not ring in his ears, ‘His reputation has been made by trading on the intellects of others. His life has been one great

appropriation clause ?' Who was now trading on the intellects of others ? Who was appropriating unblushingly the popular policy of his rivals ? The motive for all this has been exposed by an abler pen than ours. 'The temporary support of the Radicals was the precious guerdon for which Conservatism was to expose itself to ridicule by masquerading for a season in the motley of Reform. . . . It was of a piece with a policy which had long misguided and discredited the Conservative party in the House of Commons. To crush the Whigs by combining with the Radicals was the first and last maxim of Mr Disraeli's parliamentary tactics.' This maxim, however, has never been properly appreciated by Mr Disraeli's followers. 'Opponents were wont to speak almost with envy of the laudable discipline of the Tory party. They little knew the deep and bitter humiliation that was masked by the outward loyalty of its votes. The Conservatives could not blind themselves to the fact, that their leaders held office, not because Conservatism was preferred by the House of Commons, but because the Radicals wished to punish the Whigs for not being Radical enough.' Such was the language held regarding Mr Disraeli's policy in '58 by the *Quarterly Review*.¹ But the sanguine writer goes on to express a hope that such an 'error the Conservative party are not likely to repeat.' Alas for those who expect much, for they will certainly be disappointed. Sooner will the Ethiopian change his skin and the leopard his spots, than Mr Disraeli relinquish a policy of intrigue. This very 'error,' as the *Quarterly Review* so mildly calls it, was repeated last session. Again we saw Mr Disraeli 'combining with the Radicals to crush the Whigs.' Ever since the last Derby Government had left office, their services in reconstructing our naval and military establishments had been loudly vaunted. Sir John Pakington, indeed, was lauded for the increase of our navy during his rule, as if, as some grumbler observed, the worthy baronet had paid the bill out of his own pocket. Last session all this was changed. In the debate on Sir Stafford Northcote's motion on the 8th of May, the House was astonished to hear a new policy hinted at by the subordinate : adopted and elaborately expounded by the leader. For the first time, remonstrances against the excessive expenditure of the country were heard from the Opposition benches. To remonstrate was then quite safe, for the estimates had been passed, and it was too late to do any mischief. Thus far Sir Stafford Northcote. But the great man was more explicit. He denounced in set terms our 'bloated armaments,' and declared that they were rendered necessary simply by Lord Palmerston's presumption in venturing now and then to differ from Louis Napoleon. If our

¹ No. 214. Vol. cvii., pp. 547-9.

Premier would only give up the notion that England possessed, or should possess, any weight on foreign politics, and yield on all occasions to the serene wisdom of our amiable and unselfish ally, what a deal of money might be saved to the country! Furthermore, the Conservative programme included our holding aloof from the affairs of Italy, our acquiescence in the temporal power of the Pope, and our respect for an anomalous position, called by Mr Disraeli 'independence,' at present secured for the Pontiff by the bayonets of France. In a word, the Opposition plan for the opening campaign is simply to secure the economists by truckling to France, and to secure the Papists by hindering the freedom of Italy. Financial Reform and Ultra-Montanism is to be the new cry for Protestant Conservatism. We cannot call this a policy. Mr Disraeli is incapable of a policy; but it is the old trick which failed in '58 played over again. Supposing it to be rewarded with place, would not the words of the indignant *Quarterly Review* again be applicable, and the 'Conservatives would hold office, not because Conservatism was preferred by the House of Commons, but because the Radicals wished to punish the Whigs for not being Radical enough?' And with a yet more humiliating reason added. They would hold office not only because they were more ready than the Whigs to do the bidding of the Radicals, but also because they had also proved more subservient to the brass band of the Pope. We should not think this idea grateful to the mind of Mr Spooner.

We do not believe that Mr Disraeli will take much by his ingenious device. It failed him before, and he and his party still suffer the consequences of that failure; and if he is allowed to repeat it, we feel confident that it will fail him again. He may, indeed, gain several votes by his alliance with Sir G. Bowyer and Co. But when office has been gained, these votes will have to be paid for. It is difficult to imagine what the price will be. Lord Malmesbury, indeed, could easily resume his style of '59, and throw cold water on the cause of Italian unity, in a series of lengthy despatches, written in exceedingly bad English. But this will hardly satisfy the Irish Papists. They will require something more than ill expressed sympathy for the Pope, and dislike to the Court of Turin. And if there be any attempt to give them more, the fate of the Ministry is sealed. Lord Malmesbury will at best be hardly tolerated at the Foreign Office; but Lord Malmesbury obstructing the progress of Italian liberty would not remain there for a day. Nor has Mr Disraeli made a very great point in securing the adhesion of Mr Bright and Mr Cobden. The same remark applies to them as to the Irishmen—like 'the gentleman in black,' they drive a very hard bargain. They will keep Mr Disraeli to the bond: he must reduce our

armaments, and, in order to do so, he must in all things be the obedient servant of the French Emperor. We really quite feel for Lord Malmesbury. Should his leader persevere in these designs, he will take office, bound to show servility towards Louis Napoleon and hostility towards Italy; and a very nice time of it he will have. However, he may find comfort in the assurance, that the duration of his misery will be short. But this being the price to be paid for Mr Bright and Mr Cobden, we cannot help thinking that they are dear at the money. Both of these gentlemen are living to a great extent on a past reputation. Mr Bright, in particular, though his powers of eloquence must always command attention, has lost, of late years, much of his influence with the nation. He has never recovered his two expeditions over the country, advocating democracy and inequitable taxation. It was a conspicuous failure, for he urged a crusade against the rich, and yet the poor refused to listen to him. It is not pleasant to impute insincerity to any man; but Mr Bright's harangues of late have been so culpably reckless, that it is difficult to give him credit for strict conscientiousness. He seems to be animated by one leading idea—a bitter hatred towards the aristocracy of England. In order to justify this feeling, he falsifies history and colours contemporary facts. He assures those who yet listen to him, that the aristocracy has plunged England into all her wars, and is eager to plunge her into more, in order that the army and navy may afford provision for their younger sons; and until lately, he was never weary of depicting the varied felicities of free, untaxed, peace-loving, and dollar-making America. That his imputations of a warlike spirit to aristocracies rather than to democracies are contradicted by all history; that, if nothing else, his own recollections of the Crimean war must refute his special accusation against the aristocracy of England; that his loved America has become a byword among the nations, not alone from her civil war, but from her extravagance and her corruption, and from the tyranny under which her citizens groan; all these things move him not. He will not see the truth with regard to America; and he accuses those who do see the truth, of hatred towards that country, because she is a republic! With a slight alteration, the well-known lines of the anti-Jacobin may be applied to him:—

‘No narrow bigot *he*—his reasonèd view
Thy interests, England! ranks with thine, Peru!
France at our doors, he sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for *Yankee* woes the impartial sigh;
A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country—but his own.’

Mr Cobden is a man of a somewhat different stamp. Infe-

rior to Mr Bright as an orator, he is yet more entitled to respect, because his sincerity has never been questioned. But, with regard to public affairs, he may be almost styled a monomaniac. He is the slave of one idea, and that idea is the omnipotence of trade. Far be it from us to speak slightly of British commerce, or of the principles on which British commerce is conducted. Few positions in life are more dignified or more useful than that of a British merchant; nothing can be more unworthy and more absurd than the sneers too often levelled by Tory writers against the mercantile community. The merchant, while he enriches himself, lays deep the foundations of the prosperity of his country, and his enterprise carries civilisation to distant lands not less surely than the labours of the missionary. But there is a vast difference between the spirit of merchandise and the spirit of trade—the mere love of money-getting long ago denounced by Plato. And it is by the latter that Mr Cobden is actuated. His first attempt in politics was to show that Russia should be allowed to have Constantinople, because the possession of it would increase our trade. His last endeavour has been to convince us that we may turn our swords into pruning-hooks in the face of Louis Napoleon's armaments, because the Emperor is an adherent of Free Trade. This argument is about as rational as if Sir James Mackintosh had tried to persuade the Englishmen of his time that Europe was quite secure from attack by the First Napoleon, because the author of the Code Napoleon could never disregard all law and justice. In short, we hardly think that any public man has, in the same space of time, made so many blunders as Mr Cobden has made since the dissolution of the League. We all remember his visions of eternal peace, his undertaking to 'crumple up' Russia like a sheet of paper, and we all remember how the visions were realized and how the undertaking was fulfilled. Latterly he has betaken himself, with equal success, to the interpretation of maritime law. Here his ruling passion has come in, and the maritime supremacy of England is to be destroyed, and in consequence the position of England as a leading state is to be given up, in order that trade may go on undisturbed upon the high seas. A man animated by such sentiments cannot bear much love towards our present Premier. And, accordingly, there is no man in England whom Mr Cobden loves less than Lord Palmerston. He showed this at the close of last session. Urged on by dislike, and emboldened by his new alliance with Mr Disraeli, Mr Cobden assailed the Premier bitterly. He did not get the best of the encounter; and having been foiled, he evinced a littleness and a spitefulness which few had expected, and which every one was sorry to

remark. Worst of all is the tyrannical temper of these men. They assail with unwarrantable vehemence every politician who dissents from them; they denounce as corrupt every journal which controverts their opinions. The fruitless rage which they displayed at the attitude of the nation during the Crimean war will long be remembered; nor can we readily forget Mr Bright's idea of a perfect newspaper, which should record the events of the day, and report faithfully his speeches, abstaining meanwhile from all comment on the events, and still more religiously from all discussion of the speeches. In fact, these democratic individuals are not less arrogant and not less intolerant of the free expression of opinion than are democratic states.

We do not think that Mr Disraeli has taken much by this new alliance. It is the fashion to speak of the 'Manchester school,' and to regard Mr Cobden and Mr Bright as its leaders. Nothing can be more erroneous, and nothing, we would add, can be more unjust to Manchester. Messrs Bright and Cobden represent nobody but themselves. The general election after the great China debate should have put an end to this nomenclature. Cobden and Bright, and all their immediate followers, lost their seats ignominiously. Nor was this owing solely, or even chiefly, to the popularity of Lord Palmerston, or to a conviction of the justice of the China war. The cause of it lay deeper. It was attributable to the impatience which Manchester, and indeed all Lancashire, had long felt of those very men who are by some supposed to be the exponents of Manchester feeling. The rump of the League had become more intolerable than was even the Rump Parliament itself. It was felt to be wrong that the organization of the League should be kept up for purposes altogether foreign to the purposes for which that body had been instituted; it was felt to be degrading that Manchester should take its opinions on all points from men who were able to guide it on one point only. The dictation, indeed, against which Manchester rebelled, was the inevitable consequence of the existence of the League. It is an evil incident to all such bodies, that they raise men who have only a limited knowledge and a special aptitude into a position of fictitious importance, and inflame them with the erroneous idea that they are competent to determine all matters which concern the interests of the State. Mr Cobden knew thoroughly, and exposed clearly, the evils of monopoly; but he is not on that account entitled to claim consideration as accurate in history, versed in foreign politics, or learned in international law. The mischiefs of agitation do not end with the agitation itself. They are perpetuated in the power acquired by the agitators, which remains to them long after the grievance which called them into

existence has passed away. O'Connell could never have disturbed Ireland had it not been for the injustice done to the Roman Catholics; and had it not been for the Corn Laws Messrs Cobden and Bright would never have reached the position they held in '46, and which they have striven so hard to lose. And they have lost it effectually. Lancashire repudiated their policy, and rejected themselves and their followers on the first opportunity. At the present time, the members for Manchester do not belong to the so-called Manchester school. Mr Bright would be rejected now by Manchester as decidedly as he was before; in fact, we don't believe that there are half-a dozen men of any standing in that city who concur in his democratic extravagances. Even with regard to the present crisis, neither Mr Bright nor Mr Cobden truly represent the feeling of the manufacturing districts. Forgetting the principles of political economy which they have so often expounded, they would introduce Protection for the purpose of encouraging the growth of cotton in India, and they would relieve the Lancashire distress by a Government grant, because that distress is occasioned by the acquiescence of Government in the American blockade. On this latter point especially, not only were the laws of political economy more respected, but the feelings, both of the workmen who have so nobly endured, and of the capitalists who have so generously relieved, the present great calamity, were more faithfully interpreted by Lord Derby and Lord Stanley when they expressed an earnest hope that their country might be spared the degradation of an appeal for help to the Legislature.

Mr Disraeli has, therefore, made a bad bargain in the ordinary sense of the word; and a bargain, moreover, which is creditable to neither of the contracting parties. 'England,' as the House of Commons was ten years ago told in a venomous speech from a falling Minister, 'has not loved coalitions.' The remark is true; and the reason why she has not loved them, is because she has always suspected in them some sacrifice of principle. And in an alliance between extreme Tories and extreme Radicals there is no room for suspicion of this—there is certainty. We have already shown how little such an alliance accords with the profession of the party which Mr Disraeli leads with so much ingenuity, and with such unhappy results; and we have only to add, that it is hardly less discreditable to the other party in the transaction. If the gratification of a personal dislike to Lord Palmerston were the only motive which actuates Messrs Bright and Cobden, the course they have adopted would be a very effective course, however doubtful its propriety. But this is not so. The gratification of their dislike to the Premier is unquestionably an object very dear to their hearts, but it is not

the only one they have in view. They desire to pass extreme measures of change at once, and at all hazards. The country does not wish such measures, but they do; and they are determined to take advantage of the present state of parties in order to attain this end. Their end, in short, is to assail the Constitution; and they propose to employ as means to this end the very men whose pride and boast it is ever to preserve the Constitution in its integrity. And when some of these men, more scrupulous than the rest, refuse to lend themselves to such a plot, Mr Cobden becomes mightily indignant. He who is always parading his independence of party ties, presumed last session to be angry with Mr Walpole, because that gentleman refused to follow his leader in a policy which once proved injurious to the Opposition, and which, if repeated again, would damage them irretrievably—in a word, which is at once inexpedient and dishonest. But Mr Cobden thinks of none of these things. It never occurs to him that it is of great moment that those who govern the nation should have some fixed principles on which they are known to act. It never occurs to him that it would be a grievous evil were the people to form the belief that a statesman was nothing but a man struggling for place, and who was willing to profess anything and to do anything in order to obtain place. Intent on his own schemes, he values not the characters of public men, he considers not the reputation of the House; and finding Mr Disraeli as unscrupulous as himself, this unholy alliance is at once completed.

The career of the Conservative party for the last sixteen years can hardly be considered a success. In our opinion it has, on the contrary, been an ignominious failure, and we see no prospect of their bettering themselves. Their whole policy has been a struggle for place at any price, and even in that wretched aim they have been baffled. They owe this undoubtedly to the leader who has forced himself upon them. His speeches and his tactics, according to the *Quarterly Review* of 1860, 'might well induce the nation to believe that the 'great party' which he led cared for no 'great political principle' to justify its existence; that special political conviction had no more to do with its party struggles than with the contests of the Hippodrome; and that the Conservatives registered and organized, and lavishly spent their money and their labour, merely that the ambition of a few, or of one, might be contented.' This is abundantly true; and being true, it is not wonderful that distrust of their leader should disturb the minds of the Conservative party. Unscrupulous men, who look on politics merely as a game in which to play for self-advancement, will follow Mr Disraeli through every humiliation; foolish men, dazzled by his intellectual fireworks, and led astray

by his paradoxes, admire him; men both foolish and unscrupulous find in him their favourite leader; but the country gentlemen of England are not confused by his subtleties, and shrink from sacrificing their principles in order to satisfy his greed for place. For long they endured his leadership in silent discontent, but at last the standard of rebellion was openly raised. The celebrated article in No. 214 of the *Quarterly* was preceded by mysterious announcements well calculated to increase its importance as a political manifesto. It was widely whispered that the coming man had come at last,—that an article in the next number of the *Quarterly* was to promulgate the true Conservative policy, and depose Mr Disraeli from his position as leader of the Conservative party. The article, the advent of which was announced with such a flourish of trumpets, appeared in due course. And on the question of Mr Disraeli, it certainly did not speak with stammering lips. We have quoted some pretty strong passages from it already, but our quotations can give the reader but a slight idea of the bitterness of its tone. It denounced Mr Disraeli's tactics as 'flexible and shameless;' it describes him as going forth 'blundering and to blunder on his career of disastrous leadership;' it celebrates his 'unrivalled powers of conducting his party into the ditch.' It was and is no secret that this article was written by one of Mr Disraeli's most eminent lieutenants, who, thinking much of his close connection with the heaven-born rulers of the country, was impatient of the second place, and thought that the mantle which he was about to pluck from the shoulders of his plebeian chief, would, with general consent, adorn his own aristocratic form. But hope told a tale too flattering to be true. The ambitious aspirant was 'hoist by his own petard,' and had the infelicity of hearing himself made game of in the House of Commons, as 'the obscure author,' who had attempted much and had accomplished nothing. Mr Disraeli is like the old man of the sea—he clings fast round the neck of the Tory party. Reversing, with a foolish self-confidence, the design of Sindbad, that party administered to him the bitter draught of the venom of the *Quarterly*, but the result has only been to make him cling the closer. We would advise them to profit better by the example of the Arabian mariner. A cup of bitterness will defeat their end; but a cup of sweet beverage with an intoxicating influence would have the desired effect. And, indeed, we have heard it whispered that such draught is to be administered—that the Governor-Generalship of India is to be contained in the proffered gourd; or, if this be found impracticable, could they not get him made King of Greece?

Seriously speaking, it is not creditable to the great Conserva-

tive party of England, that they cannot shake themselves free of a man whom they at once dislike and mistrust. That they do dislike and mistrust him cannot be questioned. There never was a more bitter attack made on any public man, even by his professed opponents, than the attack to which we have above referred, made on the Tory leader by the most powerful Tory organ. The appearance of such an article in the *Quarterly*, places beyond a doubt the fact that the pure Tories hate Mr Disraeli. For the article in question was not a criticism, but a diatribe. It did not point out a few faults into which the opposition chief had accidentally fallen, it denounced his whole career, and demanded his deposition. Nor is this our only evidence. Every session, some few of the more conscientious and upright members of the Opposition break loose from ties which they feel degrading, and refuse to follow their leader into the mire through which he would conduct them with such cynical indifference to consistency, to principle, to character, in short, to everything save the immediate chance of office. And yet, despite all this, they cannot get rid of him. The vain effort of 'the obscure author,' like all unsuccessful rebellions, has only served to render more permanent and more secure the sway of the hated potentate. The great party of Pitt, of Canning, and of Peel, cannot, it appears, produce a man able to take the leadership out of the hands of one who has used it to all bad purposes, and to no single good one, who, in the language of the *Quarterly*, has led his followers only into the ditch,—who has compelled them to sacrifice their most cherished principles,—who has spent himself and them for no higher object than a struggle for place, and who has failed, even in that pitiful ambition. Opponents though we are, we cannot rejoice in this. It is no pleasure to see one of the great parties in the state weakened and discredited, struggling with what it feels to be disgrace, and yet unable to free itself therefrom. No well-wisher to his country would desire to see the Conservative influence in political affairs utterly destroyed. Speaking of the two hostile sections which, since 1641, have contended for supremacy in the state, the great Whig historian of England declares the truth to be that 'though both parties have often seriously erred, England could have spared neither. If, in her institutions, freedom and order, the advantages arising from innovation, and the advantages arising from prescription, have been combined to an extent elsewhere unknown, we may attribute this happy peculiarity to the strenuous conflicts and alternate victories of two rival confederacies of statesmen, a confederacy zealous for authority and antiquity, and a confederacy zealous for liberty and progress.' It is, therefore, nothing but matter for regret that either of these parties should

wilfully destroy its good fame, and so deprive itself of its powers for good. The Conservative party has done this. It has seldom been stronger in point of numbers; it never was weaker in point of reputation and character. It is entirely their own fault. Overmastered by their unprincipled leader, they have chosen the worse part. To gain place they have given up principle; they have dearly purchased two short periods of office by running counter to all the cherished traditions of their party. Had they bided their time, adhered stedfastly to their opinions, and been content to remain in opposition until they could hold office on terms consistent with their political creed, it had been better for themselves and for the state. It would have been better for the state, because the consistency and the credit of a great party would have been preserved; it would have been better for themselves, because, had they done so, they would now, probably, be enjoying, or, at least, would have a fair prospect of soon enjoying, a tenure of office far longer than the few months of felicity which a tortuous policy has twice bestowed upon them. The country would gladly have given them a chance, were it for no better reason than that they are *not* Whigs. Sameness is afflicting in the political world as well as elsewhere, and people welcome any change simply because it is a change—like the man who declared himself bored by the annual recurrence of green in spring-time, and wished that red could be substituted by way of variety. All this fair prospect they have thrown away. They have chosen rather to remain a party which boasts to have had its origin in Protection; which submits to Mr Disraeli as its leader; which announces truckling to Radicals as its home policy; and as its foreign policy, fawning on the Pope, and servility to France or Austria, according as one or the other of these powers shows itself especially despotic and overbearing. In the prospect of the coming session, we cannot do better than repeat, for the edification of Her Majesty's Opposition, the impressive admonition of 'the obscure author.' 'But if the past has no warning and no meaning for them, and fidelity to a leader who has been tried and has been found wanting, is to be preferred to all other considerations, they will expiate their error in the irretrievable loss of that national confidence without which no party can exist. If the old strategy is to be renewed, and during five more years of opposition, momentary success is to be schemed for by all arts and at all hazards—if triumphs are to be purchased by the sacrifice of all that makes a triumph precious,—the certain punishment of a trust knowingly and wilfully misplaced, will not delay to overtake them.'

Rumours are not wanting to the effect that 'the old strategy'

will be renewed next session. The last number of the *Quarterly* has forgotten the frankness and honesty of 'the obscure author,' and sounds a war-note against the ministry. But the note has a feeble and uncertain sound. It assails the ministry with much bitterness, but in terms so very vague as to be quite harmless. We are not told precisely what field of battle is to be occupied; and so far as we can divine this from the tone of the article, we must say that Tory generalship is not improved. The only charge brought against the home policy of ministers is, that under their rule the streets of London have become unsafe. This is really grotesque. The metropolis lately made itself ridiculous by getting into a state of intense alarm, because of some two or three assaults and robberies which had been committed in the suburbs; but we thought that folly had blown over. Certainly no man could have imagined that it was to be gravely brought forward as a serious count in an indictment against the Ministry. With regard to questions of foreign policy, the *Quarterly* foreshadows an attack on ministers for their Italian policy. This is carrying out the Cobden-Bright alliance. For the ground of objection taken by the *Quarterly* is, that Lord Palmerston should have indicated no opinion on Italian matters at all; that by expressing an opinion he has only irritated the French Emperor and the Pope; that he should not have presumed to state any views adverse to the French or the Papal policy; that, in short, the hearty sympathy of England has done more harm than good to the Italian cause. This is entirely in accordance with Mr Disraeli's speech on the 8th of May last, in which he sneered so contemptuously at 'the moral influence' of England. These ideas may be correct, only we should fancy that the Italian people and Italian statesmen know their own affairs best; and the Italian people and Italian statesmen alike entertain opinions directly at variance with those of the *Review* and the Tory leader. Count Cavour has left his sentiments on record. So far from undervaluing the sympathy of England, Italy estimates it almost too highly; so far from ascribing to us any share of the evils which she endures, she attributes to us almost too great a share in the good which she has gained. So long as this is so, the *Quarterly* and Mr Disraeli may spin their paradoxes in vain. The other question of foreign policy on which, according to the *Quarterly*, the Government have to fear defeat, is the proposed cession of the Ionian Islands. We have little doubt that this negotiation will form the subject of a discussion early next session; and we have as little doubt that the conduct of ministers, if seriously attacked, will be warmly approved. On this point, at least, Mr Disraeli will be deserted by his new allies. Even personal dislike of Lord Palmerston will hardly make Mr Cobden and Mr

Bright go the length of condemning the cession of islands which were never contented under our rule ; which were to us a fertile source of vexation and annoyance, the possession of which was a constant ground of reproach against us on the part of foreign nations, and which, above all, are to us totally useless. If the garotting of a few Londoners is the only fault which can be charged against the administration of the Government at home, and sympathy with Italy, and the proposed cession of the Ionian Islands, are the only points on which their foreign policy can be assailed, we may safely predict that the session of '63 will not be marked by a change of ministry.

For the present, then, we think the Government safe ; but we cannot say that the position of the Liberal party is satisfactory. It has recovered the shock which was given to all parties in '46 better than the opposite side. It has adhered to its traditions—has never been flagrantly false to its creed. But it wants organization and discipline ; and though it has never done anything inconsistent with its principles, yet it has not of late years shown any very ardent desire to carry these principles into action. It is supposed to owe its present position entirely to the Premier ; and the idea is often expressed that when Lord Palmerston shall cease to lead his party, the power of that party will, for a season at least, pass away. Many of the more moderate Tories are content that Lord Palmerston should reign out his day,—maintaining that they are his rightful, and will be his actual successors. We do not think that this will be so ; we are sure that it ought not to be so. The Liberal party cannot be dependent for good fortune, much less for existence, on the popularity of one man. Its duty is to maintain principles and to aim at objects which would give life to any confederacy. These principles it may not always put forward ; after these objects it may occasionally cease to strive, but it will not forget them utterly. The distinction between the two parties in the State may seem at times to fade, but it can never altogether vanish away. For it is not confined to politics ; it is rooted in human nature. Both parties fairly and honestly advocating their views are useful, and are worthy of respect. Yet we cannot but believe that the Liberals have chosen the better part. Mere contentment with what is we do not consider the highest feeling which can rule either in the individual or in the body politic. Far loftier is the spirit which, without yielding to discontent, yet aims at something better. The Conservative would keep all things as they are ; satisfied with security and order, he would willingly encounter no change however beneficial, from an idle dread of the results to which change may lead. *Quieta non movere* is his motto. The Liberal, on the other hand, while he acknowledges

that the blessings of security and order are indeed priceless, yet thinks that these blessings are not imperilled by a policy which welcomes any measure calculated to better the condition and to increase the self-respect of the bulk of the community. He does not love change for its own sake ; but at the same time he does not shrink from change when he sees good reason to hope that change will tend to the happiness and prosperity of his countrymen. Thus while his theory is that only the intelligent classes should share in the Government of the country, he yet looks forward to the time when the spread of intelligence will justify the extension of political power more and more. According as he is sanguine, or the reverse, he will anticipate that this extension will be greater or less ; but differences on this point arise only from temperament ; the principle is the same in all. As it is with the question of the suffrage, so it is with other questions. He has no desire to ‘tinker,’ as it is called, the constitution, but he sees the advance of the country in prosperity and in intelligence, and he knows that that advance will necessitate changes,—which necessity he regards as a healthy sign of the body politic. Perhaps the leaders of the Liberal party have, of late, too much neglected these things. Engrossed by the menacing aspect of affairs abroad, they have not devoted much attention to opportunities of amending things at home. Yet this is not unnatural. The aspect of foreign affairs has been, and is menacing in the highest degree. We differ too widely from France on all continental questions, to regard her warlike preparations without anxiety ; the war in America is not only the cause to us of immediate suffering, but keeps ever alive in our minds the idea of danger. Such and such like considerations should mitigate the impatience of those who are called the ‘Independent Liberals.’ These men should remember that nothing can be done in politics without compromise. By exercising a little patience, they will see their favourite measures carried out by those whose becoming task it is to do so,—a result surely more satisfactory to them, certainly more honourable to all classes of statesmen, than if they were to succeed in wresting these measures from the complaisance or the ambition of their opponents. They should bear in mind the last words addressed by Sir Robert Peel as Premier to the House, in which he spoke, evidently with feelings of deep regret for what had been forced on himself, of ‘the existence of a great party, the maintenance of a great party, and fidelity to that party, as powerful instruments of good government.’ If these gentlemen will thus do what we venture to style their duty, there is no fear but that the leaders of the party will in good time do theirs. We shall then see the gratifying spectacle of a Liberal Government energetically carrying out the old

Liberal policy of Peace, Retrenchment and Reform,—Peace, at any sacrifice save the sacrifice of our national honour; Retrenchment, at any risk save the risk of our national safety; Reform, not to be undertaken rashly, not even to be regarded as a necessity; but to be kept steadily in view as a consummation to be wished for, both as elevating those to whom the franchise may be extended, and as laying broader and deeper the foundations of the Constitution. Long we hope may Lord Palmerston continue to lead his party in this career. But should he unhappily cease to do so, we cannot anticipate that that career will cease. A party is not destitute which can number among its chiefs such men as Lord Russell, Lord Grenville, Sir G. Lewis, and Mr Gladstone.

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ART. I.—*The Drift of the War.* By EDWARD BUCK, Esq.
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THE disintegration of empires is the spectacle of the time now passing. In four notable instances, this process, either of political solution or of actual dismemberment, is going on in our view; and each of these instances recommends itself to notice, as well by the magnitude of the movement, regarded by itself apart, as by the importance of its consequences, affecting other nations far and near.

Political disintegration, or imperial dismemberment, may be of several kinds; but of these varieties, the four following are especially to be noted: 1. It may be a consequence of the slow decay of the vital forces within a political body. In such cases there has been going on for a long time a corruption of the solids and fluids of the social organization. The 'sick man' is a scrofulous subject; and even if ulceration and gangrene are stayed in one limb, disease does not fail to break forth in another; so that the inevitable end is only delayed for a while. This is the case with China. 2. Dismemberment may be the breaking up of a crazy and cumbrous machine, which is sure to ensue if it be attempted to put a too high speed upon its movements, in relation to the age of the framework, and to the quality of the materials, and the manner of the jointings, and the worn condition of the revolving parts, and the loss of steady-pins, and the wear of the cogs. Throughout the machine, in such a case, there is too much *back-lash*. Things might have gone on well enough at the old rate of going; but the machine will not hold together if it be attempted to turn off as much work as is done by a modern machine, constructed on improved principles, and with better

materials. This is the case of Russia. 3. The disintegration of an empire may take place in a manner which may be likened to the blowing up of a machine in consequence of a faulty construction, or an ill-adjusted relationship of its motive functions, which, as they are partly chemical and partly mechanical, as in the instance of the steam-engine, require great care and skill in the engine-room. A dismemberment of *this* kind takes place suddenly; there is an explosion; the enginemen are killed, or torn limb from limb; ruins and wrecks are scattered far and wide; the spaces around are strewn with fragments. This is the case of America. But there is yet another (4) kind of disintegration, which in its nature is auspicious, and which is fruitful of good. It is the maturing of an organization while the vital forces of the body are still in full vigour. It is not decay; it is remote renovation. In this instance we must find our resemblance in what takes place so often under the paternal roof. The parents, while they are in mid life, or are only approaching the next stage beyond it, call their sons and daughters around them: the sons are robust, well-trained, and full of hope, and thrifty in their habits; the daughters are women-grown, and each is 'polished after the similitude of a temple.' The parental voice thus utters itself: 'We, your parents, have done our best for you; we have taught you all we know; we have endowed you with such wisdom as we have ourselves acquired by painful experience, or with such as we inherited from the founders of the house. You are now well able to make your fortunes for yourselves in the wide world: go, then, and may the blessing of Heaven attend you! This is in the future for the British Empire.

The disintegration of empires, which is our subject at this time, should be distinguished always from a process which may often come to be intermingled with it in fact, and therefore confounded with it in our thoughts—namely, the decline, the decay, or the transmutation of religions, or of national beliefs, or systems of philosophy. These, or any such like, shiftings of sand-banks in the ocean-bed of thought, may either accelerate or they may retard the fate of empires; but they should be set off from the account, when we are intending to consider the more ostensible revolutions and catastrophes of the political world. We do not *forget* that such movements are actually going on; but they stand only incidentally related to our proper subject. Solid bodies sometimes disappear from under the hand and eye of the chemist by a slow process, which he calls *sublimation*. So it is sometimes with forms of religion. Paganism disappeared throughout the Roman world in the fifth century and the sixth, by a process of *sublimation*, not by catastrophe: it *had been* a ponderable and visible body, but it disappeared; and the places

that had known it knew it thenceforward no more. At this time Brahminism, with its atrocities and its abominations, and its *caste*, is yielding, not so much to our Christianity as to the import of our civilisation, and of our European lights in science, politics, and history. It will be gone, in its time, though not very soon. Buddhism is not defunct; but it has lain in a swoon or trance now for centuries. In its present condition it is to be reckoned as a permanent mood of the Oriental mind, nor is it likely soon to give way to anything better; for, in fact, this metaphysic infatuation has long ceased to possess any momentum of its own upon which a force from without might take effect. Whether regarded as a philosophy or as a religion, it is a vapour; it is a miasma, which has settled down upon the levels of the Asiatic mind, and it benumbs the human mass wherever it rests.

Mahometism still possesses everywhere a virulent vivacity. The body and the limbs show convulsive life; but the body has no head; it has no central consciousness; it has no power of assimilation toward other bodies; it is itself in a less decrepit condition than are the political bodies to which it adheres; the parasite is more alive than the animal on the juices of which it lives. Yet, in this scheme of religious fervour there is coherence enough to make a renewal of its hold upon the Scythian and the Persian races *possible*. Shall this religion ever see an Elijah of its own? Christian missionaries throughout the East might do well to prepare themselves for an encounter with an antagonist that is not to be despised. What shall be said of Romanism? It would be discreet to say nothing, at a moment when this religion, rich as it is in fascinations, and so well fitted as it is to human nature in the Latin races, is approaching its crisis, whether for its renovation or for its disappearance. The error which is likely to be fallen into on the Protestant side is that of mistaking the jeopardy or the overthrow of the *Paparchy* in Italy for a sign of the decay or disappearance of *Romanism*. The very contrary of this may well be imagined. Only let a Hildebrand at this moment walk forth from Rome barefoot and cowled as a Dominican, and he would be hailed as master of the spirits of a third of the human family!

It is needful that we keep clearly in view what it is we intend by the word *empire*, when we affirm, concerning certain *empires*, that they are now undergoing a process of disintegration. And why is it that *four* only should be named, when in fact the word is ordinarily applied to six or eight existing bodies, and is not yet conventionally applied to one of the four which we have actually so designated? These are States the chiefs of which have come to be called emperors; nevertheless we do not bring such States into our account just now. We know nothing, in

these pages, of the Turkish Empire; for it has long ceased to be a potency; it subsists to stop the way only of Russia, southward. Nor do we speak of the Austrian Empire; for it is a political problem more than it is a power. Nor do we reckon the Brazilian Empire, although we know it in our markets; for we have little political consciousness of any such existence in the southern hemisphere. But Russia is an empire, as we shall show, although neither Austria nor Prussia is an empire. China is an empire, but not India. Britain is an empire in a sense to which France cannot *at this time* pretend; and could not, even if it had become the more powerful State of the two. The States, lately United, of the North American continent were, and are now struggling to become, an empire, in a sense which, if it were realized, would imperil the liberties of the world, and which must obstruct the progress of civilisation everywhere.

Understood in the sense which we are now assigning to the term, an empire is a State extended beyond the limits of what might seem to be the *natural* limits of a government. By conquest, or by colonization, or by any other means, lawful or lawless, the central power has stretched its arms, east and west, north and south, through many degrees of latitude and longitude. Such an empire will therefore include differences of climate so great as to imply very dissimilar conditions of human life, and dissimilar national habits. These diversities of climate, moreover, must include diversities of produce—exchangeable among the constituents of the empire. Such diversities may be of a kind which will become either the grounds of commercial intercourse, and therefore bonds of coherence, or else the sources of commercial rivalries, and the occasions of fiscal anomalies, and the incentives of smuggling and piracy. An empire of this sort—geographically extended beyond any natural limits—must often be contending with the problem of how to bind together races that refuse to amalgamate, and which perhaps regard each other with hatred—centuries old. Such an empire has need of interpreters at its centre; and its chief officers may be barbarians one to another. Such an empire is mighty so long as it is thought to be so; but it ceases to be mighty at the moment when the breath of opinion fails to pronounce it to be omnipotent. It lives in peril hourly upon the prestige of its reputation. An empire, in this sense, can have no period of stable equilibrium, for at every moment it must be either in growth or in decay. Accretion or dissolution are its only conditions. It is not so with *a people*, or *a nation*, which passes at a slow pace through the wonted stages of infancy, youth, maturity (and perhaps decrepitude). A *nation* has a consciousness of itself, and it has a memory of its gone-by times; which consciousness is

to it strength, and it may give it a green old age. The vital forces of an extended empire are likely to be in *inverse* proportion to the strength and vitality of its several constituents. So it is that the central administration is liable to be driven toward the dangerous extremes of incertitude, laxity, rigour, and variable tyranny, in its treatment of the nations that are under its sway; and it is always open to the temptation to spend its strength in ambitious inroads upon its neighbours, as the likeliest means of diverting the dangers that are threatening itself from within.

The four empires which we have now named, accord with these definitions in different degrees. Not one of them entirely with all of them; yet each of them answers to the description in its principal articles. This will appear in taking a glance at each in its turn. Each, at this very moment, is reaching a crisis in its fate; and the issue of this crisis must deeply affect the welfare of other nations. But are we now regarding these impending changes in a merely political and secular light; or is it chiefly in a religious light? Mainly in the first; and, as a consequence, or inferentially, in the second. We may take account of the operation of natural causes in bringing about revolutions; and then we may read in these revolutions A DIVINE INTENTION, which again and again, in the lifetime of the human family, has shown a fixed purpose, and which comes in at the moment to forbid the realization of some scheme of boundless ambition. But a providential purpose, the very contrary of this, which stops the way against the enterprises of lawless ambition, may seem to be the intention of a course of events in some other quarter:—as, for instance, in the case of China, where what is needed is an opening of the road of national improvement and advancement, by the breaking up of a vast obstructive polity. A superannuated empire does not better suit the present needs of the great polity of nations, than does an over-ambitious empire. The word that is spoken out from on high among all people at this time is this:—You must neither obstruct the highway of the world; nor may you drive other men from off it. So it is that the police, in a crowded city, has two lines of duty to keep its eye upon—namely, *first*, to give those a jog who are lounging upon busy thoroughfares; and *then* to restrain those whose selfish energy might overpass due bounds. Each year, at this time, as it passes, is setting the nations forward a step or two on a path of improvement; and while it does so, it imparts a new emphasis to this world-wide regulation, which forbids at once *obstructions* and *encroachments*. The time is gone by when a three hundred millions of the human race might be allowed quietly to take a new lease for another five thousand years of stagnant sensuous

enjoyment. One might wish to think it could be so, but in the times that are coming it cannot be.

The many nations—the Chinese included—that fill the space between the valleys of the Nile and the Irrawadi, must henceforth yield themselves to the mightier influences of the Western nations. They must either submit to be governed, or they must listen to the terms granted to them; or they must in some manner (may we borrow the word) ask for, and use, a Ticket of Leave, signed somewhere in Europe. How is it that it should be so? Let us forget for a moment this our Western world, with its arrogance and its noisy energies. Imagine that the Eastern races are now the sole inhabitants of earth. We ask, then, with amazement, What has become of the human family? Are *these* peoples, indeed, the only survivors of the once mighty nations that constituted the empires of the ancient world? Where are those giants of pride and power that led hosts counted by millions? Where are the kings, and their subjects, that left their colossal monuments upon the banks of the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and the Oxus, and the Indus, and the Ganges? Where are the bright stars of those ages—the rulers, the wise men, the poets? Where are the splendours of the ancient Eastern heavens? Is this decay—is this decrepitude—is this feeble and sepulchral aspect of things, or this gew-gaw semblance of royal state—is this the realization of what the human family long ago promised to be, and to do? Lucifer, son of the morning! how, then, art thou fallen! Old things have, indeed, passed away; for the human family has, in these last ages, taken a new start, and is now occupying the earth on new and more strenuous principles. Therefore it is that the residuary peoples of the East must give way, and quietly yield themselves to whatever is involved in those movements that spring out of another order.

On several grounds, such as the industry of the race, and its proficiency in the arts, and its literary culture, the people of China might fairly claim to stand apart from the account which we are taking of the Oriental nations at large. Nevertheless China also may see its destiny foreshadowed in the course of events at the present time. From without, and from within, China is threatened, not perhaps with dismemberment, yet with disintegration, and this of a peculiar kind.

Foremost among the many marvels of China is that conservative instinct which has availed to hedge in these vast regions through long periods. The marvel, indeed, is this—that a condition which is felt to be indispensable to the maintenance of a national existence—in itself so fragile, should have endured the many shocks and have met the many chances of age after age, even until now. It might have been that a people a few millions

strong, advantaged in some peculiar manner by its natural defences, might have done this ; yet the people of Palestine have found their only possible means of conservation to consist, not in concentration, but in dispersion. The national seclusion of China has been effectually maintained in behalf of a third or a quarter of the human family, and it has been carried out around a border of eight or ten thousand miles ! This could not have been done by the mere vigilance of a central government ; but it has been rendered possible by those qualities of the race which find no other exemplification on all the earth. These qualities, physical mainly as they are, and thence become moral and mental also, have, we might say, been congested in the social organization and the political structure of the empire. The paternal doctrine (not the same as the patriarchal of the Western Asiatic races) may be thought of in one way as if it were the *firmest*, as it is the *simplest*, of all social principles. But it may also be thought of as more precarious than any other. In truth, this Paternal Belief, if it be taken as the law, and as the religion, and as the feeling, too, of a great people, might admit of an argument for it, and against it, with a curious interchange of probable reasons. Herein it resembles other instances of what are spoken of as cases of ' Unstable Equilibrium '—they are the surest of any, so long as no finger touches them, but the most evanescent of any the moment when they are disturbed. One might think a government *thoroughly* paternal would be a safe structure, if it were attempted within the most narrow limits, but quite impracticable if stretched over vast spaces : and yet the very contrary might be argued on probable grounds ; for, in proportion to the vastness of its grasp, will be the imagined energy and force of a principle which, in fact, can have no force at all beyond that which is factitious. The Paternal Polity might be potent within a region bounded by skirting ranges in our prospect ; or if not so, then it may be potent because hundreds of millions of men bow to and respect it. Nevertheless, the perpetuity of a government like that of China cannot be conceived of otherwise than as it is guarded against the intrusion of any foreign element. There must be an undisturbed *entireness* where there is so high a rate of simplicity. Small admixtures—in *quantity*—may put in jeopardy the coherence of the mass. And are we, indeed, sure that we wish it to be put in jeopardy in China ? Yes, doubtless, we *must* wish this, if only at such a price benefits of a higher order are to be purchased, or are to find any way of entrance there. It must not be supposed that, when those higher benefits are taken into the account, we, or any believers in civilisation and in the immortality of man, could desire to rebuild the broken wall of China, and to carry it around its coasts. China *must*

now give way, for the mighty shakings of this troubled planet forbid the longer continuance of the China of past ages. Ought we to grieve although it be so? We are forbidden to grieve on this behalf; for the world *must* now move forwards—the nations can no longer stand still, even if they would do so. But yet, if they *might* stand still, and if a choice were to be made among the several *Asiatic* modes of national existence, then we say at once—Let it be national life, according to the Chinese idea of what is good for man. Better accept an easy-tempered, unimagined, secular *now*, than embrace the horrific unseen, and the future of those Eastern races, whose frontal line is more perpendicular, and whose cerebral mass towers higher. Better live among a people who represent themselves, as the people of China do, lounging in sunny gardens, than with nations whose painting and sculpture is murky, filthy, and demoniacal. Although we may not believe that China is now, or that it has ever been, as bright and as gay as it looks on its vases, and its screens, and tea-cups, nevertheless it must be true of a people whose decorative art always takes to this style of cheerful summer's-day enjoyment, that the gentle amenities of common life stand foremost in its estimate of earthly good. Shall we vex in thinking of a people—so many as they are—to whom so much of daily good has been given, age after age? Higher destinies have, indeed, been worked out among the Western nations, but not anywhere has a larger sum of the every-day weal of human existence been granted from above.

If at this time the Imperial structure of China were in peril in one manner only—that is to say, in consequence of the rebellion which still ravages its provinces—or if it were in peril only as a consequence of foreign intrusion, many years might yet elapse before any great and obvious change would thence ensue. The rebellion may die out; or it may exhaust itself; or it may be crushed; or, more probably, it may itself become absorbed at the centre of government, marking itself only by the substitution of some names and forms for other names and forms. But an extensive rebellion, if it maintains itself along with foreign intrusion (not *invasion*) brings everything into three-fold or five-fold peril. In truth, if a civil war be a visible danger, which may be averted, a foreign intrusion is a solvent, against which a system like that of China can scarcely protect itself. How shall a mass of elements so inert resist the penetrative force of elements that are pungent, acrid, fiery, and, we might say, are galvanic in their operation. European nations have, in their turn, made conquests in India; but they will not, in like manner, conquer China: they may, however, *transmute it*, and disintegration will thence silently ensue. If we be asked, why should it do so, or

how this should take place, and yet no military subjugation be attempted, our answer must be of this sort : This great people reposes upon its conceit of itself. Its serene opinion of itself is, to it, its centre of gravity. There would be a mistake in thinking of this Chinese national self-esteem as if it were only a frivolous personal vanity, belonging to three hundred millions of individual men. A man's individual conceit carries with it always much of the ridiculous ; but the Chinaman's opinion of the universal Chinaman has about it something almost of the sublime. Vanity may be magnified into the vast—like a flea shown upon a hydro-gas screen of twenty feet diameter—until you take it for a living megatherium. The people's opinion of itself has the force of a physico-moral instinct. All, therefore, is safe, so long as no mortifying comparisons are driven in upon the popular consciousness. Hitherto, or until the occurrence of recent events (say 1860) nothing attaching to the intercourse of the Chinese people with the ' Western Barbarians' had availed seriously to damage the national delusion concerning itself : the international intercourse had only skirted this vast enclosure ; and, moreover, there was always much in these commercial transactions that might well be interpreted in a sense flattering to the celestial pretensions. At Canton, barbarian traders were seen to be virtually bowing the knee to the brother of the sun.

But the time of the end at length came on ; and a first lesson—the A B C of the various learning which Europe has in store for China—was delivered in thunder and lightning at the gate of Peking. France and England joined hands in knocking this loud knock at the imperial door ; and it does not seem likely that the startling noise will soon be forgotten. It cannot be forgotten ; for other lessons in quick succession are in course of following the first. The important circumstance attending this instance, was the delivery of the thunder-clap so close upon the imperial auditory nerve. The very persons most nearly concerned in the lesson could not fail to hear it. And when *these* heard it, all China heard it in echo. In what manner, then, will this rude assault upon the ancient vanity of this people take effect ? We venture to predict, that it will take effect in a mode *the very contrary* of that which might at first seem probable. The Chinaman's national conceit, which shows itself to be quite impenetrable to any ordinary abrasions, is the very quality we should wish to find in those—whether individuals or nations—that may best be wrought upon for purposes of extensive improvement. If once the glossy, glittering surface of conceit gives way, and is fairly shattered, then does the substance underneath yield itself to the moulding hand. It is China, it is not India, that will take the lessons which Europe will be ready to teach it.

This process of impartation, not only of military science, but also of the applicate sciences and of mechanical appliances, and generally in the elements of civilisation, must have its time; but it is certain to go on. The early lessons have already been listened to, and now there can be no stepping back into obsolete Asiatic illusions. We do not propose to risk any conjecture on the momentous subject of those advancements of a far higher kind which in the end may follow. In truth, such advancements, such Christianizings, when they come in, must arrive on another path, and must take their course under influences of altogether another order.

What we are intending just now, is to point out the natural tendency, as we think, of recent disturbing causes to bring about, sooner or later, some organic changes *in the imperial administration*. This brings us upon what may seem a contradiction; for while we speak of the impenetration of European science and of European forms of public business, we are supposing that these hopeful indications might entail the disintegration of the political structure. This is a result which, in fact, the fixed habits of the race might very long delay, if it were not that the civil war—the rebellion—is tending to accelerate it. We have already spoken of China personified as the ‘sick man,’ and have pronounced him to be dangerously out of health; in fact, that process which is welcomed by surgeons as ‘curative inflammation,’ does not ensue when extensive injuries have endangered the national life. The vast body of China is so far wanting in national nervous consciousness—the national pulse is so tremulous and so languid, that limbs might be severed, and the ‘man’ barely know what it was that had happened to him. China is deficient in that of which the ancient republics of Greece in one manner, and of Rome in another, and the Italian States in another, were over full. China might rub on well enough, as heretofore, if it were let alone; but not if brought into active comparison with the energies, the individual vigour, the individual sense of duty, and the loftier motives which are the characteristics of European public life. Whether it be the official persons of France, or those of England, or even those of Russia or of America, whom the official persons of the Chinese Government will come to know, and are now coming to know, it will be apparent to them that China, in all its vastness, is quite wanting in certain qualities for which they have no well understood designation, but for which they will instinctively feel there is an indispensable necessity. Already this vague consciousness of *a want*, which the national fund is not likely to furnish, is leading their official persons to look for it elsewhere. Military instruction will be had from Russia, maritime instruction from America; what

sort of instruction from France, must be determined greatly by the continuance, or the interruption of amity between France and England. But from England, whence hitherto China has not received the instruction which it could best give, China may probably come to receive some sort of consciousness of what *most of all it lacks*, and which it is the least likely to find anywhere else, either at home or in other countries—namely, that firm sense of public duty which gives coherence to our own political life.

It must not be imagined that we are reckoning upon any such probability as this, that England, in future, will be sending first-class statesmen to Peking. This need not be supposed, nor will it be so, in fact; but whereas, hitherto, China has seen at Canton few but tea-dealers and commercial men—very worthy gentlemen often—and such also at Shanghai and elsewhere on her coasts, she is likely *in future* to see England's men of wholly another class, not only at Peking, but, to and fro, as travellers in all the land. Take now the *average man* in the naval or military service of England, or in the consular service; he is probably a gentleman born; and if so, the astute Chinaman, with his quick perceptions, will come to know that there is something in such a man which is new to him, and which he fails to comprehend. Between the two men there is the vast interval resulting from that patriotic consciousness on the one side, of which, on the other side, scarcely a trace is discoverable. Nevertheless, it is the want of *this quality*, whatever we may call it, which renders the administrative forces of the Chinese Empire inefficient for its purposes. Otherwise, why should not the rebellion have been crushed long ago? Evidence is wanting which might prove it to be an intelligible quarrel, or a violent remedy for some ancient grievance. The aspect of the Taeping rebellion is that of devastating ruin; it is a plague which empties populous and fertile provinces; it is an unmingled mischief and misery. If only there were life at the heart and life in the limbs of the empire, it might clear itself of these disorders. The rebellion is the malady of a diseased subject; the powers of life which should throw it out of the system are wanting: so it lingers in the constitution, and breaks out anew here and there.

We do not forget that a very different opinion of the merits of the Taeping rebellion has been professed, and is still maintained, in England and abroad. The facts stated by Col. W. H. Sykes, and by those residents in China to whose evidence he appeals, wear an aspect highly favourable to the leaders of this now extensive revolt. To adjudge between the parties in this case is far from being our purpose; nor, in truth, could we think ourselves qualified to attempt such a task. Statements in the most

peremptory style are even now advanced on both sides ; and it could only be after a hearing of all parties, and on the testimony of some whose evidence does not find a place in Parliamentary 'Blue-books,' that a competent opinion could be arrived at. The actual testimony which bears upon the question, betrays the influence of trading *interests*, as well as of prejudices.¹ Among these, the powerful opium trade interest is conspicuous. Military prejudices also come in. Civil service and official prejudices say their say. Nor must it be denied, that the impressions and the *feelings* of missionaries get an undue hearing with the religious public. In reference to the purport of this article, all that need be said is this, that if statements disparaging to the Taeping chiefs are admitted, then we shall have before us a miserable confusion ; for on the part of the rebels so called, there is lawlessness and violence, in no way redeemed by better qualities ; and, on the part of the Tartar Government, there is a corresponding inefficiency and helplessness. On *this* supposition, the breaking up of the empire, or a political dissolution, seems inevitable. But if, on the contrary, there is mind and purpose among the Taeping chiefs, and if, as is affirmed, the rebellion has actually possessed itself of nearly a fourth part of China, including the most productive districts and many millions of the population, then it would follow as an almost inevitable consequence, that the empire will, in the course of events, be rent in twain, or perhaps split into many fragments. In that case, European interference would not be slow to act in its customary mode ; and so it would be, that the gigantic carcase would be torn in the scuffle between Russia, England, France, America, and perhaps others. Henceforward, in any case, the affairs of China must be managed, not on obsolete Oriental principles, but on the intelligible ground of European politics. Ancient fictions in government must give place to realities, commercial and political.

Even now, there are what might appear unimportant items of civilisation let in upon the upper classes at Peking, and elsewhere, which will surprisingly take effect upon this shrewd and highly imitative people. We would not risk conjectures upon this speculative ground, and therefore refrain. There is, however, one element of European progress which is sure, in its time, to reach Peking. If others do not attempt it, Russia will carry it thither ; and so Europe will be seen to be coming in upon China—railway foremost. We might challenge capitalists to

¹ We refer here to the pamphlet by Col. W. H. Sykes, F.R.S., M.P., entitled, 'The Taeping Rebellion in China ; its Origin, Progress, and Present Condition.' In a Series of Letters addressed to the *Aberdeen Free Press* and the *London Daily News*.

make sure of their shares in the future 'St Petersburg, Moscow, and Peking Great North-Eastern!' When this destined line runs weekly, what will have become of the Celestial Empire? It will not have been conquered in a military sense, nor yet dismembered or parcelled out among European disputants; but it will have passed away among other gigantic things of remote times. 'How so?' the traveller may ask; for he will still find, as before, a dense population, in costume as heretofore, in its modes of industry the same as ever, in speech, and in etiquette, and in its decorations the same; but China, in its administrative order, and in its military array, and in its business doings, and in those adjustments—partly political, partly mercantile—which connect it with other countries, China will have submitted to extensive modifications. The Celestial Empire will have been puffed from off its seat by the railway engine.

Come wherever it comes, the railway is fatal to illusions. Not only does it carry everywhere recent information, and effect an interchange of minds and the breaking up of prejudices, and the riddance of incommodious local usages, but it brings with it, in its own style of irresistible force, commercial influence; shareholders' votes come in—merchants' proposals come in. The railway takes effect in transferring power from old centres of power to the Stock Exchange and the Bourse. Shall not this be seen when Russia, with her own line across Siberia to the banks of the Amoor, shall be bidding for the carrying of Manchester goods, Birmingham wares, and Sheffield cutlery, to Peking, and to the banks of the Yellow River. China, joining hands with Europe, *through Russia*, will become a business-doing country on a far greater scale than heretofore; and when *this* revolution has had place, whether or not a political revolution may supervene, it will be no longer possible to administer the affairs of the empire on the dreamy basis of the paternal doctrine. At present the Father of the State is wont to impute blame to himself—sinful man as he is—when calamities afflict his children in any province. He will be too wise to practise any such Oriental candour when these his children shall have come, in European style, to impute blame to the paternal government, or to its agents, whenever they think themselves aggrieved, and shall say, 'You must learn to manage our interests in a better manner.'

As to that effective disintegration which European interference involves, it is already in operation, and it is likely to advance at an accelerated pace. While we write, it is announced (or affirmed) that Russia has made a territorial bargain with the Peking Government, on undertaking to put down the Taeping rebellion. At the same time France engages to drill and dis-

cipline Chinese recruits or conscripts. England is furnishing to order officers for the navy, as well as accomplished accountants and heads of mercantile establishments. To the Chinaman it will be left to use the hoe, to steer junks, to arrange matters of etiquette, and to fill subordinate positions. In a word, China will be China still; but the representatives of European civilisation will be always at its elbow, doing, advising, directing all those matters, whether of the central civil government, or of military command, or of direction in commerce, in the management of which mandarins, higher and lower, are now coming to feel that the barbarians can do the work better than themselves. The disintegration of China—we do not include the supposition of actual *dismemberment* by the Taepings or by foreign aggression—is in its course to be effected by the absorption into its substance of the manifold energies of Western civilisation. Heretofore these strenuous foreign forces have wrought upon the extremities of China only, and as from without. They are now working upon it, not merely from within, but as from their new place of lodgment, at its very centre.

Against the risks of either dismemberment or disintegration, both of which now threaten her, Russia is putting forth her utmost strength, and all her skill; and she may be able to hold her own yet for a long while to come, by the brute force of her armies. Russia may at length break the strength of the Caucasian tribes on the one hand, while, on the other hand, Poland in vain renews its struggle for national existence. Eastward, as we have already said, the Siberian wilds afford what has proved itself to be an unobstructed pathway, *first*, to a spacious and very promising territory, which gives her the command of the Eastern Ocean; and *next*, to China and its markets. Thus it is that Russia, although beaten off from the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, and forbidden to indulge the golden dream of Constantinople, is circumventing Western Europe, while stretching out a long arm to China, and to the far East, through China. It may be seen that this way round is, in fact, to Russia, *the nearest way* from the Baltic to the remotest East. It might seem, then, that there can be little room for entertaining a question concerning the probable disintegration of Russia. Nor would any such course of events, a few years ago, have been thought of as on any ground likely to occur. But ought this probability to be rejected at this moment? It must not be affirmed that the elements of social and political disorder were not existing, or were not in movement beneath the surface, at the moment of the death of the emperor Nicholas: nevertheless these disturbing forces were not then in *action*; and if his successor had inherited,

with the iron rod of office, the iron will and the ruthless hand of that autocrat, the threatening danger, both from within and from without, might have been warded off for years to come. A double peril has now ensued, from the granting of imperfect political existence to the less numerous classes, and of release to millions of bondsmen; and also, from the denial of national existence to a people long grievously wronged.

During the same lapse of time, which may be reckoned roundly at 360 or 370 years, courses of events have had place in Russia and in England tending in precisely contrary directions; or if the year 1688 were assumed on our side, and a year later on the side of Russia (the year in which Peter became autocrat) that point of time would mark the culmination of both those movements in events that have been determinative of what was to follow, and that were characteristic also of what had been long in preparation on both sides. Here, on our side of the European commonwealth, there had been in process of growth the middle-class force, and with it the gradual development of civil, political, and religious liberty. What England is *now*, as a free country, dates itself back to the times of the first of the Tudors for its commencement. In Russia, from about the same date, those good things which we most highly value, and which then were in a condition of probable expansion and endurance in Russia, have been slowly disappearing, or going into decay or desuetude. At the moment of the Czar Peter's accession, and just when our English liberties had come to be fixed upon a rock, the entire fabric of Russian political liberty went down, to rise no more; unless now, peradventure, it may be coming up to-day. But shall it be so? or otherwise to frame a question—Are those things—we do not mean the *semblance*, but the reality of them—which we here so highly value—are they of a nature that can be bestowed, in lump, by imperial benevolence? During these three centuries and more, the people of England have not merely fought for, and struggled to obtain, the good things of our political and social existence, but, in so struggling to get them, we have come into a condition to know distinctly what they are—to enjoy them—and to improve them: the long conflict has been itself our schooling in the art and mystery of political existence. If we had not so *striven*, not only should we not have *obtained*, but we should not have been qualified to enjoy and to use these inestimable benefits. What we thus possess and enjoy at this time, could not, *in the nature of things*, have been poured out of the lap of a benign autocrat, for our benefit and comfort.

We need not call in question the benevolence or the good intentions of Alexander II., at least his intentions toward his Slavonian subjects. The questionable points are the nature of the

bestowment, and the preparedness of the recipients. To return for a moment to our comparison of instances: the slow acquisition of political life among ourselves has served to consolidate in an admirable manner the constitutional structure. Every expansion of the constitutional mass has given it so much the more solidity, and has served to fix the equilibrium of the whole. But can it be affirmed that the benign autocrat, who is now reversing the acts of the stern autocrat of 1689, is setting Russia upon a basis of granite? Is it not rather upon the flanks of an Etna? Peter, mighty and rude, and practical in his mode of thinking, laboured to bring in upon his Russia the benefits of the *material* civilisation of Western Europe; but he had no wish whatever to import, along with these solid advantages, the soul, and the mind, and heart of Western Europe—certainly not the free heart of England. The present autocrat, fully possessed as he is of those things which his sturdy predecessor so much coveted, and in great measure obtained, for his people, desires to import, and to *grant* to them, an extemporized political existence. This gracious bestowment might indeed realize itself in Russia, if a season of the most perfect repose were to be lengthened out through the years of a reign which ought to be so long, that a preparation demanding centuries might perhaps be compressed within the limits of a life.

A rough resemblance (not more) brings here into comparison the instances of China and of Russia. In China it is the existence and spread of the Taeping rebellion that renders European influences far more *penetrative* than otherwise they could be, and therefore more perilous. In Russia, whether the Polish rebellion is crushed or not just now, the effort to crush it deeply imperils those internal revolutions which the emperor, or a party about him, is endeavouring to effect. But it is not on the side of Poland only that dangers thicken. The corruption of the official mass throughout Russia is so deep, wide, and inveterate, that, to apply a remedy, or even a corrective, would demand the highest skill and courage, exerted through a long and a tranquil season. In truth, the desperate and shameless corruption, and venality, and the tyrannous wrongfulness of the administrative or office-bearing class (the bureaucracy) is *the fatal symptom* in the case of Russia. The evidence that bears upon this alleged corruption is to be listened to with caution; for no reader of Prince Dolgorukof's book, or of Herzen's *Kolokol*, or of similar passionate publications, will take them as if they were what it is manifest they are not: they are samples only of what may be risked in the way of exaggeration, by writers who know that they are safe in thus provoking contradiction. 'Will you tell me I cannot make good my accusations? You dare not confront me before the

European public.' There can be no reasonable doubt that the administration of Government in every department, including that of courts of justice, which is worst of all, has been corrupt and atrocious, beyond the usual measure of despotic Governments. But we should recollect what is the true meaning of this corruption; and what is the probable consequence of the exposure to which at this time it is subjected.

Does the venality and the wrongfulness of the official class in Russia truly represent the moral condition of the *mass* whence the individual official men are drawn; or would it be fair to say,—The Russian people at large *are* such as these official persons show them to be? or ought we not rather to assume that the men in office constitute a class, privileged under an irresponsible tyranny, and defended by it from the vengeance of public opinion, to do all wrong things at their pleasure? This second supposition we should incline to accept as nearer to the truth than the first. But if the first hypothesis were taken, then there could indeed be little prospect of carrying out the reforms which the Government is honestly intending and wishing to realize. Shall these, the very same men—trained in wrong as they are, and nursed in shamelessness—shall *they* be taught virtue by penalties, by exile, or the knout? Cutting off the heads of mandarins produces little virtue in China; nor indeed elsewhere, if the culprits are so many that they bear a large appreciable proportion to the *class* out of which they come. But if these delinquents refuse to be reformed, and must be removed, and others put in their places, where are those their substitutes and successors to be found? Nowhere, on the first supposition; and with extreme difficulty even on the second. An effective reform of the bureaucracy must be the work of a long and enlightened reign, the forces of which, and its tact, must be brought to bear upon the social system in all its breadth, and in such a manner as shall induce an improved moral consciousness in the mass of the people to bear upon the official class with effective energy. But this will never be until a free press is allowed to do its part in Russia: but *this* is a revolution that is still far off.

A press *much more free* than we in England, or than most of us had imagined, has in fact made a commencement of its attack upon the official corruption of the empire. The imperial government has relaxed its censorship in certain specified matters. But then in comes a peril of another order. The license allowed to the press for the exposure of official corruption not only frightens and irritates the host of those who fatten upon it, but it lifts a little a floodgate through which a deluge will enter. The mind and feeling of Russia has now been put in movement, and

it will not stay anywhere until it touches upon the doings of the Imperial Council. Hitherto injustices and official outrages have been submitted to ; but then 'our Father' was believed to know nothing of the wrongs of his children. Not so now ; for *now* the 'Father' has confessed that he is cognisant of the wickedness of his servants. Nor does the zeal he shows in attempting a reform by any means counterbalance the damage that has been done to Russian *piety* by the Imperial recognition of the facts. This Russian worship of the Czar received a deadly wound in the Crimean disasters. Nicholas literally died of it ; Alexander II. politically succumbed at this stroke. In a sense somewhat the same, as we have said above, the paternal rule in China lost its vitality in the late assault upon Peking. In Russia the damage that was done to the paternal sway, in a similar manner, has been greatly increased by the impoverishment of the Government, and the derangement of the commercial system and of the revenue. But there follows a damage of a still more serious kind ; and this springs from the aforesaid *recognition* on the part of the Imperial Government of the corruption which pervades its administration.

A parallel instance—parallel to a certain extent—presents itself here, to which we may direct attention. It is not, on the whole, a comparable instance ; nevertheless, the lesson it teaches is almost the same. We do not imagine that Russia is threatened by a revolution similar to that of France in '89 ; nevertheless, there are points of resemblance in the two instances which might awaken alarm at St Petersburg and Moscow. It was with admirable *unwisdom* that the Government and the privileged classes of France, *noblesse* and clergy, confessed themselves to the oppressed and impoverished multitude, 'We are wrong. We have always been wrong-doers ; but we now repent, and we are resolved to relieve our troubled consciences, and to redress your grievances.' So spoke the most enlightened statesmen—Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker—and thus many of the clergy also. It is startling at this moment to listen to the ominous, self-denying, recent utterances of some of the privileged classes in Russia. Thus they speak : 'We consider it a sin of the deepest dye to live and enjoy the benefit of social order at the expense of other classes of the community. *It is not right* that the poor man should pay a rouble and the rich man nothing. That could only be tolerated while serfage existed ; but it now places us in the position of parasites, utterly useless to their country. We do not wish to enjoy such an ignominious privilege any longer, and we hold ourselves irresponsible for its further continuance.' It must be needless here to cite instances, which the reader will easily call to mind, occurring in the his-

tory of the early years of the French Revolution. The parallel holds good, too, in its oblique or obscure meaning. The confessions and the professions of the privileged classes in France were no doubt animated, if not prompted, by the feeling that this ingenuousness on their part was a means, and it was to them the only means, of breaking up a political structure which they believed it would be possible to put together anew, under their own control, and in a manner not less advantageous to themselves; in fact, more so, inasmuch as something like an English aristocracy, if it could be copied in France, was a far better thing than the then degraded nobility of France. It may be conjectured that the Russian nobles, who now denounce their own exemptions, and lay their privileges at the feet of the Emperor, saying, 'We (now) hold ourselves irresponsible for their continuance,' may have been moved by calculations nearly of the same kind.

In morals it is a great truth, 'He that confesses his sins and forsaketh them, shall find mercy;' but in politics, it seems that the reverse of this, almost, must be admitted as an axiom—namely, that confessions and reform are—if not a road to ruin, a road dangerously near to it. It will always be so to a *despotism*; it need not be so to a government which at all times stands open to *check* from a free-spoken constitutional opposition. The *theory* of every government, absolute or constitutional, rests upon an *assumption* of infallibility. Every *government* that *governs* must speak in the tones, and must wear the guise, of absolute wisdom and rectitude. In free governments the rebuke of this theoretic pretension occurs often enough to make itself an understood usage of State. It is not so, nor can it be so, within the circle of an absolute monarchy. Autocratic concessions, and imperial bestowments of *rights*, carry in themselves a fatal contradiction. Russia is now making experiment of this hazardous inconsistency. The mighty empire may override the peril, and all right-minded lookers-on will heartily wish for the realization of such a prospect. Serfdom abolished (the abolition now in March this year being finally achieved) judicial reforms effected; trial by jury, or something like it, established, and a move forward made toward a representative constitution. Much, therefore, has actually been effected which may be reckoned upon as tending to prevent revolution or to anticipate revolution. Moreover, whereas France in '89 was frenzied by a destructive (atheistic) fanaticism, Russia, if it has a fanaticism at all, it is of the conservative kind. The stolid superstitions of the Greek Church are to be reckoned upon so far as counter-active of revolutionary movements, rather than as promotive of them.

But among these reforming movements there does not appear to be any organic correspondence or real harmony. Every reform has a suicidal tendency. It does not spring, as among ourselves, from first principles in the constitution. In England, reform is speedily taken up, or is assimilated as nutriment. In Russia it is always to be feared that, when elements so discordant are poured together into the caldron of the State, the mixture will explode. The Imperial will is still absolute ; it advises with itself, or with those who have no responsibility toward the people, and have no constitutional existence. An army (which is *still* far too large for any proper purposes) gives the autocrat what might be called a *gymnasium*, of which he avails himself for keeping his personal despotism in practice. The reforming experiment is watched over from the camp, and it may be brought to a stand at any moment, if likely to get on at too great a speed. As to the political enlightenment of the instructed—the reading classes, an incoherent course is pursued by the Government, which seems intended to combine the maximum of danger with the minimum of advantage. French, English, and German books and magazines are procurable, and are actually read to a great extent in St Petersburg and Moscow, yet with restrictions which irritate curiosity to no purpose. What good can come of the block-covered or the erased paragraphs in English newspapers, which tell the Russian reader that there is a something which we, the imperial censors, will not permit him to see. It may be said, and truly said, that an autocratic government cannot with any prudence permit what a free and constitutional government allows easily and safely. Grant this, and then our conclusion follows, that those movements which are now in progress in Russia, auspicious as they are, and which we on this side should be inclined to welcome as the beginnings of better things, are all of them of the nature of political disintegration : they are contradictions. If the lion were indeed the living lion, it is certain that the honey of constitutional freedom would not thus have been deposited in his entrails. When it comes to this, that ‘out of the strong cometh forth sweetness,’ we may assuredly infer that what the bees have thus swarmed in is not the living lion, but a carcase.

An incoherence, which perhaps no administrative skill would be able to avoid, attaches to the measures of the Russian Government at this time. At the moment when actual dismemberment is within prospect on the side of Poland, and perhaps even of Finland, as well as the Caucasian provinces, a dangerous reaction in favour of these agitations is taking place in the very heart of Russia, even at St Petersburg and in Moscow, consequent upon the utter distrust which prevails there as to official

reports of military movements. Distrust of its Government is a yeast which works in the mass, and renders the public mind at once tumid and acrid. The Russian people—and by this word we must now be understood to include a numerous and powerful class, or rather two or three independent classes—has come to know that, from the beginning to the end of the Crimean war, its credulity was grossly abused by the Government, which did not understand that the plain truth can never be so dangerous as the lie is *always*. This rule of State is at this time receiving its illustration in Russia. Intelligent Russians in both capitals, if not elsewhere, who freely read French, English, and German newspapers and reviews—and these readers are now more than a few—have come to know that the accounts of military movements supplied by the Government are quite unworthy of confidence. In regard, therefore, to the course of events lately in Poland, or elsewhere, the public—numerous and intelligent as it is, must wait until the truth comes round to it through the foreign press, which, however, will not ever come to it otherwise than in fragments. This ill-judged policy of repression and garbling, of blotching and erasure, imparts an acrid sharpness to what might be a patriotic feeling; and of this irritation the Imperial Government is the object. Truly, in the business of State, ‘the way of transgressors is hard.’ Hard it is for a Government to go on in the path of despotism; and still harder is it for rulers to turn their feet on to a better path.

There is a peculiarity attaching to the perplexed course of the Russian Government which deserves to be noticed. It is this—that western light, western movement and progress, comes into Russia always as an importation. It is brought across the gulph of a language which has failed to assimilate itself in any appreciable degree with the European dialects—English, French, or Italian. There is mind enough in the Slavonian people; but what they need for their guidance, at a time of internal renovation and reform, must all be sought for abroad: it must be obtained from England mainly, from France in part, from Germany in part. The *subject-matter* of conversation in the salons of St Petersburg, and in the traktirs and club-houses of Moscow, is, as one might say, a TEXT in a foreign tongue; but the Targum is in the Slavonian vernacular. There will always be a difference—a difference which has the characteristic colour of exaggeration, between the *text* of political discourse, and the *commentary* of random talk. It was in a way somewhat similar to this, that, for some time before the fatal period of the assembling of the States-General, the political doctrine of England, which, because it was a *native product*, had worked itself off well among ourselves, became in France, as an *importation*, a

source of mischief. It was thus, also, that English deism—among ourselves a philosophy—reappeared in France as an atheistic frenzy. The constitutional sobriety of 1688, crossing the Channel, raved as a fanaticism in '92 and '93. In England, whether it might be speculative theism, or theoretic democracy, or any other exaggerated style of thought, it found expression easily and at once as a native product, in the soberly robust language of Hobbes, and of Shaftesbury, and of Milton, and of Hume, and of Bentham. The language, and the thought, and the modes of action had grown up together, and they knew each other. It was not so with the great French writers of the ante-revolution time. They wrote in French; they thought in English; and there was a break, 'a fault,' between the thought and the tongue. A similar dissonance is apparent in the instance of those Russian writers who find that they can write at ease only when they write treason, which must be issued in Paternoster Row, and then be smuggled into Russia.

Whether it be in Russia or in France, in Austria or in Prussia, wherever despotism is clung to, and the autocrat *will be autocrat*—wherever, as the necessary consequence of this blind obduracy in clinging to what is doomed, the press is ruled, and overruled and threatened—wherever a bewildered Government, always frightened, wilful, perplexed, believes that it must hasten to shut the shutters on this or that side of the house where daylight is dreaded—wherever such is the policy of a Government, and such the dangerous condition of a people—there it must be true that even the most auspicious movements toward reform are *disintegrative*. They are incoherences; they are grants, they are not growths. It is thus that Europe from end to end is heaving. Peoples and Governments (continental) are working out the truth that it is more difficult to be partially wise than to be quite absurd.

Russia at this time disintegrates, and a natural consequence, if not an inevitable issue, is, dismemberment. If *this* also should follow, Europe will be relieved from a terror—the future quartering of Cossacks in each of its capitals.

Speculations, more or less probable, concerning the destinies of the North American Federation are far from being of recent date. It was not the echo of the shots fired at Fort Sumter that gave rise to those speculations, either among American statesmen, or thoughtful men in Europe. In times long ago gone by, when American statesmen were such as well deserved the appellation, these forecastings of the course of events were freely indulged in among them; and these predictions, not widely unlike the actual events of this civil war, might be cited

from the writings and the recorded speeches of the most enlightened of them. Then, if we look at home among the political writers and the public men of France and of England, similar modes of thinking have not been rare: De Tocqueville brings up the band. It is manifest that there can be no room to allege that these prophesyings of dismemberment have suddenly sprung out of unlooked-for events, or that predictions of the breaking up of the Union are ephemeral newspaper creations. Such is not the fact. Those among us whose meditations concerning the destinies of nations have been going far and wide now these many years, will have found little in the news from America that can be regarded as altogether unlooked for. The events which history will put on its next page have indeed startled us at the first hearing; but then, if they are regarded as developments of well-known causes, they have seemed to be almost matters of course.

Forecastings of dismemberment have taken their rise from several grounds of calculation that are clearly distinguishable, and which, in truth, have an entirely independent meaning. As, for instance: there is what may be called the geographical, or the physico-geographical, aspect of the subject. Let it be that nationalities are not thought of, races are not considered, political structures are not brought forward; and, in a word, that nothing is kept in view but this huge map of the Western world, which spans everything between the two oceans. We think, then, of this vast area in relation to the absolute distances it includes, and to those extreme differences of climate and of produce which thence result; and we think especially of the unalterable problem which relates to those mighty out-falls of water that must always put the welfare of the remote interior of a continent into the custody of the occupants of the exits and their deltas. If these things only be kept in view, then the theorist who would speculate upon the future history of the continent is fain to say, not only that there is under his eye *material enough* for three, four, or five independent States, but much more of surface than can ever be properly swayed from one centre, and more interests than (if the lessons of history are to be regarded) can ever be bound into one bundle. These future communities may indeed keep clear of war; but then they must keep clear of large political organizations: they must know each other afar off; they must hug treaties of peace, but must eschew federation.

When upon the map of a continent we bring in some peculiar elements, relating to the human occupation of these boundless regions, then our problem embraces not only what attaches always to races, but antipathies of a special kind, harboured

grudges ; and, not least, though it may be undefinable perhaps, certain incompatibilities of temper, of taste, of habits, which are often quite enough to forbid any sort of partnership between those who, nevertheless, may individually be very estimable people.

But in the instance which is now actually before us, there is present an element that is altogether peculiar, and which, even if it stood by itself, must either be removed, or it must sooner or later necessitate a political severance of the States that are implicated therein. By a stern necessity, which possesses at once the coherence of the deepest moral reasons and the force of political ambition, and the vehemence (must we not say it ?) of a religious fanaticism, the existence of slavery—slavery, not merely tolerated or borne with (on one side) but newly affirmed and gloried in—slavery thus edited anew as *a doctrine*, and vouched for by powerful communities, must sever these from communities that are not implicated therein. Undoubtedly, this severance must in the end take place, notwithstanding the fact that large commercial interests—interests latent, and interests patent—bind together the two masses. It has been found, again and again, that whenever, in Congress, *legislation* has been attempted on the false hypothesis of a common understanding as to slavery, embarrassment has been the consequence, threatening disruption at every moment. And not less certainly has disruption been threatened in the *administration* of a Government which exists under this same impracticable condition of tolerating an intolerable evil. So it has been from one presidential epoch to another ; and thus the miscalled ‘ United States ’ have been torn by periodic convulsions, resembling those that afflict kingdoms where there are rival claimants of the throne. The last of these elections involved a revolution, if not a civil war, not less inevitably than would a change of dynasty in any European kingdom. Is it a Bourbon or is it a Napoleon that snatches the sceptre of France ? Is it Buchanan or is it a Lincoln that is carried in triumph to Washington ? In the one case, not less certainly than in the other, revolution by *coup d’état*, or else a civil war, ensues.

Dismemberment would present itself as inevitable sooner or later, not the less certainly than before, even if slavery were suddenly abolished, and if the black population were deported, or were established in some remote wilderness. This upshot of the boundless territorial developments of the interior regions, and of their populations, would command the approval of well-informed men, not less in America than it does in Europe, if only the subject could be looked at apart from those ungoverned prepossessions which so much rule the American mind. These national impulses get strength just now from an artificial source,

namely, a confusion of ideas which blends the *Union feeling*—call it patriotism if you please—with a strong sense of the manifest duty of the now-present Government at Washington to maintain the Federal map in its integrity, and to defend itself loyally, and to hand the Union over to the next occupants of the Government offices undamaged and complete, if it may be done. A case may well be imagined, even if it be unlikely to occur in fact : namely, that of a President who, in his inner conscience, may believe that the disruption now aimed at by the Confederate States would, if peaceably effected, be beneficial on both sides, and in no way prejudicial to the great American commonwealth ; nevertheless, and notwithstanding this his individual opinion, he recognises his presidential duty, as head of the State, to oppose and to prevent any such disruption by all means in his power. In such a case, this imaginary President would possess, if so we may speak, two consciences, the several requirements of which he might be *conscientiously* fulfilling. He will do battle valiantly for the Union, and yet he may *think* with the disruptionists. He need not proclaim this his inner belief, but he may silently hold it in all sincerity ; and who shall affirm that the actual President Lincoln—who is allowed to be a man of conscience, as well as clear-sighted—does not in fact at this very moment, and in this very manner, harbour two consciences ?

We decisively think that, on this side the Atlantic—in England especially—too little account has been taken of the rightfully pleaded *loyalty* of the Federal States. To maintain the Union by force of arms, if it could not be maintained by other means, and *consequently* to denounce the Confederates as *rebels*, at least until they shall have made good their defection, is a course that ought not to be blamed ; at any rate, we English must not blame it. But then, if we do not *blame* this loyalty, why should we withhold our cordial sympathy from those who act it out ? Why be cold or cynical when, as now, a great people is seen to be doing its duty, and is doing it at so prodigious a cost ? Those among us who may be in correspondence with men of feeling and intelligence in the Northern States, are finding expressions of this sort in their letters : ‘At the moment of the first hostile act on the part of the seceding States, eighteen millions of men started to their feet *for the maintenance of ORDER*, and in defence of *lawful government*.’ ‘We are fighting,’ they say, ‘for *peace and order* against *rebellion*.’ The writers of such letters do not allege *slavery* as the cause of quarrel between the North and the South—it is not *slavery*, but *rebellion*. A correspondent who, judging of him by his letters, is clear-sighted, and quite temperate and calm (this is great praise

just now) says of the present war, that it is 'no more to be avoided than the best war that was ever waged.' Again, the same writer says: 'If we (the Northern States) were to lie down and allow the rebellion to triumph, we would (should) deserve the execrations of all mankind:' he says, 'Do not listen to sneers uttered in disparagement of our just and upright war of self-defence.' Another writer,¹ to whom, in truth, we are not able to accord the same praise of calmness and temper, repeats, in varied forms, the affirmation that, although the extinction of slavery is held remotely in prospect, as a probable and a hoped-for ultimate result of this war—the war itself, in its broad aspect, is a war for crushing *a great rebellion*. This writer (Hon. Charles G. Loring) challenges the sympathy of the world in behalf of those who are maintaining 'the cause of freedom, humanity, and good government.' He says, as to the North, 'We entered into (the war) *solely* for the maintenance of the Union and the Constitution.' He complains—and the complaint is, to a great extent, reasonable—that in England, and throughout Europe generally, there is 'no willingness even to listen to our protests and arguments, founded on *the necessities of our condition*, compelling us to the work of crushing *the rebellion*, and of preventing secession, as the only means of preserving our national life.'

These last words, 'the national life,' touch the pith of the subject in hand. The war now waged by the Federalists—the Northern States—has taken for its plea hitherto, the belief that it is 'the only means of preserving our (American) national life.' Whatever may be the exceptions that might be taken against this belief, it yet deserves—so we strongly think—a much more respectful consideration than, for the most part, it has received in Britain. It is true that when, in the calm mood of lookers-on, we enter upon the thorny argument concerning the *right* of secession, asserted on the Southern side, and denied on the Northern, we quickly become entangled among legal refinements and constitutional controversies, which show an aspect of endless perplexity. And, from the ground of these perplexities, we—the European public—may very properly retire. We, on this side the Atlantic, ought not to think ourselves sufficient for these things; and it might be well not to meddle with matters so far beyond our line. But if this forbearance be, on our part, proper, a consequence thence resulting is this—that we should allow the plea which is urged by the people of the Northern States, and Northwestern too, to be valid and good. The plea is good, on the premises assumed. On these premises, the war was indeed

¹ Correspondence on the Present Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America. Boston, 1862.

inevitable. The President and Government had no alternative but to defend public order; or otherwise to acknowledge that the Federal Constitution was actually defunct; or, in other words, to admit the fact of the extinction of the national life of the 'United States.' Let each of us, supposing himself a New York or Boston citizen, put the question to his neighbour, at the moment of the attack upon Fort Sumter, 'What now, think you, is to be done?' There could be but one answer—'We must uphold the Government at all costs.' Some of us might advise attempting a compromise; and some might recommend the amputation of a limb long ago known to be incurably diseased. Try these expedients if you please; but at least we must *now* show fight, we must obey the call of the Government, and prove our loyalty, and then enter upon argument, and discuss articles of compromise. If this paramount and foremost duty were in some way discharged, then a temperate review of the grounds assumed in justification of secession might have been attempted, perhaps hopefully. But *thus far*, as we think, the North has ground of complaint against us for withholding, or for too grudgingly according, our sympathies with them on so signal an occasion. We ought to have made more allowance than we did make for excited feelings; we should have hastened to wish them good speed—'God speed'—before the outburst of resentment had taken place. Why was it not so? An answer to this question might be given. It admits of several answers; but these could not be brought forward without adding offence to offence, irritation to irritation. The revulsion of feeling which has sent the tide of English feeling *southward*, in a manner not due to the merits of the parties, has not been causeless. But we are willing to postpone our vindication on this ground. We wait until the war is over, and its irritations soothed or forgotten. At the outbreak of the American civil war; when English sympathies, ambiguously given, were called for by the Northern people, the reply was in substance this—'We can profess little sympathy on your side, for in truth you are not fighting against slavery: if indeed you were striving to bring Southern slavery to an end, we should feel with you, and should be ready almost to help you. But you are fighting only for a boundary line: this war is nothing better than a contest for political mastery, and we can have no feeling in a quarrel of this sort; or, if any, we must go with a people (as is our English wont) that is seen to be contending for its independence at fearful odds.' There has been more semblance of truth than substance in this *English statement* of the rights of the quarrel, and of its purport. A time must come, if it has not already come, when the people of England, fair-play loving as they are, must correct the hasty judgment

they have hitherto formed; and after they have set forth strongly our grounds of exception against the Federal States, or against the Federal Government, we must freely give our sympathy to the side to which, *in the main*, it is due, and must reject, in tones of resentment and of disgust, those hollow pretexts of the South which we have too readily listened to. To the North we shall come to say, 'We think you are wrong on this and that point; but if your quarrel be looked at broadly, then we say you are right, and we accord you frankly, although tardily, our sympathy, and along with this sympathy all the *moral* support which it implies and which it can impart.'

The restoration of ORDER, understood in the ambiguous sense in which the Northern States understand it, may include what can never in fact be realized—namely, a *conquest* of the Confederate States, and a consequent military occupation of those vast regions, embracing the seaboard South, the Gulf States, and the North-west centre. Order, in this sense, will never, so we believe, henceforward be restored. But in an abated and a practicable sense, order is recoverable; order, indispensable as it is to the political supremacy of the Northern States, in their relationship to that of the Slave States, must be fought for, and secured at any cost, short of the loss of their own liberties in the struggle. We may well grant that this civil war should be regarded, and should be called, 'a just war,' carried on for the re-establishment of lawful government, up to a certain point, and liable to certain conditions. A civil war is clearly justifiable on the part of a settled constitutional Government, within assignable limits; but when those limits have been reached, and when public men—saving those whose individual repute is directly compromised in the issue of the conflict—agree in thinking that the limits of warrantable war have been touched, and even overpassed, then a wilful and desperate resolution to go on, at the cost of the life and treasure entrusted to the Government, becomes in the highest degree culpable; and it will be denounced as immoral by lookers-on all the world over. We may here appeal to our American friends of the Federal States, and ask them to say if the limits of justifiable war, on the part of Great Britain, had not been reached in 1776? Let them tell us, Were not those limits unwarrantably exceeded from year to year during the six following years? Americans will not deny this. We, on the side of England, will not deny this, and now we hold them to the same rule. We only profess the same great principle when we affirm—England, and France, and Europe, agree to affirm it—that these reasonable limits are now touched, if not already overpassed, by the Federal Government; and that whereas the Confederate States declare them-

selves desirous of peace, if only their independence were acknowledged, the war has become, or will very soon be, worthy of condemnation as wrongful. The Union does not any longer exist in any sense ; or if, indeed, a device might still be found for restoring it—which is quite possible—a factitious combination, which would bind together the most intense hatreds, harboured purposes of revenge, a bundle of fire-brands, poisoned arrows, blood-stained scalping-knives, and loaded shells, would show what materials it is made of in the very next turn of national affairs.

It can no longer be pretended that the return of the Southern slave power to its place of domineering arrogance in Congress is probable. This will never be, unless through some selfish, crooked dealing on the part of the Northern States. Let dismemberment be now submitted to, and embraced *as a good* ; then, not only do the Free States stand before the world rid of the damning sin of slavery, and of all implication with its abominations, but slavery might be so thrown back upon its own exhaustive properties, as to ensure its disappearance from under the sun *in due time* ; that is to say, as quickly as any non-fanatical abolitionist would wish to see or to hear of, its extinction. Already the Slave Power has fallen from its seat of domination, which it will never regain. The upshot of the free-soil controversy in Texas was an irretrievable overthrow ; and so was the agreement as to California, not to say the election of Mr Lincoln. The Slave Power might at this moment be so hemmed in as would compel it to shift for itself as best it might hereafter. There would be no more compromises with it—no more fugitive slave laws ; and, alas !—when shall this be said ?—no more commercial implication with slave-dealing in the Northern States.

It is at this part that we touch the rotten place in any argument which might be carried on with the view of bringing English sympathies over fully to the side of the North. Everybody who has read, what everybody does read, relating to the policy of the Southern States, and their now avowed purposes, perfectly knows that, if these States were effectively hemmed in on their actual soil, they would, if possible, and they *must*, labour to bring about an unobstructed revival of the African slave trade. But if this endeavour should be effectively thwarted—if it should be rendered absolutely impracticable—prædial slavery must die out, domestic servitude only surviving ; cereal agriculture would come in, and a new economic system would gradually supplant the old system. This civil war, as a redeeming consequence of the injuries it has inflicted, will already have had this beneficial effect, it will have taught the planter to bring breadstuffs and other edible products out of soils which will not

profitably yield the exportable crops—tobacco, cotton, sugar. The planter further south will have learned, what the Virginia planter has long known, that the black labourer, whether he be slave or free, may be as well trusted as the white labourer with all those improved agricultural machineries which corn culture demands.¹

At this time, if only all men (putting slaveholders out of the question) on both sides of the Atlantic, were honestly of one mind—if we were all of us philanthropists indeed, come what might as to dollars—then it is certain that slavery might be fairly squeezed out of the world, never again to curse tropical Africa. England and France, and other European maritime States, perfectly agreed, Brazil compelled to concur, and Cuba also, and the Southern States *not asked to agree*, but only made to know that the bringing Africans over the seas shall never again be permitted—*then*, what more is wanted? What is it that remains to be desired? It is this, if we are to be outspoken, that the Northern States should wash their hands of slave-dealing in the South, and on the African coast also. In passionate tones, our American friends—our personal correspondents—upbraid us with our apathy in the great conflict they are carrying on ‘in the cause of humanity.’ We are reproached with selfishness, or blindness, in misdirecting our sympathies southward. We might allege several reasons in explanation of this mistake; but there is one which we must be reluctant to adduce, although in fact it underlies English feeling to a great extent. It is currently believed among us, wrongfully perhaps, that enormous commercial interests, vested in slave-dealing, and which are at the command always of *the piratical African slave trade*, keep slavery in existence in the South—feed it, and render possible and profitable that nefarious traffic which still flourishes along the West Coast of Africa. English sympathies for the Northern States, in their quarrel with the South, are now *awaiting* until these disagreeable suspicions shall in some manner be dispelled.

This is not all. Those of our readers who may be in friendly correspondence with men of intelligence in the Northern States, will have found in the letters thence received during these last two years, expressions of this sort: ‘We must accomplish *our destiny*; we must do what Providence intends us to do for the world at large.’ ‘You may reasonably entertain an admiration of God’s *large ways* in regard to us.’ ‘The question is, are we willing to see the hand of God in America, and do His

¹ We affirm this on evidence which we confidently rely upon, not forgetting the contrary affirmations upon which Professor Cairnes builds his argument, in his book on *The Slave Power*.

work.¹ Much of the same sort might be gleaned, as well from private letters as from pamphlets, and from American papers. There is a cloudy meaning in these and in such like quasi-religious phrases. A great continent, with its immeasurable future, its upper and its underground natural wealth, is all in store for ages of ages!—these great things, indefinitely vast, inexhaustible as they are have got a lodgment in the elastic American mind. It is neither a marvel, nor is it fairly a ground of reproach (nor of derision), that it should be so. The very *make* of the Anglo-Saxon mind is of this order. Give this pioneer man a world to explore, and he will explore it; give him a continent to lodge upon, and he will lodge upon and spread his thrifty homes over it; and give him, in ample quantity, the raw material of empire, and see if he will not create an empire; and then, with the forces of an empire at his command, see if he does not carry things with a high hand in all hemispheres, as well as in his home quarters. All this is *in* the Anglo-Saxon nature:² it is all in germ; and upon fresh American soil the germ has indeed germinated, and it is now shooting up heavenward with tropical force. Citizens of the United States are born with a giant ambition in their brains; and almost the first syllables they lisp have a sort of trumpet twang, as thus—‘Here I come, ready to grasp a sceptre and to rule the world.’

The American Civil War carries with it much of this *composite* meaning on the side of the North:—the outspoken meaning is, ‘Restore the Union;’ or, in euphemious style, ‘Maintain Order:’—then a parenthesis is slipped in at this point—rid the Union of the curse of slavery; but this parenthesis is often mumbled in the utterance, and then the genuine meaning comes out—‘restore the Union *to the end* that a mighty conception of universal empire may be realized.’ Fully may it be granted, and religiously may it be believed, that large purposes in the world’s future are, in the divine intention, to be accomplished *for* and *by* the nations of the North American continent. Nor need the boldest speculations on this ample field be restricted or suppressed. But when this liberty of speculation has been granted—sobriety barely listened to—then there comes in a question of momentous import, which may thus be worded:—shall the destinies of the North American nations be accomplished, and the divine purposes thereto relating fulfilled, by the means of a one all-grasping, all-absorbing empire, doing its ruthless pleasure from the Mexican Gulf to the Arctic

¹ The very same language of piety (specious or real) is held on the slave-holding side. ‘Our mission,’ say these most religious gentlemen, ‘is to expound and to establish for the benefit of the world the doctrine of the Divine institution of slavery.’

² Genuine Americans have come to dislike this phrase, ‘Anglo-Saxon.’

regions—from the seaboard of the Atlantic to the seaboard of the Pacific Ocean?—shall it indeed be *thus* that the same Hand which long ago scattered the nations from the plains of Babylon and Nineveh, will be seen favouring an enterprize *of the very same quality*, in these last times? A negative answer to a question of this sort must, we think, commend itself to all calm minds on whatever grounds it is argued—whether the *religious* aspect of the question be regarded, or that of political or philosophical speculation. It shall not be that the destinies of the nations of the North American continent will be worked out under the administrative hand of a Nebuchadnezzar.

It is quite likely that, if this sublime phantasm of universal empire were, in all its enormous improbability, set forth before a well-informed American, he would disown it; or at least he would shrink from an avowal of it as his creed. Nevertheless, the gigantic dream, with its fascinations, clings to him:—it is dear to his meditations:—it is entertained by him in moments between sleeping and waking. As to Americans of inferior breeding and of faulty education, such men boldly avow their devotion to the idol; and such men, no doubt, will act accordingly, as often as any popular phrenzy is set a-going. We in Britain have come well to understand the meaning of the saying, ‘Ireland for the Irish;’ and if things so small might be compared with great things, we shall not mistake the meaning of this other saying, ‘America for Americans.’ The interpretation is: Canada is to be governed from Washington; Mexico is to be governed from Washington; the British are to be expelled on both sides; and Russia also is to be driven back across Bhering’s Straits. Not only is this belief of a future (not distant) North American universal empire a darling ambition with the coarse-minded and ignorant masses of the people; but—and we cannot think otherwise—the same gorgeous anticipation may now be traced in giving intensity to the war feeling of leading men on the Northern side. If once secession were allowed to realize itself, in any one instance, the same would be attempted, on some pretext, elsewhere. In a word, the darling hope of the American mind would then be dashed and broken. No more dreams of an empire which should give law to the world, and should trample upon Europe, and should seize Asia, and should serve itself in Africa. Why is it that these Southerners are ‘Rebels’ by emphasis? Why has Europe so deeply offended the North when it has employed a softer phrase in speaking of them?—It is because these ‘Rebels’ have broken in upon a fairy land!—they have spoiled the glorious future of the **ONE** American people!

The supposition that England or France might interpose to

prevent the realization of this scheme, would be, and is, rejected with scorn. Who is it that cares a straw for England or France when a giant nation rouses itself, and utters its will in thunder? But, perchance, the people of Canada, or the people of Mexico, may presume to stand in the way of this bright prospect. America will soon teach these feeble folk another lesson! Then, if this be done, the problem of an empire which shall extend from sea to sea is much simplified, and it resolves itself into its own proper conditions; and these may be found near at hand. Well-informed Americans (those of the North) who thoroughly understand the Federal Constitution, bring forward at this moment its first principles as the ground of their legal argument in proving that there neither is nor can be a right of secession in any of the States; and, therefore, that State secession is nothing better than *Rebellion*. We take this ground then, not disputing it at all; and thence we infer—as we think logically—the inevitable and not remote disintegration of the hitherto United States. We might, however, stop short of a formal prediction, and might affirm, on the premises given us, that this gigantic North American empire, which haunts the dreams of loyal Americans, is, a *dream*, and can never be a reality. What, then, is the PRIMARY IDEA of the American polity? We take it as we find it set forth by an eminent lawyer—a gentleman who is at the head, as we believe, of the Boston bar. The same has been said in many recent publications on the Northern side:—

‘ *Our Constitution*, on which our nationality is based, is not a compact between the *several States*, nor in any sense a *partnership* between them. *It is the organic law of nationality*, adopted by the *citizens* of all the States, combining themselves into one people as a nation. The preamble runs thus: “WE, THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a *more perfect Union*, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, DO ORDAIN and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.” Not (I pray you to mark), “*We, the several sovereign and independent States*” heretofore *confederated* merely, and already known by the *partnership name*, if you please (for such it then was), of “the United States;” but “*We, the people of the United States*,” the constituent citizens and voters of each and of all of them, do, for the purpose of *more perfect union*, and all the other enumerated purposes of *one national life*, “ordain and establish *this Constitution*;” electing, nevertheless, as a *new-born nation*, to be still known by the same name which our several States, as States, heretofore assumed under their old league of confederation, now merged in complete national individuality. We, the people, keep the name; but we henceforth change in *toto* the substance of the thing. This Constitution was adopted

and ratified, *not by the States* in their corporate capacities, *but by the people* of the several States, in *popular convention*; not acting by or through their respective State Legislatures or executive officers, or any other *State* representatives, but in their primary capacity of *citizens of one country*, forming for themselves a *new* government. Every citizen owes to the Constitution, and to the national government which it creates, *immediate personal allegiance*, in the same manner, and to the same extent as respects all purposes of national government, as if no State organization or any other interior political institution were in existence. . . . For all purposes of *national life and government, internal and external*, the citizens of the several States absolutely surrendered all their State rights and obligations, and their individuality as members of such States, and agreed to be fused or merged into one people, with all the corresponding rights and privileges, and subject to all the duties and obligations involved in a common nationality.¹

On the ground of this statement of the *reason* of the North American national life, the author denies that a State of itself can rightfully secede from the Union; albeit the nation may, for sufficient causes shown, sever it peacefully from the mass. The Government is at this time waging war, not with States in rebellion, but with *persons* resident within certain States, who are in arms resisting the Government.

‘The Government, therefore, in attempting to put down this rebellion, is not making war against any State or States, as such, nor against the whole people of any State or States, but against its own individual revolted subjects—organized rebels in arms, guilty of treason—who happen to be resident in those States.’

This is quite intelligible, and we believe that the statement of the case, as above cited, would now be accepted and assented to by the best-informed persons on the Northern (the Federal) side, *as the true reason of the war*. The Government now administered by Mr Lincoln is not carrying on war on behalf of such and such States, against such and such other States, that resist the national will, and oppose its doings. It is not so. The nation is in arms to recover its administrative powers, and to overtake and punish *certain individuals*—whether they be hundreds or thousands, who, by chance, are resident somewhere in the Southern States—in the Carolinas, or in Georgia, or elsewhere. This war, for the restoration of ‘order,’ thus brings into prominence the relative political position of the North American PEOPLE, and the people of the several States that constitute the Federation. We see that the great PEOPLE stands *foremost*,

¹ Correspondence on the Present Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America. Boston, 1862. Throughout the citations made above, the *italics* are the author's own. In any case, we think it equivalent to a *misquotation* to emphasize what a writer has not emphasized.

and that the States—or, let us say, the citizens of the several States (each State by itself)—stand *aftermost*; or it would be more correct to say that, in respect of the allegiance of the citizens, a violation of which would make them *rebels*, the States are quite put out of view—they are ignored. The allegiance of citizens throughout the States is due to the Central Government. The President holds in his hand the social or political conscience of *every man, everywhere*, unless he be one who claims rights personally as a foreigner.

This, then, is the social and political doctrine of the people who have 'elected' to be known in the world as 'the people of the United States.' The millions of these States, and of these territories, resolve themselves into the primary element of social existence *before* they 'elect' to constitute themselves in groups or clusters, for purposes of a more local or limited kind, as in the several States. Beyond this universal nationality, or (and let us mark it) *lower down* toward absolute social disintegration, there is no stage at all. Dissolution, in a political sense, can go no further than it has here gone. The PEOPLE—if we think of them as existing in any mode *less organic* than this—must be thought of only as individuals, subject to no control, and liable to no law, and amenable to no authority. The primæval act is of this nature—namely, that the universal people constitutes itself a Nation, and creates a polity by a breath of its sovereign will; and it gives this polity a centre, and it elects those into whose hands it will commit the sacred trust of its political welfare. A moment before this act of the whole people had taken place, there was no political existence at all: after it had taken place, then the citizens who may be locally connected, and may be known to each other individually, may, if they please, assemble in their proper quarters, and frame at their pleasure such State Constitutions as they judge to be best suited to the promotion of their particular interests. Now we (on this side the Atlantic) have need to be cautioned against the probable mistake of supposing that, because the several States that were actually existing at the time of the framing of the Federal Constitution *had actually long existed*, and had, through a course of many years, been recognised and known throughout the world as *States*, therefore that these political organizations were indeed *the parties* acting in the creation of the Union. It was not so. The people of these communities had put off from themselves their State polity, and had released themselves—at least for the moment—from all lesser obligations, to the end that they might stand at ease, and be free to take up *individually* an obligation of a more extensive sort, and which should, in theory at least, be of higher obligation than any other. This done, then the citizens re-

turned singly to their homes—to their States—and took up anew the obligations which, for an hour, they had ceased to recognise.

This, therefore, is the *order* of political loyalty in the States:—obedience is due by every citizen, *first* to the nation and to its head; *after that*, to some State government, and to the organs of the same. It is on this ground, nor can it be on any other, that the right of *State secession* is denied, or that the people now in arms against the President can be denounced as *rebels*.

We have then to inquire what are the consequences of this doctrine, and what must be its issue in the remote future. In *theory*, these two obligations—the larger and the smaller—will be spoken of as comprehensive, the larger embracing the smaller, and the two as necessarily coincident always. Three years ago ardent Americans, men of great intelligence, might have been found who would have rejected with warmth the supposition that the two obligations could in any case come into collision, or might give rise to open resistance. But at this time the sinister hypothesis has been realized, and it is burdened with the most calamitous attendants. The actual civil war supersedes volumes of argument which might have been entered upon in proof or in disproof of the supposition. The only question therefore which actual facts leave to be considered, is this—namely, whether what has now come about is not *a necessity*, implied in the American Constitution, and which, if human sagacity might have reached so far forward, would have presented itself as a sure issue of the course adopted by the great men who were its authors. Great men they were; but they fell back upon the abstract when they should have adhered to the concrete. It was after the same fashion, and in imitation of the same lofty style, that the theorists of France disdained to stop anywhere short of those ultimate principles which find man a savage, roaming a wilderness. Not so our own great men of the Commonwealth; not so those of the Revolution of 1688; not so those who have presided over later reforms. These, *statesmen*, not *philosophers*, have held fast by the concrete of our *historic political* existence; and they have shunned and feared the vague utterances of philosophy as pernicious dreams—prognostic only of seasons of national delirium.

There will be a wish on the side of America to draw inferences in favour of the Federal Constitution from instances which, if properly regarded, would suggest a contrary conclusion, if indeed history is at all to be listened to, and if baseless speculation is to be held in small esteem. Federation, such as it was realized in the Swiss Cantons, or in the United Provinces (we do not go back to classical antiquity, where all social conditions were utterly unlike those of modern times)—these *modern* Federations were combinations of cities and districts all near at hand

one to another; they were shut in upon their narrow spaces by border States, friendly or hostile; and they were girthed about, or we should say, *solidified*, by exterior pressure: in a word, they existed under conditions that, at every point, find a contrariety in the actual circumstances of the United States. It would be a waste of time just now to set forth in detail these points of contrast; and the more so, because, while one of these Federations has held itself entire to the present moment, through almost six centuries, and the other did maintain itself against fearful odds through more than two hundred years, the American Federation, framed within the recollection of living men, has already broken up in ruins. And this fate has befallen it, not in consequence of any pressure of external foes, nor in consequence of wide-spread natural calamities; but while a people, enjoying unexampled advantages—a people blessed in basket and in store—a people intelligent, energetic, persevering, shrewd—occupying illimitable fertile regions—has wrought its own pleasure in its own way, none daring to make it afraid. How then is it so? An answer to this question should not be given in envy or malice, or (as may be imagined) in aristocratic arrogance, as if we were glad to find republican institutions at fault. It shall not be thus, or in any such mood that we here attempt a solution of the problem.

It will, however, be affirmed, *first*, that this unfortunate civil war is exceptional and accidental; and that, apart from the unlucky incident of slavery, which the States inherited from the British rule, no such mischance would have ruffled the flood-tide of national felicity. *Secondly*, it will be affirmed that three months hence, or six months, or at most twelve, the Union in all its glory will be restored, stronger than ever, and bigger than ever! It may be so. The very next mails that reach the Mersey may telegraph the glad news of peace established from Florida Reef to Cape Flattery.¹ The Confederates may have come in to take their wonted places on the floor of Congress; and instead of attempting to rule the North, as heretofore, they may be content to go partners, share and share alike with the North, in some new scheme of conquest or annexation. We might perhaps grant this as probable, and yet not the less confidently would European statesmen and the readers of history look forward to the next upturn of fortune or misfortune, which shall take effect in bringing about the inevitable disintegration of the empire which is fondly pictured in the future by American ambition.

The continuance of the United States Federal Government depends upon the exact coincidence, in all time future, of two forces which, although they *may* for an indefinite time run to-

¹ The farthest point of the United States, on the shores of the Pacific.

gether on the same diagonal, must always be of very unequal intensity ; or which, mathematically speaking, are unlike as to momentum and velocity. The American citizen individually is required—*first*, to be loyal to the Central Government ; and then to be loyal to the Government of the State within which his lot is cast. He owes devotion—*first*, to a power which, like the blue sky overhead of him, is also overhead of regions many and far out of sight. But men live, not merely under the expanse of heaven ;—they live in houses—they live in towns—they live in districts—they live in certain latitudes and longitudes—they live on sea-boards, or in the remote interiors of a continent. The wealth which their industry must acquire lies on the surface, or it is deep under ground, or it is far to fetch across oceans. What every man is most nearly concerned about every day, are the things of earth, not the things of the overhead universal blue. How, then, stand these two political obligations as to their relative force ? The present civil war gives us our answer ; but we will not take it so near at hand ; we will forget the now present instance, and seek a reply in the very structure of the Federal Constitution. The fathers of their country—the wary men who made it what it is—not only repudiated monarchy, and put far from them its accompaniments of birth, rank, and privilege, but they would sever their republic from every tie of history and of sentiment. It was their pleasure to cut the cables of the political structure ; and they exulted in seeing the New World drifting far away upon the pure abstract—the shoreless ocean of primæval social existence. We are not here finding fault, but are only looking to causes and to consequences. The authors of the Republic would admit no *personations* in the new social World : there must be no fictions of that sort which attach men to ancestries, and to dynasties, and to families, and to names. These vanities belonged to the obsolete ages of the legendary life of nations ; but as to us—the citizens of the New World, we live among realities. Ours is an ‘age of reason,’ not of myths—an age of logical rights, not of feudal wrongs. In accordance with this lofty bearing, the transitory person whom we put at the centre of government shall be made to disappear almost as soon as he has become visible. Whether it be a Mr Smith, or a Mr Brown, or a Mr Hodgson whom we entrust with power, it shall not be for a longer term than a four years. Effectively shall feeling and sentiment be severed from political life in the New World. The American citizen knows no man whom he may think of as impersonating that ideal loyalty which he owes to the Central Government. This loyalty shall rule his life as a splendid dogma—incorporeal and transcendental. Nevertheless, while we thus bring the citizen’s

obligation to the Central Government under conditions the most evanescent, we leave him, as to his daily concerns, and as to his most urgent interests, in near contact with whatever is local and partial. It is true that, at moments of extraordinary excitement, or at the impulse of large ambitious enterprises, or under the phrenzy of national resentments, the ideal force may be made to prevail over the more limited force, and thus the men of all States may become fused together as a nation. Yet this fusion for a time, will not fail in the end to provoke anew the contrarieties which it had seemed to obliterate. So at this very moment, if a tempting proposal of foreign war, and conquest, and annexation were brought forward for the purpose of restoring the Union, the results of this *national action* in any such manner would infallibly disturb anew, and more deeply than now, the balance of power among the States, and thus must bring about another and a still more fatal disruption. Attention to the facts therein involved will, we think, show this consequence to be inevitable.

These facts do indeed imply the future greatness of American destinies. Who shall dare to predict the future of this vast North American continent? Speculation can hardly acknowledge a limit on this ample field; nor should we hesitate, if challenged, to admit as reasonable the most magnificent of those conjectures of power, wealth, and splendour which ardent American minds may now be entertaining. The worn-out nations of the Old World! What shall have become of them!—none can say. When shall the flickering lamps of England, France, Germany, Italy, have gone out? But as to the nations that are now cradled in the New World, *they* shall be great: provided only, that no sweeping natural catastrophes take a course from ocean to ocean. This future greatness must, however, obey those laws, in the working of which are combined the inflexible principles of *material causation*, along with those ascertained principles which prevail in the moral world. Difficult it may be, or, we should say, quite impossible, to forecast with any certainty what will result from the interaction of these laws in any particular instance—heterogeneous as they are; yet this may be affirmed with confidence, that while, in some regions of a peopled and peopling continent, the increase, both material and human, shall be in the ratio of an arithmetical progression, which will barely be appreciable from year to year, or even in decades, the increase in other regions of the same continent shall be in the ratio of a geometrical progression. This is inevitable; and as to the *wealth* of nations, it is true that—to them that have shall the more be given, and they shall abound. Especially will this difference in the *rate of increase* have place in countries toward which

emigration from dense populations is rapidly taking place. That unconquerable energy, that expansive and intelligent industry which, in the territories, or in several of them, has already chalked out cities and built schools, colleges, and churches upon wastes, gives evidence to this effect, that *increase shall beget increase*; and that wealth once begun, shall quintuple itself with marvellous rapidity. Are we writing now in envy of a prosperity which we cannot imitate? Surely not; the very contrary is true. As matter of taste, we may not perhaps greatly relish the style in which American progress is heralded, nor think its prophecies to be models of chaste composition; but this—our English fastidiousness shall not make us blind to facts. America is destined to be great; but it shall become great in degrees immeasurably disproportionate in its several regions, or its several States.

The authors of the American constitution—Franklin, Washington, Harrison, and others—did indeed foresee the future of their people; but the vision to them was a haze undefined. Nor could it have been possible for them (nor, if possible, wise, to attempt a task so speculative) to devise a central government, or to create a representative scheme, which must have encumbered political action through sixty preliminary years of apprenticeship. The Constitution of 1777 established, therefore, a relation between the Senate and the House of Representatives which might well have been *then* approved; and this same equipoise might stand good so long as no very great or peculiar disturbance of interests came in to put it in peril. But it came to be in peril; in fact, it had come to be virtually overthrown at the time (a time not easily defined) when the domineering course pursued by the Slave States—the Virginia lords, had set the two houses at cross purposes one toward the other, in carrying Southern measures, sometimes by dint of superior statesmanship on the Southern side, sometimes by yielding to compromises of which the consenting Free States were quickly ashamed. The civil war has now shown out, what had long been real—namely, a difference of interests so great, as to render any continuance of national government impossible. Mr Buchanan had *personated* this impossibility, and the guns pointed at Fort Sumter spoke it aloud.

The Senate speaks in behalf of the States severally, whether they be thirteen, or thirty, or more; the House of Representatives speaks for the populations of the States. But contiguous States may be cemented by a common interest, as just now the Southern States are cemented as a 'Slave power;' and in virtue of the law which gives the slaveholder the benefit of his slaves in computing the votes, the scanty population of the agricultural South gets a balance, as related to the dense populations

of the mercantile and the manufacturing North. So it may be, or may have been, till of late; and if this antagonism of interests had not been provoked into actual war by the last presidential election, an *apparent* equilibrium might have been maintained for a few years further on; and thus far the American Constitution would have held itself entire. But by the war this constitution is irretrievably riven. Patch it, darn it, bind it up, this will be of no avail; for bones are broken, and neither wine nor oil, nor both together, will take effect upon the fracture. But grant that a cure is possible; and then look into the inevitable future. In thus looking into the future, we may as well forget the Slave power, and cease to speculate upon the agonizing efforts it will yet make for defending and perpetuating its existence on the soil it occupies. We may think only of the central States—vast regions of unworked earth as they are, which are embraced by the forkings of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ohio. Three of these States—Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—have lately (so it is affirmed) given indication, in sullen murmurs, of their disposedness to take action for themselves; in a word, to join hands in resisting the presidential authority, and in treating with the Confederates for a separate peace. A prospect of the terrible consequence which is sure to ensue may take effect in preventing this separate action, which would bring in, as a deluge, universal anarchy—three—five, dictators; and as many armies, would in a day start in the race of ambition, slaughter, and plunder. Let this awful fate be averted, and then await the time when the six, or eight, or ten, members of the Senate representing the three, four, or five coalescing States of the centre West, shall find themselves sustained in the House of Representatives by those who will have been sent there by the lordly millions of the Mississippi regions; and at the same time they will be opposed in the Senate by the delegates of the Atlantic States, and in the House of Representatives by those whose constituents are already split by adverse interests and by faction.

The interior central States, ever growing in population, wealth, and material power, are likely to be one in mind and purpose. The popular will must be confluent, like the mighty streams that are the arteries of those regions; and, in like manner, as the Mississippi brings down into the Mexican Gulf the commingled waters of this interior expanse, so shall this great centre nation of the future bear itself, and its irresistible purposes, abroad upon the wide world. In that day—it is a day assuredly coming—where shall be the city of Washington, and its president, and its two houses? All these things and persons shall have found their resting-place—in history.

The example of national disruption which has already been set

in the Slave States, and which in due time will be followed by the States of the Upper Mississippi and the Ohio—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Missouri—may not very soon draw after them the States of the Pacific seaboard—Washington, Oregon, and Upper California. Yet this following will be a question of time only, which must be determined (not to say by incidental causes that are beyond the range of calculation) by the more or less rapid development of those incalculable stores of natural wealth which those regions hold in readiness for the industry of man. Neither our space, nor our purpose in this article, allows of even the briefest mention of the several items of this boundless wealth. In its destined season—perhaps in a very few years—it shall pour itself forth upon the shores, and shall be wafted across the Pacific as a continuous mighty commerce, interlocking this far Western world with the far East of the Old World—even Japan, China, India, and the islands of the Eastern Sea. Does anybody believe that, when *that* day comes, these Pacific Ocean States will be meekly content to send their six or eight senators two thousand miles to the Congress at Washington, or elsewhere; and with them a caravan of representatives, in behalf of the thirty, fifty, or hundred millions of the people! This will not be. It would be most absurd to imagine a realization of the now hypothetical American nationality, stretched out to proportions so grotesque. The Pacific seaboard nations will believe themselves to be big enough, and strong enough, and wise enough, to manage their own affairs, in their own manner, and at some centre where their common welfare may be properly understood. What is here conjectured, in relation to the great Mississippi cluster of nations, and to the perhaps greater, richer, and more enterprising nations that will swarm upon the shores of the Pacific, might be safely predicted also concerning the peoples that will border upon the Rocky Mountains, through almost twenty degrees of latitude. Throughout these less inviting regions—Nebraska, Kansas, Texas—the development of their natural wealth and the increase of their population will probably obey a much slower ratio, concerning which no speculation should be risked.

It was no fault of the able men who framed the American Constitution, that they did not distinctly forecast the future fortunes of the American continent, or foresee what would not then have been believed concerning the wealth of remote wildernesses. Yet one is apt to think that the sagacity of such men might have led them to reckon more surely than they did upon what is always known concerning human nature. Elaborate in the highest degree is that constitutional mechanism, upon the intricate contrivances of which they expended their ingenuity. The struc-

ture is admirable (although very questionable on several points)—admirable if we regard it as a provision against *the one class of dangers* on which their eyes were fixed. These statesmen were great theorists in government; and they scorned to take lessons from the Old World, or its obsolete histories. Their acquaintances, individually, with *history*, classical or modern, was not perhaps either extensive or exact. But they believed themselves to be framing a constitution in adaptation to a millennium of pure reason. If so, then what useful lessons could be derived from the legendary stuff that glitters with the tinsel glories of kings, great captains, dukes, knights, priests, and such like unrealities? Right, and reason, and universal principles, were then about to supplant the fooleries of an antiquated world. The events of eighty years have not justified those beliefs which ruled the minds of Benjamin Franklin and his illustrious companions. Human nature, as well in its good as in its evil renderings, keeps the type standing, from which new editions are worked off, from age to age, admitting only a few verbal corrections. This human nature, for the right ordering and for the best improvement of which forms of government are devised, is more lofty, and it is more base, it is more deep, and it is wider; it is more various in its tendencies, and it is larger in its desires, it is more swelling in its aspirations, and it is more profound in its machinations, it is more keen in its animosities, and it is also more given to sympathy; it has more to be thought of, and more to be provided for, than the code-making theorists of any age appear to have considered or imagined. Therefore it is, that a constitution which, like our own, is now a thousand years old, ought to be prized as an inheritance of inestimable worth, by a people nursed within its arms. Such a constitution, in a true sense, has not been made by hands; it has grown, it has modelled itself out of, and in harmony with, the human nature which it provides for, and which it represents.

But how shall it fare with the same human nature, which is to find its birth-place, and its field, upon the vast regions of the American continent? Over these regions the Constitution framed in 1777 is now endeavouring to stretch its palsied arms, as if fain to embrace them all—one might think of the grandam who strives to keep a dozen grown men, her descendants, around her knees. This sturdy human nature is not a new creation;—it is an old human nature, moulded after the historic pattern, and it shall open itself out upon the lap of the American continent, in a style of proportionate wild robustness. As surely as these now unwrought regions shall, at the call of industrious men, put forth their hid treasures of coal, iron, copper, lead, gold, and shall yield their harvests of cereals—tubers—fruits—their cotton also, and

sugar, and tobacco, so certainly shall the things and the persons, the contests and the agreements, the ambitions and the oppressions, the wrongs and the revolts of Old-World history be enacted anew in and among the mighty millions of the New World—the world that is now next a-coming. Can reasonable men—can men who are well instructed—doubt that so it shall be? We are not affecting to be seers on this ground. We do nothing more than soberly read the future in the past. The future shall repeat the past; and yet this will be done under conditions which must give the copy its air of originality. The Grecian civilisation, when it was at a high pitch, planted itself out on all shores of the Mediterranean, right hand and left hand. The Roman civilisation, then also at a high pitch, carried itself out in Spain, Gaul, and Britain; but this was always done within restricted limits; and it advanced with a measured step. But, on the North American continent, European audacity, barely tamed by European refinement, is bursting abroad with a rudeness and a force more resembling the style of the buffalo and bison herds which it drives before it, than the amenities of the world it has left in the rear. The squatter of Nebraska must not be brought into comparison with the luxurious and artistic Roman settler, the pavement of whose villa is from time to time unearthed in Yorkshire or the Midland counties of England; and as are the men, respectively, that represent the ancient and the modern civilisation, such shall be their political doings.

The son and the grandson of the squatter of Texas, of Kansas, of Nebraska, will be one who will speak his mind and make known his wishes in the most intelligible terms. He will insist upon his right to be listened to; and the merchant citizens—the pallid manufacturers, the mechanics of the Atlantic States—will find it easier to treat with him as the man of an independent nation, than to control him, or to resist his imperious demands on the floor of Congress. He will never submit to be crushed and conquered in the manner which is now under experiment on the banks of the Potomac. If this were intended, then on what waters shall the gun-boats make their way that should attend the armies in so difficult an enterprise? At this time the North keeps the South in check upon all waters; but it shall find no place for this arm in dealing with the giant power of the central States. How shall the future President prepare himself for a passage of arms with the surly master of those distant regions? ‘Surely the mountains bring forth food for this behemoth, where all the beasts of the field do play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow: the willows of the brook compass him about.’ And if this behemoth defy the future president, so will the megatherium

of the western seaboard. Will that president be able to 'draw out leviathan with a hook' or 'bind his tongue with a cord?' 'Who shall dare to put a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications to thee—at the door of Congress? Will he speak soft words unto thee? Will he make a covenant with thee? Wilt thou take him as a servant for ever? Wilt thou play with him as a bird; or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Shall the companions make a banquet of him? Shall they part him among the merchants? Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons or his head with fish spears? Lay thy hand upon him. Remember the battle and do no more.'

Disintegration, gracefully accepted, timely submitted to, and wisely turned to account, is the call of Providence audibly addressed to the people of the United States at this moment. We say it is the call of Providence; and this phrase brings with it a train of thought which we do not propose to pursue; or thus far only to follow it. On all grounds of secular calculation, the gorgeous phantom of an empire, stretched from ocean to ocean, which now rules the American mind as a frenzy, is, as we think, demonstrably an absurdity:—no such mad scheme shall ever be realized. But turn now to another side of the subject. If at all the ways of God toward the human family, so far as these are known to history, may be understood and interpreted—and if there be a visible over-ruling of human affairs—this intervention of Heaven, this 'coming down of the Lord to see the city and the tower,' has been repeated from age to age—in Asia, in Europe—in the most remote times, in times quite recent; and always it has occurred at moments when some vast conception of boundless empire and irresistible despotism has been proclaimed, and boasted of, and has seemed near to be realized. At such critical moments a voice from on high has been heard, 'It shall not be.' The instances need not here be named; but among all these instances not one can be mentioned that carries upon its front, as this latest instance does, the character of a national delirium. It is not now an Alexander or a Cæsar, it is not a Tamerlane or a Napoleon, whose individual ambition or ruthlessness might make the nations tremble. It is the ruthless millions of the people, surged onward *from beneath* its own mass—not led as from above—not swayed or informed by those who should temper and instruct the rude multitude. Much to be thought of is the fact, that whereas those who framed the Constitution of the Federal States made provision in the most elaborate manner to preclude the ambition of some ambitious individual—president—they made no provision whatever against the far more dangerous passions of the million—the million infatuated, as now. This danger—

unprovided for—is full fraught with calamities for years to come—wars, pestilences, famines, and those atrocities which these evils always provoke. To cut short these threatening woes, statesmanship, if it were there, might avail; but meantime it is the part and duty of those thoughtful Christian men who are to be found in every State, to read the will of God in the course of events. If only the pernicious dream of universal empire were discarded, then nothing would stand in the way of a disruption which should hedge about the accursed slavery, until it dies of its own poisons. The Christian men of the States might well be challenged to stand forward—fearless of the imputation of treason—and denounce as an impiety a war waged *now*, not on behalf of humanity, or of public order, but for satisfying passions which the Gospel utterly condemns, and which it condemns in nations, not less than in ambitious rulers.

A review of books relating, severally, to the subjects brought forward in this article, has not been included in our purpose. Some of these books and pamphlets have already come under notice in former numbers of this *Review*: some could barely claim any special regard; others are justly entitled to much more attention than could be bestowed upon them while we have had other purposes in view; and to these, or two or three of them, we may perhaps hereafter call attention. Yet it has not been to books or to pamphlets so much as to friendly communications, and to the free intercourse of friendship in private, that we have been indebted for what we have mainly relied upon, in relation especially to the American civil war. As to these private sources of information, we are unconscious of having, in any instance, made an improper use of such communications; or, indeed, any use against which the intelligent and truth-loving writers or speakers would protest. As to evidence of *this kind* we may thus far profess, that it has come to us—not from Federalists—not from Confederates, exclusively—but from both: not from Republicans, solely, nor from Democrats, solely; but from both. A word more in our own behalf we would say: we know how to make, and to cling to, the very important distinction between a *system*, and the men who may practice or sustain it, as a consequence of their birth, and training, and position. Abhorring slavery as all do, and finding the leaders of the Slave-Power deeply culpable and utterly wrong *on that ground*, we do not forget that they have a real cause of quarrel with the North. And then, as to slaveholding individual men, and women, too, we have found them to be *such* as to win for themselves a cordial welcome under our roof. So much breadth as this implies, we think warrantable in theory, and we know it to be good and agreeable in practice,

- ART. II.—1. *Historisk Udsigt over den danske Literatur intild 1814.* Af C. A. THORTSEN. Kjöbenhavn, 1854. (Historical Survey of Danish Literature until 1814. By C. A. THORTSEN. Copenhagen, 1854.)
2. *Forelaesninger over den nyere danske Poesie, saerdeles efter Digterne Evalds, Baggesens, og Oehlenschlägers Vaerker.* Af CHRISTIAN MOLBECH. Kjöbenhavn, 1832. (Lectures on Modern Danish Poetry, especially the Works of Evald, Baggesen, and Oehlenschläger. By CHRISTIAN MOLBECH. Copenhagen, 1832.)
3. *Kritiske Skizzer fra Aarene 1840–47.* Af P. L. MÖLLER. Kjöbenhavn, 1847. (Critical Sketches of the Years 1840–47. By P. L. MÖLLER. Copenhagen, 1847.)

A NUMBER of years have now elapsed since one of our most brilliant and versatile authors could write with perfect truth as follows:—‘The great North from which chivalry sprang,—with its polar seas, its natural wonders, its wild legends, its antediluvian remains,—a wide field for poetic description and heroic narrative,—has been, indeed, *not wholly unexplored*,’¹—thus employing very qualified and guarded words to describe the progress which at that time had been made, so far as England was concerned, in the study of Scandinavian literature. Time, however, has brought with it a mighty change in this as in all other respects. During the last decade, the literary treasures of the Scandinavian nations have attracted the attention of many English students; and the two languages in which they are enshrined,—Danish and Swedish,—are familiar to a select band of votaries, who, with the characteristic ardour that such pursuits seem invariably to inspire, have devoted their time and their powers to elucidate the literature of Northern Europe. Nor can we but rejoice at this. The wonderful richness, originality, and significance of the literature in question may well entitle it to an admiring and reverential cultivation on the part of all who delight in marking the later developments of the European intellect. The ordinary notion,—current so long even among those who should have known better than to circulate the fallacy,—that the literature of Sweden and Denmark was only an offshoot from the gigantic German tree, and that Teutonic thought had given birth to whatever was lovely and of good report in the kindred thought of Scandinavia, has now, we may safely affirm, been banished for ever to the limbo of popular

¹ Sir E. B. Lytton, in his Preface to ‘King Arthur.’

delusions, and truer views have begun to prevail on a subject on which so much nonsense has been talked and written, from the days of old Ritson downwards,—who, it will be remembered, repudiated the Edda as the monstrous creation of Bishop Percy's own prolific brain. The Ultima Thule of literary Europe has been thoroughly explored at last; and, to the surprise of the adventurous visitants, they have found themselves in no ungenial climate, and wandering through no desert solitudes. Fair fruits, which emulate those that ripen under the sweet influence of southern suns, and often, indeed, of character far healthier than the latter,—where the wholesome is metamorphosed into the unduly luscious, and participation too frequently relaxes and enervates,—form a reward that atones in opulent abundance for the toils and dangers of the voyage. To speak without a figure, we cannot but augur the most salutary results from the ever-increasing study in England of Northern literature. Its influence is, beyond conception, pure and bracing; and no lengthened period will elapse until he who studies it discovers at least *one* extensive province of European intellect, where the sons of the great German Fatherland, the self-styled autocrats of modern thought, although they may have established some small semi-prosperous colonies, have utterly failed to grasp the sceptre of universal dominion. Originality, in short,—an originality surely of all things the most captivating in an age like the present, when literature in too many cases repeats itself *ad nauseam*, and the old spirit runs its weary and perpetual round in the grooves of the ancient forms,—is perhaps the leading feature in the literature of the two northern nations; and this feature is accompanied by many others that, while scarcely so strongly prominent, possess a peculiar charm and attraction of their own. To a brief survey of one great branch of Scandinavian literature,—that, namely, of Denmark,—we now propose devoting a few pages. Of course, our limits will only permit a survey of the most general kind; it is simply the salient points, and not the minutiae of the subject, to which we can direct attention.

Few topics, in the estimation of the philologist, are more interesting than the gradual growth of the language at present spoken in the Danish kingdom, and the nature of the epochs that mark the various stages of its development. It may be superfluous to mention, that, like Swedish, it springs primarily from the Icelandic, or Old Norse, the common mother of all the Scandinavian dialects in ancient times. Of both, although largely mixed with other elements, the old Norse is still the basis,—of both, it forms the abiding strength and marrow; yet, if we compare the two, we shall find that Danish has diverged

the farther from the original tongue,—one reason of which may be the climatic character of the country in which it is spoken; while the second reason, without doubt by far the more important, is the influence which, at a very early date, Low German, and High German subsequently, exercised on the Danish language. There has been less of this foreign influence, at least from the direction of Germany, in the case of the Swedish tongue. Unquestionably, as regards Danish, the admixture of extraneous elements has given rise to very injurious consequences. At one period, it almost seemed as if the Danish language were doomed to expire, or, if not, to be transformed into a paltry subordinate dialect of the German. But, thanks to its inherent vitality, it was enabled to tide over in safety this dangerous crisis in its career, and assume at last the form in which it now presents itself,—a nervous noble tongue, enriched with German accessions, which, kept in proper limits, have widened its range and improved its efficacy, while, at the same time, the substantial strength of its old Norse foundation remains altogether unimpaired. We can discriminate four leading periods in the history of the Danish language. During the first of these, which may be styled the oldest Danish period, from 1100 to 1250, it was beginning to exhibit the deviations from the original tongue that were so greatly multiplied in the course of after ages; during the second period, which again may be styled the older Danish period, from 1250 to 1400, the grammatical diversities between the Icelandic and its offspring gradually emerged out of their former chaotic condition into something like a fixed and definite shape; during the third period, to which may be given the name of the old Danish period, from 1400 to 1530, the Germanic dialects exerted the overpowering influence already indicated on the newer Danish, then only commencing to struggle into an independent existence of its own; and during the fourth, or closing period, from 1530 to 1700, the separation from the old Norse, in all the more essential particulars, became an accomplished fact. By the end of this period, the transition to the Danish of the present day was fully and finally completed. But from the language of Denmark we pass to its literature, following, in the first place, its historical development from the earliest age of its existence until our own day.

Notwithstanding that Danish literature, properly so called, is of comparatively recent origin, it must not be forgotten, that centuries prior to its rejuvenescence about a hundred years ago, it flourished in a form which has attained very wide and general renown. We allude to its ballad poetry. Denmark has the honour and privilege of possessing one of the richest ballad

literatures in the world. It comprises a vast multitude—about 1350 in number—of epic and lyric poems, from the middle ages, treating partly of the adventurous exploits of ancient warriors, partly of magic spells and the might of supernatural beings, partly of noteworthy historical incidents, and, though last not least, partly of luckless or successful love. These ballads are, indeed, by no means exclusively Danish; several of them were first composed in Norway, others in Sweden, while a certain portion have originated in Germany, and various in England and Scotland. But, generally speaking, they may be considered as mainly Danish, while, at the same time, characteristic of all Scandinavian life, and bearing the broad impress of the entire Scandinavian mind. We are ignorant of the names of their authors, and the periods when those authors flourished; but that the poems themselves sprang into existence in the middle ages, and were for the first time collected and consigned to writing after the Reformation, is matter of positive certainty. In all likelihood they were originally composed between A.D. 1200 and 1500, although a superficial glance would lead one to assign their authorship to a later era, namely, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This arises from the circumstance, that in the course of generations the original text has been in many cases greatly changed, and corruptions have crept in, that to a large extent mar and deface its natural vigour and beauty. Still, in their present form, there can be no doubt that we have the essential element, the very spirit and soul of the ancient ballads, and even in many instances the actual framework which that soul inspired, albeit sometimes concealed beneath an ill-matched and defective robe of words. The contents of the Danish ballad poetry abundantly prove that it originated in the most prosperous period of noble and knightly power, when the influence of the clergy was undoubtedly extensive, yet not so much so as that of the aristocracy,—when the regal authority was weakened,—when the peasant-proprietors were sunk beneath patrician tyranny,—and when, finally, the towns of the kingdom had not commenced their process of development. It was for the nobles that the ballads were composed; it was under the roofs of knightly castles that their strains resounded. But after the ancient Danish aristocracy was so largely supplanted by the German, those fine old songs still passed from lip to lip among the Danish retainers of the new lords, and effected thence a still further transition,—to the lowest ranks of society. Besides their intrinsic poetic value, which the Danish ballads yet possess for us in so remarkable a degree, they have also peculiar historical significance, inasmuch as they at once communicate to us important information on incidents about which the regular chronicles are silent, and delineate, in exceedingly graphic fashion, the daily life of the middle

ages in Denmark, especially among the higher classes. Such, then, were the Danish ballads, in their origin and subsequent fate.¹

Many causes may be satisfactorily assigned for the difficult and tardy growth of Danish literature, and for the recent date at which it emerged into anything like substantial shape, when contrasted with a similar process in other countries. Foremost among those causes we may specify the internal condition of Denmark itself as virtually necessitating the fact to which we have referred. A land for ages the prey of outward adversaries and inward commotions,—a chosen battle-field, apparently, in which the very fiend of strife luxuriated at will,—inhabited by a people originally free and independent, but in the course of centuries ground to the dust beneath the iron heel of aristocratic despotism in some of its worst and most repulsive forms,—the picture presented by the Danish realm during a long succession of years is about the dreariest ever displayed on the vast page of history. Seasons undoubtedly there were, when returning prosperity lighted up with a temporary radiance the gloom that had so long prevailed; and the student of the Danish annals loves lingeringly to dwell on those patches of historic sunshine when they chance to greet him. Such were the glorious epochs of the first two Valdemars, and the last sovereign of the same name, Valdemar Atterdag, whose heroic daughter Margaret, by the memorable union of Calmar in 1397, consolidated the three Scandinavian kingdoms into one noble but only too transient monarchy. Among the first princes of the House of Oldenburg, too, there were some under whose sceptre the old Danish renown, as it existed in the illustrious days of Canute, again gleamed forth triumphantly, and who devoted their energies to the great work of improving the condition of the people, and breaking the patrician fetters that were drawn around them. Even Christian II., notwithstanding the cold-blooded and ruthless cruelty that has given him an odious name in the chronicles of the land he governed, sought to elevate in various ways the position of the great mass of his subjects; while the memory of Christian IV., as one of the most patriotic princes that ever occupied a throne, will be eternally and justly embalmed in the heart of the Danish nation. Such eras as those we have adduced form, however, the excep-

¹ Anders Sørensen Vedel, the tutor of the celebrated Tycho Brahe, first published a collection of his country's ballads, a hundred in number, in the year 1591. Other editions followed, under the auspices of different individuals, containing a still larger proportion of those noble old lays. The last is that of Svend Grundtvig, son of the great living Danish poet and preacher, N. F. S. Grundtvig, whose compilation is an extensive and excellent one, comprising many additions, and different readings. Dr Prior's English version of the Ballads, published two or three years ago, contains some meritorious translations.

tion, not the rule;¹ and, what with interminable Slesvig-Holstein complications (from an early date the prolific source of evil), destructive wars with Sweden, fruitless efforts directed against the rising power of the Hanseatic towns, and, at home, the grinding oppression of the nobles,—the wonder rather is, that the feeble spark of mental culture should have actually survived in Denmark, than that it should have become a warming and brightening flame so long after the human intellect developed itself in power and beauty in other European lands. Of literature, properly speaking, throughout successive centuries there was not in Denmark the slightest trace, if we exclude from consideration the above-mentioned ballad poetry that lived in the hearts and on the lips of the people,—proving, by the way, that the true poetic spirit only slumbered in the nation, and lay there ready to be awakened by a master-hand into distinct and palpable existence. Manners, rude and barbarous in the extreme, opposed an almost impassable barrier to the progress of mental enlightenment; the very language was struggling for life with the French, and especially, German influences, that threatened completely to destroy it; and where men had to battle daily for the supply of their commonest physical wants, it could hardly be expected that the soul's finer yearnings should be satisfied, or even, indeed, experienced. It is, for example, only towards the middle of the seventeenth century, and after the introduction of the Reformation, under Frederick I., had imparted a powerful stimulus to the intellectual improvement of his subjects, that we begin to note the first faint traces of poetic genius in Denmark,—at least, exhibited in the form of any regular poetic work. Yet it is scarcely worth our while to pause for the purpose of contemplating an effort so abortive as the 'Hexaëmeron' of Bishop Anders Arreboe. Few in number are the glimpses of real poetry discernible through its tedious length of lumbering Alexandrines; and it is chiefly valuable as forming a species of landmark to guide our progress amid the still paramount uncertainty and obscurity of the intellectual desert. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, indeed, a star of the first brilliance illuminates for a season the night of Danish letters. The reader will doubtless understand,—for the name is one of European celebrity,—that we allude to Holberg, the Scandinavian Molière. But of this great and versatile genius we shall not speak at any length on the present occasion,—partly because the magnitude

¹ Schiller's significant words, employed in reference to the literature of his own land, may with all propriety be applied to that of Denmark:—

'Kein Augustisch Alter blühte,
Keines Medicäers Güte
Lächelte der deutschen Kunst.'

The fair flower of Danish Belles Lettres sprang from the ranks of the people, and was fostered by no sunshine emanating from princes' thrones.

of the theme would encroach far too largely on our limits ; and partly because,—notwithstanding the keenness of perception, profound sagacity, and wealth of sarcasm that distinguish his three grand works, the ‘Comedies,’ ‘Niels Klim,’ and ‘Peder Paars,’—the influence of their author on the intellectual development of Denmark has been, in our opinion, on the whole, rather overrated. Still, in one most important sense, it may be admitted that Holberg well deserves the title which has been bestowed upon him, viz., Father of modern Danish literature. If he did not awaken in the popular breast any positive inspiration for the good and beautiful, or for the principle of Northern nationality,—which subsequently operated with such creative power,—he at least acted the part of an invaluable pioneer of progress, by removing all obstructions from the way, and rendering the existence of these great twin elements a possible thing at last. Leaving the illustrious comic dramatist, we are brought by the names of Stub and Tullin down to the period when the modern *poetical* literature of Denmark may be properly said to take its origin. As we approach this date, we find that the circumstances of the masses had, in various respects, improved ; the old uncultivated barbarism of manners was largely softened down ; art and science were beginning to exercise beneficent and enlightening sway ; and the spirit of mental inquiry, of intellectual endeavour, now abroad among the people, pointed to the issue, ere long, of the happiest results. Even Stub and Tullin, mediocre as are their works,—especially the productions of the former,—became, like Holberg, true pioneers of literary advancement. Evald can alone be rightly styled the creator of the modern poetry of Denmark ; but the measure of success that during his life he realized, and his ever widening fame in subsequent years, must partly be attributed to the taste for genuine poetry that was awakened by Stub and Tullin during the preceding period.

Among those causes which more directly stimulated the modern literature of Denmark, and fostered the germs of the rich national poetry that afterwards bore a harvest so abundant, may be mentioned, as perhaps of chief importance, the resuscitation of the Eddas and the early Sagas of the North. The invaluable treasures of the ancient Scandinavian world, which had long reposed in oblivion, obtained at last release from their sepulchre, and the Odinic mythology and the old kindred legends were alike displayed to the admiration of the surprised beholder. Many learned men had cultivated for a series of years,—and at a time when, as already stated, anything in the form of finer or loftier literary effort was comparatively unknown in Denmark,—this peculiar field of study ; and in works of immense erudition, where possibly there was little grace or eloquence of style, yet

where the results of enormous research made ample amends for deficiencies in point of language, had brought not merely before the learned, but before the general public, the entire legendary lore of the heroic Scandinavian past. Such men were Langebek and Suhm,—the latter of whom devoted his time, his talents, and his fortune, to the furtherance of the great cause he had at heart—the dissemination of the old literature of his native country. All that combined patriotism and learning could accomplish was done by a brother-band of scholars; nor was it done in vain. What the revival of letters achieved for Western Europe in the age preceding the Reformation, the revival of the Eddas and the Sagas achieved in the eighteenth century for Denmark. The heart of the people was aroused from its torpor; the false French taste, that had reigned predominant, was put to flight; and the Muse could embody herself in higher and grander creations, with the certainty that some at least among the multitude would recognise their charm. Of course, we do not for a moment place upon the same level, as regards general literary influence, the Grecian and the Scandinavian mythologies, or the matchless fruits of the glorious intellect of Hellas, and the simple, unadorned, semi-barbarous legends that delighted the rude infancy of the northern race. Of the latter we cannot say, as of the former, in the language of the poet—

‘Ever those phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and table they lord it o’er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good.’

For that old creative Hellenic **BEAUTY** we vainly look in the Eddas of Saemund and Snorro, and the rich Saga literature of Norway and of Iceland. But a creative element exists there notwithstanding. In the rugged, rock-hewn, massive groups of the Odinic mythology the **Earnest** predominates, as the **Beautiful** predominated in the figures of the southern Olympus. The giant ash Ygdrasil, with its innumerable boughs, that flashed and sounded with the winds of universal history; Thor, with his all-breaking thunder-hammer; the wolf Fenris, and the great serpent that lay coiled around the earth; Balder, the sun-god, the loved and the early lost, whose tale appears like a sunshiny fragment of Ionian life dropped down by mistake into the stormy centre of Scandinavian existence;—from the beginning to the close, all is stamped with the broad brand of the most impassioned **EARNESTNESS**, as from the first to the last of the long series of Sagas each breathes the fiery energy, the indomitable **VALOUR**, that marked the men whose actions they relate. All of creative influence, then, that lay in such kindred elements, moved across the chaos of Danish literature in the latter half of the eighteenth

century, and largely contributed to evolve the fair proportions of the modern aspect which it assumed. We shall find, for example, how, in the case of the greatest poet of Denmark, it was his inspired interpretation of northern life, mythologic and heroic, that mainly conferred on him renown.

The three brightest stars in the firmament of Danish literature,—if we except the authors of the present day,—are, without doubt, Evald, Baggesen, and Oehlenschläger. Of the first, whose romantic and melancholy history imparts a quite peculiar interest to his name, it may safely be affirmed, that for passionate power and fervour he has rarely been equalled even by the most distinguished lyric poets of other European countries. His three chief works, ‘Rolf Krage,’ ‘Balder’s Death,’ and ‘The Fishermen,’—all dramatic pieces,—are so surcharged with lyric force and fire, that while as professed dramas they are defective, they irresistibly fascinate the reader, in spite of their many glaring faults. Throbbing with the genuine life of song, glowing with the impassioned individuality of their author, the creations of Evald’s genius surprise us as a gigantic step in advance, when contrasted with the previous feeble and sickly utterances of the Danish muse. Take, by way of specimen, two of his more famous, yet widely dissimilar, poems, ‘King Christian’ and ‘Little Gunver.’¹ The former has become, with justice, the national song of the Danes. No reader can fail to mark the vivid effect of the same words recurring in the rhyme at measured intervals. It is like blow after regular blow upon the anvil,—an anvil not without grand music in its tone :—

‘ KING CHRISTIAN.

‘ King Christian stood beside the mast,
In smoke and flame !
His liegemen through the battle-blast .
Hurled volley after volley fast,
Till sank each hostile prow and mast
In smoke and flame :
Flee, flee, they cry, while yet ye may ;
Who dare with Christian wage to-day
War’s game ?

‘ Niels Juel had marked that tempest well :
“ Now strikes the hour ! ”
With red flag hoised o’er surge and swell,
Upon the scattered foe he fell—
Then rang the shriek he loved so well,
“ Now strikes the hour ! ”

¹ The translations presented in this paper are of course only of the most fragmentary character, and, in the very nature of things, can be expected to afford but an infinitesimal idea of the extent and opulence of the poetical literature of Denmark.

Flee, flee, they cry, of terror full :
 What sea-king copes with Denmark's Juel
 In power ?

' O North Sea ! Wessel's lightning broke
 Thy shrouded sky :
 Death from his cannon leapt and spoke,
 And flashed in every boarder's stroke,
 While peal on peal re-echoing broke
 Thy shrouded sky.
 From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol' ;
 Bow low those hearts but late so bold,
 And fly !

' Path of the Danes to fame and might,
 Dark-rolling sea !
 O hail thy friend, who first in fight
 Can beard grim death with laughter light,
 Lord, like thyself, o'er tempests' might—
 Dark-rolling sea !
 And fast through battle-clash and boom,
 Speed me to triumph, or my tomb
 In thee !'

' **LITTLE GUNVER.**

' Little Gunver loves at even to roam
 By the sounding sea ;
 Her heart it is wax, but her soul as pure
 As the gold can be.
 O ware, ware, my child, of the traitor men-folk !
 ' Little Gunver angles with silken line
 On the brink so steep ;
 Then flash the billows and grander roll
 From out the deep.
 O ware, ware, my child, of the traitor men-folk !
 ' Fair Merman stands before her, girt
 With sea-weed round ;
 His eye is loving, his speech is soft
 As the harp's sweet sound.
 " Little Gunver, I pine both day and night
 For love of thee ;
 My heart is drooping, my soul is weak—
 Be kind to me !
 ' " O give me only thy snow-white arm
 One moment here—
 Its pressure will cool my burning breast—
 Nor need'st thou fear !
 ' " Little Gunver, the sea-weed hides a heart
 All tender and true—
 The home of honour—deceit and guile
 It never knew !"

‘ “ If then my arm can quiet thy pain,
I am not loath—
Fair Merman, haste thee, O haste, I pray,
And take them both ! ”

‘ He draws her down from the rocky marge
With treacherous force ;
Like tempest his laughter—but fishermen wept
O’er Gunver’s corse.

O ware, ware, my child, of the traitor men-folk ! ’

Baggesen, who flourished subsequently to Evald, was a poet of altogether different character. He possessed a brilliant, versatile, and prolific genius, and long held the highest place in the estimation of his countrymen, until dethroned by the advent of Oehlenschläger. Wonderful grace and elegance of style distinguish the prose writings of Baggesen ; and many of his poems, also, have the same natural and easy charm, although a not unfrequent tendency to sentimentalism, and even bombast, mars some of his finer and nobler productions. But Baggesen’s forte was unquestionably *humour* ; the humorous side of the Danish character,—and in no nation is the humorous faculty more largely developed than among the Danes,—is that which is brought prominently to view in the majority of his works. Nor was this light, sportive, comic element their least efficacious passport to the good graces of the public. On the contrary, it formed perhaps their strongest recommendation ; for numbers who could with difficulty follow the soaring flight of Evald’s lyric muse, were at once attracted by strains which, like those of his successor, appealed,—at least in many cases,—to an inferior order of emotions, and breathed a spirit which, if delicate and graceful, had still enough of the earthly element in it to satisfy the cravings of the multitude. Of Oehlenschläger, again, it would seem superfluous to speak ; his name in European literature is familiar to all as a household word. Unfortunately, however, for the renown of this illustrious author, he is mainly known in England by the German versions of some of his principal works ; and it is just a proof of the intrinsic power and vitality of his genius, that, coming to us through such a comparatively obscuring medium, they should have won for him the measure of appreciation that he now in our own country enjoys,—for you must really go to his *Danish* writings to find the true Oehlenschläger. It is apart from his tragedies,—reproduced by himself, and to their loss, we think, in a German dress,—and in such poems as his splendid ‘ Nordens Guder ’ (The Northern Gods), and his exquisitely beautiful ballads, fraught with the charm of their original Danish, and, properly considered, untranslatable into any other language,—it is in compositions like these that you first rightly discover the marvellous depth

and opulence of Oehlenschläger's intellect. There is a range of imagination, an exuberant play of fancy, a profundity of emotion, and a plastic grace of art, that all find full, free scope in the works of this greatest of the bards of Denmark. As a dramatic writer, he is surpassed by many; but in the spheres of the purely epic and the purely lyric, he has few rivals among the poets of modern times. The tranquil calm, the divine rest of the former, are his in a signal degree; and in the impassioned world of the latter he revels as in a chosen home. Pre-eminently the poetical interpreter of the old Scandinavian mythology,—for, with the exception of 'Aladdin,' and some of the dramas, his principal works are based on themes drawn from the heroic ages of the North,—he has moulded the grandeur of the Eddas and the earnest valour of the Sagas into shapes of undying song, and thrown around them the halo of that fairer and sweeter beauty which was his own birthright as a poet. No one who has carefully studied the writings of Oehlenschläger will hesitate to concur with us in awarding to the departed Danish master such, and even higher, praise.

It has already been affirmed, that a strongly marked originality distinguishes the products of Danish, or more properly the entire Scandinavian literature. If we were asked to define that originality, we should say that, at least in the case of Danish works, it consists, so far as originality *can* be defined,—for sometimes it is like a subtle essence, the presence of which is only felt, but of which no adequate idea can be conveyed in words,—on the one hand, in humour possessing a peculiar character of its own, and on the other hand, in a marvellous depth and fullness of lyric fervour and emotion. Danish humour is something standing by itself,—sportive, gay, and delicate, yet with a profounder element underlying its outward manifestations. Strip the finest German humour of its ponderosity, and denude the finest French wit of the superficial flimsiness that often characterizes it, blend together what is left on either side, and the result will approximate to that which we have already indicated as a leading element in the literary originality of Denmark. Teutonic depth and Gallic sparkle combined, without the blemishes of either,—we use no unduly laudatory language when we thus endeavour to describe the spirit breathing through the works of such men as Baggesen and Heiberg. But, side by side with this faculty, there is to be discovered a fresh, a fiery, an impassioned flow of lyric life and pathos, which seems the inalienable heritage of all the Scandinavian nations, is unequalled, certainly, by the efforts in that direction of the German muse, and only finds a successful rival in some of the noble lyric poetry of our own land,—a land, after all, it must be remembered, which is largely peopled with the offspring of the Scandinavian race.

The modern, like the ancient ballad poetry of the Danes, considered as a whole, stands almost alone in European literature;¹ and it is just in proportion as Danish authors have been true to their national character, and followed the bent of their distinctive genius, that they have gained the greenest laurels in the groves of song. Whenever they have written, as has been too frequently the case, in the German language, or allowed their idiosyncrasy to be unduly acted on by Germanic influences, but one result—namely, failure—has ensued. Schack Staffeldt is a single instance out of many. Gifted by nature with great poetic genius, he allowed in his works those German influences to preponderate; and they are therefore tainted with an offensive vagueness and mysticism, altogether foreign to the Scandinavian nature, and consequently, when assumed, most injurious in their effects. Had he always cultivated the objective vein apparent in such simple ballads as the following, his name would have stood higher far in his country's literature.

‘KING FRODE’S FEAST.

- ‘King Frodè sat at banquet-board,
 King Frodè stern to view;
 With foaming mead and song of Scalds,
 The monarch milder grew.
- “And tell me now, ye warriors brave,
 Which one among you all
 Has shown himself my truest friend
 At deadly danger’s call?
- “For he who most has helped his king,
 This goblet deep and wide
 Shall drain,—I swear by Thor!—and sit
 Here highest at my side.”
- ‘Then many a hero forward leapt,
 And claimed the promised prize;
 Some vaunted loud their victor-swords,
 And some their counsel wise.
- ‘The rafters echoed back the shout
 That rose from all around;
 King Frodè to his feet upsprang,
 Exulting at the sound.
- ‘Then saw he, far behind the rest,
 An old man calmly stand,
 Who kept his lips in silence closed,
 And moved not foot or hand.

¹ This must be understood, however, as applying to their *objective*, not to their *subjective*, lyric poetry. In the latter respect Denmark is comparatively deficient.

“Go, dotard, if thou can’st not show
A single deed of fame;
Go hence, and end thy worthless life
In wretchedness and shame!”

“No death of shame my doom shall be,
No *life* of shame was mine;
I stand before thee, Frodè, here,
With heart as high as thine.

“When Gulland’s chieftain was thy guest,
Confiding in thy word,
Against his life thy wish would fain
Have aimed a traitor’s sword.

“But *I* in peace let him depart,
As scatheless as he came,
That future ages might not blush
To utter Frodè’s name.”

“No, thine has been no worthless life,—
Come here, come here! for he
Who keeps his king from sin and shame,
His king’s best friend must be!”

It is evident that, in treating of the more purely modern literature of Denmark, we must content ourselves with the mention of only a few names among the multitude of recently deceased or still existing authors. In the selection of such names, it is of course exceedingly difficult to avoid the charge of invidiousness; yet we think most persons competent to form an opinion on the subject, will admit that, when we specify Grundtvig, Ingemann, Heiberg, Winther, and Paludan-Müller, the authors thus adduced may be deemed the best and truest types of the later aspects of Danish literature, as unquestionably it is around *their* writings that much of Denmark’s literary fame—as far, at all events, as the special department of Belles Lettres is concerned—may be said to gather. The first of these, the venerable and genial Grundtvig, is known far beyond the limits of his native country. Distinguished in nearly every branch of literary effort,—archæologist, historian, philosopher, preacher, poet,—embodying in many of his works a vast and wonderful learning, yet, at the same time, through the freshness and creative vigour of the poetic faculty, keeping them free from the slightest taint of pedantic barrenness or dulness,—the head of a great ecclesiastical movement in Denmark, to which, whatever opinion we may form of its inspiring principle, we cannot refuse the meed of admiration for the zeal and energy that have marked its progress,—at once the subtlest, most spiritual commentator on the mythologic remnants of the ancient North, and the composer of

the sublimest and holiest strains that adorn the magnificent hymnology of the Danish Church ;—thus combining in himself a multitude of intellectual phases that are generally found at variance, and blending them into a harmonious whole, through which, notwithstanding, the personality of their owner still seems to shine, as an internal light shines through some semi-transparent vase, all sculptured round with noble forms, bringing into clear relief the grandeur or the grace of their proportions,—we need not marvel at the admiration which Grundtvig's entire life and labours have awakened among the Danish people, and the love and reverence with which he is by them universally regarded. As, in relation to the spirit which pervades his writings, he is the most intensely Scandinavian of the Danish authors, so, in relation to his style, the original Scandinavian element of the Danish language is there more strongly prevalent than in the works of the majority of his countrymen. In both respects, therefore, but especially the latter, the compositions of Grundtvig present greater difficulties to a foreigner than do those of any other Danish author,—which are, indeed, very soon and very easily mastered by an English student of the language, from the close affinity that exists between his own and the Danish tongues. Yet, although the style of Grundtvig is neither simple nor what is usually termed elegant, it is full of life and fire, and rich in striking expressions and figurative power. No one, with the exception of Oehlenschläger and Heiberg, has wielded an influence so mighty as that exerted by the illustrious poet-preacher on the destinies of the literature of Denmark. An influence, again, by no means so extensive, yet of truly important character, has been brought to bear upon the intellect of his fatherland by him who stands second in our list,—we mean Bernhard Severin Ingemann. He also is a poet, and has greatly distinguished himself both by epic and lyric effusions. His works of the first class are too numerous to specify. Among the latter may be mentioned the epos of 'The Black Knights,' and that of 'Valdemar the Great and his Men.' In the field of dramatic poetry he has likewise laboured,—as witness his 'Masaniello,' 'Blanca,' 'Tasso's Deliverance,' and other works. Many of the most beautiful of the Danish hymns have in addition, been penned by Ingemann,—hymns lacking, perhaps, the spirit of rapt devotion that pervades the similar compositions of Grundtvig, yet with a softer and more melodious music in their flow. But, apart from the finish of his dramas and the rich warmth of his lyric utterances, it is as the creator of the historical novel in Denmark that Ingemann has acquired his chief renown. His four grand works in this department (some of which have been translated into English) are, 'Valdemar Seier,' 'Erik Menved's Childhood,' 'King Erik and the Outlaws,' and 'Prince Otto of Denmark.'

These works, which possess great and peculiar merits, have obtained, and continue to enjoy, unbounded popularity among all classes of the Danish people. The very humblest peruse them with the utmost eagerness. 'Jeg vilde gjerne have Noget om Kongerne,'—'Er Valdemar Seir hjemmne?'—'Er Erik Menved hjemmne?' ('I want to get something about the kings,'—'Is Valdemar Seir in?'—'Is Erik Menved in?'). These are the invariable questions, we are told, addressed by applicants for books at the circulating libraries established about a dozen years ago for the use of the Schleswig peasantry. And if such be the case with Ingemann's popularity in Schleswig, we may well suppose how greatly more extensive it must be among the inhabitants of Denmark Proper. That his writings have largely contributed to foster the reviving national spirit of the Danes during the two last decades, is a fact at once indisputable and significant. A man of altogether different stamp was Johan Ludvig Heiberg, who died nearly three years ago, lamented by the whole body of his countrymen. Characterized by the universality of intellectual culture which seems to distinguish so many of the Scandinavian literati, this remarkable individual, even before he attained the age of twenty-seven, was familiar with the opposite worlds of philosophy and poetry, of science and of art. As professor at Kiel University, he wrote treatises on the Danish language and on Northern mythology; and after resigning his Chair in that institution, he was the first to make known the Hegelian metaphysics (of which system he was a devoted admirer) in his native land. His work on 'Human Freedom' primarily introduced Hegelian ideas into the literature of Denmark; and he lost no opportunity during subsequent years of directing public attention to that form of philosophical speculation. Yet, with a Goethe-like manysidedness,—a manysidedness, in one respect, more marvellous than was evinced by Goethe, to whom the German transcendentalism appealed, as is well known, comparatively in vain,—Heiberg could pass with ease from Hegel to the stage, and signalize himself as the creator of the Vaudeville on the boards of the Danish theatre. That species of composition he imported from France, and clothed in a Danish dress,—in short, so completely *nationalized* it, that it assumed an aspect thoroughly original. In many other directions he continued to display the power and versatility of his genius, and in most of them he may be said to have attained success. Two things especially make his name important in the literature of Denmark. On the one hand, he was the restorer of Danish comedy,—not the old comedy, in which Holberg so greatly excelled, but comedy suited to the wants of the age, and faithfully reflecting all life's phases at the present day. The peculiar humour of the Danes, to which we have already alluded,

is admirably reflected in the mirror of Heiberg's dramatic works. On the other hand, he may be considered pre-eminently the purifier and preserver of literary taste in Denmark. In this respect, his services have been of incalculable benefit. A high-priest of culture, in its best and truest form, he sedulously fostered the sense of the beautiful in the breasts of his countrymen, and saved them, by precept and example, from those errors and extravagances which a people that, like the Danish, has leapt, well-nigh at a bound, to the greatest literary activity, is but too often prone to perpetrate. In Christian Winther, again, the spirit of the grand old objective ballad poetry has nobly regained its life. His '*Hjortens Flugt*' is a superb specimen of imagination and versification; and his lyrics, generally, are admitted to be of the highest order. He has contrived to catch the genuine ballad tone, with its combined simplicity, pathos, and fire; and, while reproducing it in his compositions, has, at the same time, impregnated them with the element of his own original genius. Finer examples of ballad poetry than '*Henrik and Else*,' '*The Seal of Love*,' '*The Madonna's Vengeance*,' and, in a different vein, '*Jacob and Lonè*,' are not to be found in any language. The truth is, that what the Danes call '*Romanze*,' which we can only inadequately render by the English word '*ballad*,' nowhere flourishes more vigorously than in Denmark. It is indigenous to the soil; and few have cultivated it so successfully as he of whom we write. Frederick Paludan-Müller, the last on our list of five, is, however, without doubt the greatest living Danish poet. In his earlier productions he wisely turned away from the Scandinavian past, which appeared exhausted as a source of song by Oehlenschläger, and the imitators of that illustrious author; and in effusions, both as regards matter and form, rife with the ancient classic beauty, gave abundant promise of the genius more fully displayed in his subsequent career. Nor did he leave uncultivated the '*Romanze*,' his own country's native poetic growth; and many pieces like the following proceeded from his pen before the publication of the great poem which has chiefly conferred on him celebrity.

‘ THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

‘ By a fountain in the darksome forest
Sat a weary knight, and wounded sore;
On the brink his shiver'd sword lay sparkling,—
He himself gazed in its waters darkling,
Sad and gloomy was the look he wore,—
For he knew that he,
Drooping thus, would see
Fatherland, and home, and bride, no more!

- ‘ Then, while breathing forth in sighs his sorrows,
 Opens, all at once, the deep blue wave,
 And a maiden, half her form concealing
 In the ripples, from the depth comes stealing,—
 Vision lovely as the heart could crave,—
 Floating tresses bright,
 Eyes of azure light,
 Bust of marble that the billows lave.
- ‘ And she speaks, the while a goblet golden
 Lifting high with alabaster hand,—
 “ Drain my draught,—and it will heal thy anguish,
 Then no longer will thy senses languish,
 And thy spirit wear its burning brand ;
 Through the herbage here
 Bubbles calmly clear
 This strange fountain from the Quiet Land.
- ‘ “ When the cup of gold thy lips are touching,
 On thy soul will sink divinest rest,—
 To that distant home a dream will guide thee,
 Wonder-tones will float in air beside thee,
 Wafting ancient music o’er thy breast ;
 All that thou hast known,
 All the gladness flown,
 Thou wilt find within this beaker blest ! ”
- ‘ And with yearning glow his pallid features,
 And his eye with new-born lustre beams,
 And he seeks the waves so darkly speeding,—
 Deeper, deeper still the form’s receding,
 Farther, farther off the goblet gleams :
 Yet, he grasps it—now !—
 From the fountain’s brow
 Falling, he has vanished in its streams.’

Of the principal work of Paludan-Müller—his ‘ Adam Homo ’—we may briefly say that it is in all respects one of the most remarkable poems of the present age. An epic of every-day existence, presenting the rich and manifold life of our own time,—a series of pictures individually finished, as well as harmonized together, by the hand of a consummate artist,—‘ Adam Homo ’ appeals with something like Shakespearian power to the universal sympathies of humanity, and strikes the chords of the most widely-varied emotions within each reader’s breast. It is a Danish ‘ Faust,’ but at the same time a Christian ‘ Faust ;’ for while, although (paradoxical as it may appear) a poem of world-wide range and significance, it is supremely, intensely national in its character, and it is also no less marked by a deep religious spirit. But a volume might be exhausted in the attempt to do justice to the many aspects of this extraordinary work.

It would be wrong to omit passing allusion to another author, who belongs to a yet younger school of Danish poets, and who has achieved much popularity by his writings,—we mean Christian K. F. Molbech, Professor of Northern Literature in the University of Kiel, and son of that learned and distinguished critic, the title of one of whose admirable works is prefixed to the present paper. The ‘Daemring’ (Twilight) of Professor Molbech contains many fine lyric pieces. One of these consists of the following exquisite stanzas, which may recall to the German scholar Schiller’s singular love-poem, ‘The Mystery of Reminiscence,’ founded on the Platonic notion that souls were united in a pre-existent state, and that love is the yearning of the spirit to re-unite with the spirit with which it formerly made one, and which it discovers on earth. But in Molbech’s lines there is a subtler and sweeter spiritual beauty than in those of Schiller:—

- ‘ And know’st thou, why thine image glasses
 Itself within me evermore,
 As in the sea a ship that passes,
 Or in a breezeless lake the shore ?
 And know’st thou why thy voice is waking
 Mysterious echoes in my breast,
 Like village church-bells sweetly breaking
 The quiet summer evening’s rest ?
- ‘ Before our footsteps wandered hither
 In earthly exile drear and cold,
 As angel-babes we played together
 On Eden’s mother-lap of gold ;
 Where fruits of bliss in fragrant cluster
 Droop large from life’s immortal tree,
 In that divinest morning-lustre
 I dwelt, long ages since, with thee !
- ‘ Where heaven’s endless years are breaking
 Like billows on God’s central throne,
 And to His praise the stars are making
 A mighty music, all their own ;
 On those celestial coasts resplendent,
 The spirit-world beyond the sky,
 We roamed amid the light transcendent,—
 The sister thou, the brother I.
- ‘ Oft, when thy voice is sweetly breathing
 As music-bells at distance long,
 Fond memory seems around me wreathing
 The spells of Eden’s angel-song ;
 And when with shades of sorrow saintly
 Thy radiant glances softened are,
 It seems as if on me broke faintly
 The gleam of many a vanished star.

- ‘ Then trembles on my lips the story
 Of those fair worlds we knew before,—
 Of Paradise in golden glory,
 Eternity’s far silver shore.
 Methinks, if I could but discover
 Fit words for what I dimly know,
 Once more the loved one and the lover
 Might find that Eden here below !
- ‘ Methinks, could I with speech inspire
 The thoughts within my heart so rife,
 Thine own would catch a kindred fire,
 The Long-ago would spring to life ;
 To clasp me, while I strove to mutter,
 Then would those arms be open flung,—
 Ah ! not one accent can I utter,
 For I have lost our childhood’s tongue !’

Professor Molbech is also the author of a tragedy, ‘ Dante,’ having for its theme the fortunes of the celebrated poet whose name it bears. This drama vividly reflects the Italian life of the middle ages, and the character of the hero is drawn with much truthfulness and power. The following extract, in the great Florentine’s own *terza rima* verse, has surely in it the ring of the genuine metal :—

- ‘ Wo to thee, Italy ! thou shattered bark,
 Tossed to and fro upon the stormy deep !
 Peals there no voice from out the ages dark,
- ‘ To rouse thee from thy slumber ? Surges sweep
 Thy deck in wrath, and from the broken mast
 Wild streams its canvas,—but thy steersmen sleep.
- ‘ A time there was, when Fortune’s favouring blast
 O’er ocean bore thee like a stately swan ;
 Now is the vision of that glory past.
- ‘ The stars that smiled before are dull and wan ;
 And Shame, the vulture, screams behind thy course,
 Which the victorious eagles once began.
- ‘ Thick night is round thee, and to it perforce
 The sunlight yields, while through the sullen gloom
 Fraternal combat hurls its war-cry hoarse.
- ‘ Sudden, effulgent memories illumine
 The clouds, and giant Shapes I see arise
 In mist-like garb from their ancestral tomb :
- ‘ Frowning their mien, and so profound their sighs,
 The very billows, awe-struck, pause to mark ;
 A voice resounds in thunder through the skies.

- ' "Wo to thee, Italy! thou shattered bark,
Tossed to and fro upon the stormy wave;
Can nought awake thee from thy slumber dark?
- ' "Thou gav'st us life,—to *thee* we glory gave.
Why should our ancient shrines in ruin fall?
'Tis for thy sake alone we leave the grave."
- ' And, each by each, the Shadows pass and call:
"Brutus am I, who banished Tarquin's brood,—
Thy thousand rulers now are Tarquins all."
- ' "Horatius I, who on the bridge his blood
Poured forth to guard it,—but the willing foe
Thou helpest now thyself across the flood."
- ' "Camillus I, who in his country's wo
Paid to the Gaul the tribute of the sword;
Thou giv'st him gold, to spare thy sword a blow."
- ' "And I am Regulus, whose faithful word
Drove him afar the hero-death to claim,—
But thou art sunk in perjuries abhorred."
- ' "Virginus I, who pierced with sacred aim
The bosom of his child;—thou lovest rather
To reap base profit from thy daughters' shame."
- ' "Lucretia I,—thy wives no garlands gather
To equal mine;—*one* spouse, forsooth, they wed;
But yet their sons they bear to many a father."
- ' And Shades in aye-increasing number tread
Through thunder-storm before thee to their stations,
And wring their hands, and cry in accents dread:
- ' Wo! wo! the land that once was Queen of Nations,
And gave to farthest realms her high behest,
Is now like some drear grave of generations,
- ' Where Avarice,—a wolf in purple drest,—
Prowls rav'ning, and with all the serpent's grace
Voluptuous Pleasure rears its poison-crest.
- ' Thou Huntsman strong! where art thou, born to chase
Those fiends away, and bind them fast in chains?
Art thou in foreign lands?—thy steps retrace!
- ' See! like a mourning widow Rome complains,
Yearning for thee upon her broken ark,
And sighs aloud, while but a plank remains:
- ' Wo to thee, Italy! thou shattered bark,
Tossed to and fro upon the stormy deeps,—
If nought can rouse thee from thy slumbers dark,
Come thee, O Cæsar, wake the land that sleeps!

Such, then, is a necessarily brief and imperfect survey of the present state and past history of Danish literature,—in one, at all events, of its most important aspects. We have been compelled to omit names like that of Wessel, the famous humorist; like those of Henrik Hertz and Carsten Hauch, whom many might be disposed to elevate to as exalted a poetic rank as Ingemann or Winther; and, finally, like those of H. P. Holst and Carl Ploug, types of a still more recent school of poetry. To Steensen Blicher and Hans Christian Andersen, distinguished for their works of fiction, we have also been unable to refer. Much less, therefore, has it been in our power to make even passing allusion to the extensive and varied field of prose authorship in Denmark, boasting such names as, in criticism, Rahbek; in philosophy and jurisprudence, the celebrated brothers Oersted; in history, Engelstoft, Petersen, and Allen; in philology and archæology, Finn Magnussen, Rask, and Worsaae. Enough has been said, we think, to show that Danish literature, in its finer manifestations, can lay claim to the possession of vigour, richness, and originality, in no ordinary degree. It exists altogether apart from the German, with which it is too often ignorantly confounded; it stands on a basis of its own; and its grand distinctive features cannot fail to attract and interest the inquirer. In it, as in all genuine national literatures, we trace the eternal elements of truth and beauty that constitute in every age the enduring life of letters,—elements of which we may fitly say, employing the words of the greatest of the Greek tragedians in some of his most memorable lines,

*Μέγας ἐν τοῦτοις Θεός,
Οὐδὲ γηράσκει.*

Within them, of a truth, the divinity is mighty, and never waxes old. Forming the very essence of the loveliest poetical creations, of the loftiest intellectual endeavours, they change not with the changing seasons, they wane not with the waning years, because they have their protoplast above, and draw their inspiring spirit from the eternal laws of heaven. Through the whole range of Scandinavian literature, in each of its three grand divisions, those elements of perennial truth and perennial beauty exert their vivifying power; and the result will at once surprise and fascinate the student who, for the first time, gains acquaintance with the treasures which that literature so temptingly discloses. If the preceding pages serve in any measure to stimulate curiosity, to awaken interest, and to induce research in the indicated direction, we shall deem ourselves amply rewarded for our labour, and look upon our efforts as not altogether thrown away.

ART. III.—*Invasion of the Crimea : its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Third Edition. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1863.

ON the 10th day of September 1854, when the combined French and English fleets, convoying or conveying the armies destined for the invasion of the Crimea, were at anchor at the appointed rendezvous off the coast, a sensation was excited by the appearance of a steamer approaching from the direction of Constantinople; which, it was suggested, might bring news or orders materially affecting the conduct of the expedition. The temporary flurry subsided when she came near enough to signal her freight, which consisted of four gentlemen, of literary or political eminence, who were simply anxious to become spectators. They were hospitably received by Admiral Dundas and Lord Lyons, and every available facility was afforded them of safely and agreeably witnessing the commencement of the campaign from the quarter-deck or mainmast of a three-decker. But one of the three who remained till the 20th was not content with this description of *comp d'œil*. He landed, bought a horse, presented his letters at head-quarters, was cordially received by the commander-in-chief, and joined the staff on the morning of the 20th with the same calm, thoughtful air with which, a few months before, he might have been seen taking his seat on the back bench of one of the Courts of Equity. He kept close to Lord Raglan during the whole of that eventful day; dashed through the Alma, galloped through the skirmishers, ascended the mound, saw with his own eyes the arrival and discharge of the two nine-pounders which went far to decide the conflict, and dined *tête-à-tête* with his Lordship on the evening of the victory.

This enterprising and fortunate amateur is the author of the book before us; and for much of what makes it most interesting and most trustworthy, he and we are indebted to the gallantry which won for him the friendship, confidence, and esteem of the lamented English commander-in-chief, and, combined with his high literary fame, naturally led to his becoming the chosen historian of the war. The materials placed at his disposal, including all Lord Raglan's papers, were ample; so ample, indeed, and so constantly on the increase, as materially to impede the prosecution of the work. The publication was so frequently procrastinated as to suggest a doubt whether the writer was not restrained by fear of the author of *Eothen*, just as Sheridan was said to have shrunk from rivalry with the author of the 'School for Scandal.'

But so much of the delay as can fairly be attributed to Mr Kinglake was in reality attributable to his fastidiousness, his conscientiousness, his scrupulous desire of accuracy, and the peculiar quality of his mind, which requires a long period of gestation. It will be remembered that *Eothen* did not appear till nine years after the journey to the East which gave rise to it, and a great deal of this history is cast in the same mould as *Eothen*. The writer will not, or cannot, accept the humble duty of a chronicler: he insists on mixing up thoughts, feelings, speculations, and imaginings with his statements or descriptions; and we fancy him, when he has verified the prominent facts, flinging himself back in his chair, with closed eyes, to complete the chain of causes or incidents by meditation, like Cuvier or Owen deducing the entire structure of an extinct species from a bone.

Nor, perhaps, when the multifarious and contradictory nature of direct evidence is considered, can the historian of contemporary events adopt a better method of arriving at safe conclusions, provided he makes sure of the solidity of his starting-point. This mode of getting from the known to the unknown has never been confined to the man of science, to the mathematician, the metaphysician, or the physiologist. It is the mark and prerogative of genius in every walk of intellect, whether dealing with pure abstractions, or with what Bacon calls questions 'immersed in matter,' like those with which courts of law are daily conversant. The late Lord Abinger was famous for seizing on some truth-telling expression or gesture of a witness, or some one confessedly indisputable fact, and using it to unravel a long tangled skein of testimony, or to throw a sudden and welcome light on a mass of circumstances which was growing darker and darker under ordinary treatment. So Mr Kinglake lays fast hold of some occurrence on which all are agreed; some marked feature of a character which is patent to the whole world; some palpable all-pervading motive or interest in a ruler or statesman which is denied by nobody; and resolutely proceeds to construct his system or hypothesis, regardless of the outcry raised against him by those who insist on specific proof, item by item, or whose sayings and doings he discards as irreconcilable or insignificant. This method—very similar to that pursued by Niebuhr in reconstructing the periods of Roman history he had thrown down—is obviously open to grave objections. When dry matters of detail interfere with symmetrical proportion—as they always will interfere in the actual conduct of affairs—they are frequently flung aside; and the framer of theories is constantly tempted to act on the Italian maxim, *Se non e vero e ben trovato*; or to exclaim with Vertot, when fresh information was offered him for his Siege of Malta, '*Mon siège est fait.*' But it is only with theories of causes,

or speculations on results, that Mr Kinglake deals thus. His statements of fact will invariably be found guarded and qualified in a manner to preclude misapprehension; and their foundations have been so carefully laid, that the utmost efforts of his assailants have failed in shaking them. We shall presently have occasion to show that the very statements most confidently denied rest on irrefragable authority.

There is another use of the imaginative faculty by Mr Kinglake, which, effective as it has proved in his hands, has also its dangers and disadvantages. His historic portraits are admirable for life, spirit, and colouring: the leading personages seem to breathe and move upon his page; the diplomatic contest between the Czar and the great Eltchi resembles a tilting match between two champions of romance; and the taking of the Great Redoubt reads like the storming of Front de Bœuf's castle in 'Ivanhoe.' But are we wrong in suspecting that the painter has occasionally deepened the light or shade of a picture with partial reference to a Rembrandt-like effect, or that he is somewhat prone to hero-worship? Has he not idealized some rather commonplace and prosaic, however meritorious, public servants, civil and military? And might he not say to more than one of these pretty nearly what Congreve's Mirabel says to Millamant, 'You are no longer handsome when you have lost your admirer: 'tis he bestows your charms: your glass is all a cheat?' Yet no discerning reader will class him with the sentimentalists or enthusiasts whose feelings or fancies run away with them. He has wit, wicked wit, at will; 'there is a lurking devil in his sneer;' and when the mask of pretension or pseudo-morality is to be stripped off, a quiet touch of irony or a withering sarcasm will be found lurking in a parenthesis or insinuated by an epithet.

The attractiveness of his style is undeniable, although its charms may sometimes be those of the finished coquette who has spent hours before the looking-glass. The inviting glance and disdainful toss of the head in the one, the studied inversion or startling transition in the other, equally betray consciousness or art; and when the melodramatic pause prepares or completes an effect, we are reminded of Lady Pentweazle sitting for her picture, and requesting Mr Carmine to let her know when he comes to the eyes, that she may 'call up a look.' Yet it may well appear paradoxical to deny the full praise of simplicity to a writer, whose highest triumphs in language are attained by the felicitous choice and rhythmical flow of short Saxon words.

Nor can the unprecedented popularity of the book be attributed to any tricks of authorship or meretricious lures of any kind. It has been read with the greatest eagerness by the most cultivated class,—not excepting many who dissent from

the views and condemn the spirit. If these were asked to specify the beauties of the work, they might point to the whole of the first chapter,—a model of comprehensive terseness and clearness; or to the introductory reflections on shrines in the third; or to the night-march, in which the memory is carried back to childhood and the village church, as if by a verse of Gray's *Elegy*, and to the many other passages replete with fancy and feeling, which lure on the reader and shed grateful light upon his path. If, again, they were asked to name the writer's distinctive merit, they would fix without hesitation on his originality. His resources are all his own; he does not look at men or things through the spectacles of books; he draws his images from nature; and there is not a borrowed thought or description in the whole of his two volumes.

Dr Johnson compared literary fame to a shuttlecock: 'If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends.' When congratulated on the reception of his '*Lives of the Poets*,' he complained that it had not been abused enough. Mr Kinglake has had no reason for discontent on this account. Never was there an instance in which high, vehement, enthusiastic praise was retorted by more hearty, earnest, sustained, and often indiscriminate abuse. He was, of course, prepared for much of it. Whether his onslaught on the heroes of the *coup d'état* was justifiable or not, it was sure to be regarded as an implied censure by all who have left their names at the Tuileries, or partaken of the splendid and loose hospitalities of Compiègne. Prudent politicians might be expected to doubt the expediency of exasperating a powerful and apparently well-disposed ally; whilst any bitterness of tone, or imputed personality, tending to provoke reaction, must be regretted even by those who agree with him in ranking the dark deeds of that December night along with the worst public crimes recorded in history.

'Do not the corruptions and villanies of men,' asked the Dean of St Patrick's, 'eat your flesh and exhaust your spirits?' Excitable people, endowed with an intense sense of right and wrong, will answer this question in the affirmative, whenever they allow themselves to dwell upon the proved details of this terrible episode. Mr Kinglake has been so impressed by them, and has unluckily permitted himself to be hurried into such strength and severity of utterance, as to suggest the suspicion of his having had some old grudge to gratify or unforgiven wrong to revenge. Now, we know that he began the conscientious study of the facts with no more than a vague notion of their quality; that the indignation to which he has given vent, grew upon him step by step as he proceeded; and

that he was drawn on by a kind of fascination, to bestow upon his 'small knot of middle-aged men, who were pushing their fortunes in Paris,' four or five times the space he originally intended for them. That it is out of proportion to their relative importance, has probably long ere this been felt and admitted by himself. His substantial accuracy, however, here as elsewhere, stands unimpeached and unimpeachable; and some account of them was absolutely essential to his plan. Goethe rightly insists that the critic shall always endeavour to place himself in the author's point of view for ever so short a time. Placing ourselves in this author's, we see that his theory of French influence extends far beyond the causes of the war. The *coup d'état* not merely made it a paramount object for its perpetrators to distract attention, foreign and domestic, but superseded the French statesmen and generals of established reputation by adventurers; gave Lord Raglan St Arnaud for a colleague; and complicated, to a mischievous and almost fatal extent, the difficulties with which he had to grapple not less in the council than in the field. The Imperialist element pervades the whole campaign, and is powerfully at work alike when the French marshal intrigues for the sole command-in-chief of the allied army, is more than half inclined to abandon the expedition in mid-ocean, vacillates between impracticable plans of attack, or claims the entire credit of the victory which he had refused to complete or follow up.

In the last page but one of the second volume, the author exclaims,—

'No; the power which fought that day upon the side of England, was not, after all, mighty France—brave, warlike France. It was only that intermittent thing, which to-day is, and to-morrow is not, It was what people call the "French Empire."'

It is open to the admirers or supporters of 'that intermittent thing,' to deny his premisses or dispute his conclusions; but they can hardly refuse him the privilege of laying a broad foundation for the hypothesis, which, right or wrong, is the keystone of his book. Like Hume's leaning to prerogative, or Gibbon's scepticism, or Lord Macaulay's detestation of the Stuarts and fondness for William, the anti-Napoleonic tendency has diverted and troubled the current; but in neither case could we get rid of the disturbing element, without drying or damming up the spring. We must take men of genius as we find them, content to be on our guard against their prejudices, and fix on them the full responsibility of their aberrations.

The imprudent display of what the lawyers call *animus* has not only led superficial readers to suppose that Mr Kinglake has said what he has not said, nor ever meant to say, but has drawn off attention from important statements, made for the express pur-

pose of qualifying his views. Thus, he has been accused of calling the French Emperor a coward, although described as possessing 'all the courage which would have enabled him in a private station of life to pass through the common trials of the world with honour unquestioned,' and simply wanting in 'a fiery quality which nature had refused to the great bulk of mankind as well as to him.' Thus, again, he has been charged with the absurdity of supposing that a great revolution could be effected by a band of conspirators in connivance with sundry generals and colonels little (or ill) known to fame, without any corresponding movement in the minds of the nation whose liberties were at stake. Those who know the capabilities of French centralization, or have studied the origin and brief history of the Provisional Government of 1848, will see no actual absurdity in the supposition that absolute power might be grasped and wielded by a small minority in France. But Mr Kinglake's famous Fourteenth Chapter begins with a clear analysis of the state of public feeling which paved the way for the *coup d'état*; and further on, he illustrates with quaint felicity the style of reasoning by which whole classes were induced to acquiesce in the new *regime* till it was too firmly fixed to be shaken off:—

'The truth is, that in the success of this speculation of the Elysée many thought they saw how to escape from the vexations of democracy in a safe and indolent way. When an Arab decides that the burnous which is his garment by day and by night has become unduly populous, he lays it upon an ant-hill, in order that the one kind of insect may be chased away by the other; and as soon as this has been done, he easily brushes off the conquering genus with the stroke of a whip or a pipe-stick. In a lazy mood well-born men thought to do this with France, and the first part of the process was successful enough, for all the red sort were killed or crushed or hunted away; but when that was done, it began to appear that those whose hungry energies had been made use of to do the work were altogether unwilling to be brushed off. They clung. Even now, after the lapse of years, they cling and feed.'

Some men of high standing and undoubted integrity,—the Count de Montalembert, for instance,—were not averse from a breach of positive law, which they expected to go no farther than the removal of the unlucky constitutional bar to the re-election of the First Magistrate. They shrank back horror-struck when they saw their country, as represented by its noblest intellects and best citizens, bound, gagged, and prostrate.

The fiery wrath which gleams through Mr Kinglake's graphic account of the *fusillades* and deportations, also, raises and justifies a doubt of its judicial impartiality. But the weight of evidence is with him; and it seems to be forgotten, that at the

time these things are said to have occurred, they were not denied—they were rather exaggerated, to inspire terror—by the chief actors. The two leading authorities, M. Granier de Casagnac and Colonel Maudit, wrote under the inspiration, if not under the direct dictation, of the Elysée. Their estimate of the numbers of persons shot down or expatriated considerably exceeds Mr Kinglake's; as would that which should be based on the oral testimony of credible persons on the spot. Out of the long list of remarkable men of all parties who conversed on this subject with Mr Senior, there is hardly one reported in his journals who does not give the names of individuals killed, exiled, or *missing*. The most startling instances of arbitrary seizure and exile to Algeria or Cayenne are narrated by Tocqueville as falling within his own personal observation. We copy, by permission, an entry in Mr Senior's journal, headed, Paris, January 3d, 1852 :—

'The arbitrary arrests continue,' said — (an ex-ambassador). 'I saw the other day the Princesse de —. She was in despair at the loss of her physician, Dr C., who used to visit her every day. A few nights ago Dr B. came to C., told him he was in fear of an arrest, and asked for an asylum. C. ordered a bed to be made up for his friend. This occupied his maid unexpectedly, and made her too late for an assignation with her lover. She excused herself by relating the story. The lover suspected that the unexpected visitor must be a political fugitive, and gave information to the police. The next morning, as the two doctors were at breakfast, they were both arrested, and nothing has been heard of either of them since.'

Mr Kinglake says that thirty-seven bodies were found in the small court or passage called the *Cité Bergère*; an English friend of ours counted forty-two. Mr Senior strongly confirms Captain Jesse :—

Jan. 4.

'I walked round the Boulevards until I came to the Porte St Martin. I saw no marks of balls. But from thence to the three or four first houses of the Boulevard des Italiens, the walls were covered with them, particularly close to the windows. On one house, not thirty feet wide, there must have been a hundred. A much larger number of balls must have entered the windows, as they were *the* marks, and very large ones, at which the troops fired. It is impossible to avoid inferring that the houses, for the space of a mile and a half, must have been the objects of repeated and indiscriminate fire.'

Mr Sutherland Edwards speaks to the same effect :—

'I was present, and, without any notice to disperse having been given, saw crowds of well-conducted persons fired upon by the drunken soldiers. I saw bodies, not singly but in heaps, lying at the *portes cochères*, on the Boulevard Mortmartre; and walking

along this boulevard the same evening, found it in places almost impassible from pools of blood. An English druggist was shot standing at his own door; an American gentleman was bayoneted in a wine-shop, where he had taken refuge; the house of M. Brandus, the music-publisher in the Rue Richelieu, was broken into, and one of his servants murdered. The infantry in the street below had previously fired into the balcony where several of his friends were smoking.¹

Who wills the end, wills the means. But we are ready to take for granted that terror begat cruelty, or that the troops were paying off old grudges; or that, for any other imaginable reason, this reckless waste of life may have been unpremeditated. We will dismiss the story of '*Tirez sur le peuple*' as a myth; and allow that the Second Empire has done much to erase all invidious recollections of its origin, and to enable it to compete honourably with the First. But we are dealing with the state of things and the position of people in 1853 and 1854, when these recollections were fresh, when events and conduct were swayed by them; and in weighing this particular history, we are compelled to examine, first, whether such details are fitly introduced, and secondly, whether they are accurately stated.

Assuming that Mr Kinglake was not unprepared for the storm of abuse showered on him for his treatment of our Imperial ally, we can well believe that he expected to meet with a very different return from the English army, and all directly or indirectly interested in its well-being or its fame. He does ample justice to the heroic courage and powers of endurance of the regimental officers and the men; he places in strong relief the individual merits of the leaders; and he suggests every imaginable palliation for their alleged mistakes. If one hurries on his troops in confused array to incur disaster, he is impelled by an irresistible impulse to be first in the fray. If another, instead of waiting in the rear to watch the execution of his orders, gallops through the enemy's skirmishers to get a better look-out, he 'was not an ideal personage, but a man of flesh and blood, with many very English failings.' If a General of Division makes an inconvenient halt, he is endowed with the personal courage of his race, but of an anxious temperament, liable to be cruelly wrung by the weight of a command which charged him with the lives of other men, and from habits of discipline unable to endure the pang of seeing 'his beautiful line' broken up. If a brigade is forced back, retires in confusion, and leaves an unlucky 'chasm' in the splendid array of the Guards, it has been unduly hurried, it has been exposed to extraordinary mis-

¹ *The Polish Captivity*, etc., vol. i., p. 56.

haps, and it has done all that skill or courage could do, first to keep, and afterwards to regain, its ground.

The force of courtesy and kindliness could no farther go, at least without parting company with truth ; and somehow truth managed to peer out in the midst of the suggested defences and the compliments. Every clear-sighted reader saw at once a fresh and vivid illustration of the Duke of Wellington's remark, that the best commander in any given battle is simply he who makes the fewest blunders. There were periods when the directing mind seemed altogether wanting on both sides—when English, French, and Russians were equally at fault. But Menschikoff went on blundering ; a happy hit or smile of fortune opportunely redeemed Lord Raglan ; and the French Marshal contrived to make a show of effective co-operation towards the end. Still, all things considered, there remains little for a nation jealous of its military glory to regard with complacency in the vaunted victory of the Alma ; and, especially in military circles, much mortification and some anger have naturally burst forth. A cry has been raised bearing a disagreeable resemblance to that by which it was sought to divert attention from the state of the Crimean army in the dreadful winter of 1854–55 : very indiscreetly raised, in our opinion. The public will never again endure to be told that generals are to be protected from contemporary discussion by respect for their personal feelings or their rank. In what other way are their qualifications for future command to be ascertained or tested ? In what other way are bad, knowingly and notoriously bad, appointments to be checked ? Besides, were it advisable to postpone inquiry and comment till the next generation, it would be impracticable. To say nothing of the semi-official publication of M. de Bazancourt,—the 'Special Correspondent,' 'the Staff-officer,' the Colonels and Captains, will be rushing into print ; and if they are to be tolerated whilst Mr Kinglake is to be suppressed, this is tantamount to contending that no harm is done by ordinary writing—that the mischief consists in writing in such a manner as to be universally read. A common-place man, or even a man of talent, may undertake the work or engage in the controversy ; a man of genius may not. Sir George Lewis, who insists that all genuine reliable history must be founded on the statements of cotemporaries, should consequently have added, of dull, prolix, uninteresting cotemporaries ; for others more richly gifted might lead astray.

The private feelings of personages in the public service are seldom spared in the Houses of Parliament, in courts of justice, or by the periodical press. Why are they to be spared to the extent of obscuring or concealing valuable details in history ? If Sir De Lacy Evans' message to the Duke of Cambridge, or

Lord Clyde's brief conference with his Royal Highness, be 'private and confidential,' why not what passed at the first meeting of Desaix with Napoleon at Marengo, or the pithy sentence addressed by Wellington to Sir George Bowles after Ligny: 'Old Blucher has had a mighty good licking.'

We know to our cost that an embarrassing variety of conflicting evidence is provoked; but to deprecate additional statements on that account, is to imitate a Baron of the Exchequer in the olden time, who begged the counsel to come to an agreement amongst themselves for only one of them to speak, since he found it impossible to make up his mind when he heard both sides.

If history is to be written at all, it cannot be divested of its accessories, amongst which must be reckoned characters of the actors. What, for example, would Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion be without his elaborate portraits of his cotemporaries, of his great little men? The more exalted the personages, the more groundless the complaint when their look or bearing on trying occasions is described; it being notorious that half their lives is passed in scenic representation of some sort. Although royalties no longer change their shirts surrounded by an admiring throng, although a *levée* is no longer literally what its name imports,—still, emperors, kings, princes, and field-marshal dress, walk, talk, and attitudinize for the public. It is a necessary and (on the whole) not unwelcome or uncongenial part of their *metier*; and it is equally inevitable that the established etiquette of laudation should be occasionally infringed. As for the alleged impropriety of sketching the career or dissecting the characters of men who engage in a midnight plot for the overthrow of a country's liberties, the incarceration of its most distinguished citizens, and the sacrifice of an indefinite amount of human life, we should as soon think of charging the prosecuting counsel in a criminal case with indelicacy for dwelling on what are called the 'antecedents' of the accused.

'The war became imminent, according to Mr Kinglake, because the Emperor of France needed the English alliance, the Czar was an obstinate and mistaken man, and Lord Stratford was animated by a desire to humble his enemy Nicholas: it was forced on because Lord Palmerston had certain notions, Lord Aberdeen certain weaknesses, and other personages were actuated by divers passions or frailties.'¹ This summary is given mockingly, and with an obvious intention to discredit Mr Kinglake; but we see nothing absurd in such a recapitulation of the causes of the war, and their relative importance strikes us to be the real subject of difference. When the late Sir James Graham, the year before his death, was asked what, in his opinion, was the

¹ *Times*, Feb. 23.

chief cause of the war, he answered without hesitation, 'Lord Aberdeen's being Prime Minister. Reliance on his pacific tendencies lured on the Czar till it was too late to recede. If Lord Palmerston had been Prime Minister, the whole course of things would have been changed.' We have heard other eminent statesmen declare, with equal confidence and equal plausibility, that the eventual breach was entirely the work of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe when he induced the Porte to reject the Vienna Note, and in pursuance of the same train of speculation insist that a million of lives and some two hundred millions of pounds sterling had been sacrificed to revenge a personal affront put upon the great Eltchi by the Autocrat. Others contend that the inordinate and grasping ambition of Nicholas must, in any case, have compelled a resort to force; and Mr Kinglake is certainly not alone in the opinion (which we do not share), that the prime mover throughout was the newly elected French Emperor, in understood or tacit concert with Lord Palmerston.

There are two well-known schools of history. The one, headed by Voltaire, is fond of tracing mighty events to small causes. The other, of which Lord Macaulay is a chief, treats the small events, and even the prominent actors occasionally, as driftwood or foam on the surface of the stream; maintaining that, if these had never existed, the main current would have flowed on the same. It would be no easy matter for the disciples of Voltaire to press the Russian war into the service of their master; for the causes are so numerous, and so deeply seated in the condition of Europe at the time, as to set simplification at defiance, and to fling us back upon the broadest and most comprehensive considerations. To do Mr Kinglake justice, he loses sight of none of them, although his love of unity and symmetry has induced him to throw some into the background. We are disposed to lay far more stress on what may be termed the genuine British home-made antagonism to Russian arrogance than he has done, as well as to the circumstances or occurrences which gradually brought about the firm resolve of England, in this particular, not to stand by and see the weak insulted by the strong.

It will be remembered that, till the resources of Russia were fairly tested, the most exaggerated estimate had been formed of them. Although satirically compared to a giant with feet of clay, she was currently deemed the most formidable military power in the world; and prophets of ill, like Mr Urquhart, had widely diffused the belief that the balance of power, if not the independence of the Continent, was seriously endangered by her supremacy. Her fleet and army were (as it turned out) absurdly magnified; and it began to be felt that sooner or later we should have to measure strength with her. The pug-

nacity of John Bull is more apt to be kindled than cooled down by such a prospect; and it happened that the Turks, possibly by comparison with the Greeks who had disappointed expectation, were just then in high favour, despite of the sustained effort of the leading journal to write them down. The loyalty and gallantry with which they had refused to deliver up the Hungarian refugees, had given them an almost universally acknowledged claim to support against highhanded oppression; and English blood began to boil at the first intimation of the insulting language addressed to them.

The Emperor Nicholas, badly served by his diplomatic agents, and unused to read the signs of the times in a free country, was misled by the language of the peace party, and relied with fatal confidence on the known sentiments of Lord Aberdeen, whose horror of war, inspired by what fell under his own observation in 1813, amounted to a mania. In fact, so strong was his conviction of its wickedness, that the wonder is how he consented to continue Premier when it became inevitable. Mr Kinglake relates, and (we know) on the very best authority, that in a conversation with the Russian minister (Baron Brunnow), our Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon, 'spoke a plain firm sentence,' disclosing the dangers which the occupation of the Principalities would bring upon the relations between Russia and England. 'The wholesome words were flying to St Petersburg. They would have destroyed the Czar's illusion, and they therefore bade fair to preserve the peace of Europe; but when Lord Aberdeen came to know what had been uttered, he insisted, they say, and insisted with effect, that Baron Brunnow should be requested to consider Lord Clarendon's words as unspoken.' In St Petersburg, where the Prime Minister was deemed all-powerful, the incident was bruited about as decisive; and, if we are not misinformed, was triumphantly repeated by a member of the Imperial family to Sir Hamilton Seymour in reply to his warnings.

When the famous conversation between this able diplomatist and the Czar respecting the 'sick man'¹ was made public, it gave the *coup de grâce* to Lord Aberdeen's peace policy, and raised British indignation to fever-point. But, long prior to this stage, a variety of other influences had been in operation; and it is in tracing, weighing, and apportioning these that the most serious differences have broken out amongst statesmen and political writers. Were Austria and Prussia ready and willing to co-operate in enforcing the obligations of international law?

¹ It is a remarkable fact, illustrative of the Czar's tenacity of purpose, that this celebrated phrase was used by him, with a similar object, in conversation with Prince Metternich in 1832.

Was it their backwardness, or our forwardness, which drew or threw upon France and England the whole weight and burthen of the common duty?

There clearly was a time when things rested upon a sound and fair understanding in this respect. The four great Powers, said Lord Aberdeen on the 12th August 1853, are now acting in concert. The same assurance was conveyed, in the same words, in the Royal Speech at the conclusion of the session; yet in that and other speeches, will, notwithstanding, be found statements or indications that two of the great Powers were forming a league apart, with a view to speedier and more summary proceedings than suited the more phlegmatic courts of Germany. Nothing was easier for Austria than to put an irresistible physical pressure on the Czar; and she probably would have done so rather than permit him to retain permanent possession of the Principalities; but she would thereby have created a formidable enemy out of an ally to whom she owed a large debt of gratitude, and she naturally waited to see if the Western Powers would be kind enough to do her work for her at their own proper risk and cost. That they ended by doing it, Mr Kinglake contends, was owing to the urgent wants and ingenious machinations of the brethren of the Tuileries, whose position, nay, whose personal safety, required that they should divert attention from their recent exploit, and from domestic matters in general, and procure the countenance of some respectable court or potentate without delay. Their advances, it is admitted, cannot be traced in Parliamentary debates or blue-books; but 'perhaps it will be thought that the practice of hiding away momentous engagements between States in the folds of private notes, may now and then justify an endeavour to infer the nature of an agreement secretly made between the two Governments, from the tenor of their subsequent actions, and from a knowledge of surrounding facts.' Assuming this license, the author first sketches what he conceives to have been virtually the compact between the English and the French Governments in midsummer 1853, and then illustrates its nature in one of his most characteristic passages:—

'Every State is entitled to regard a foreign nation as represented by its Government. The principle is a sound one; but it must be owned that by this alliance the theory was pushed to an ugly conclusion. What happened was the like of this:—There came to us five men heavily laden with treasure, but looking hurried and anxious. They wanted to speak to us. Upon inquiring who they were, and comparing their answers with our other means of knowing the truth, we found that two of them bore names resulting in the usual way from marriages and baptisms,¹ and that the other three had been

¹ These two were Prince Louis Bonaparte and Manpas.

going by names which they had chosen for the sake of euphony. They said that suddenly they had become so struck with the soundness of our old-fashioned opinions, that they asked nothing better than to be suffered to devote the immense resources which they could command to the attainment of the object which we had always desired. All they wanted in return, was that, in pursuing our own object side by side with them, we would promise not to suffer ourselves to be clogged by our old scruples against breaches of the peace; that we would admit them to our intimacy, allowing ourselves to be much seen with them in public, and that, in order to make our favour the more signal, we would consent to turn aside a little from our old friends. That was all. With regard to the question of how they had come by their treasure, and all the vast resources they offered us, their story was that they had all these things with the express consent of the former owner. There was something about them which made us fear that, if we repulsed them, they would carry their treasures to the very man who, at that moment, was giving us trouble. In truth, it seemed that, either from us or from somebody else, they must and they would have shelter. Upon their hands there was a good deal of blood. We shrank a little, but we were tempted much. We yielded. We struck the bargain. What we did was not unlawful, for those with whom we treated had for the time a real hold upon the people in whose great name they professed to come, and, by the custom of nations, we were entitled to say that we would know nothing of any France except the France that was brought to us by these five persons to be disposed of for the purposes of our "Eastern Question;" but when we had done this thing, we had no right to believe that, to Europe at large—still less to the gentlemen of France—the fair name of England would seem as it seemed before.'

This may be deemed a somewhat overdrawn picture, especially now, when the origin of the Second Empire has been well-nigh forgotten or condoned; but those who can carry back their recollection to the state of European opinion ten years ago, must admit that the course taken by the English Court did scandalize a far wider class than was comprised in the generic term of Orleanists or Legitimists. But we altogether reject the notion of a compact, express or implied. We believe that England drifted into the very intimate copartnership and companionship in which she eventually found herself with Imperial France, very much as she drifted into the war; which by no means precludes the theory, that the Emperor appreciated the importance of the English alliance both in a personal and a political point of view, and left no means untried to draw it close. His complete success surprised no one more than the Emperor Nicholas, who, amongst other less excusable delusions, was long impressed with a conviction that the English people would hold proudly and conscientiously aloof. It is by no means strange that he was

misled on this point; for Cabinet Ministers had denounced the *coup d'état* in no measured language, and sundry far-resounding invectives had been launched against its perpetrators in the *Times*. The demeanour of the French Minister, General Castellbayiac, at St Petersburg, was also in strange contradiction to the professions of his imperial master at London or Paris. Besides constantly humouring and flattering the Czar, and attending, with the Prussian and Austrian representatives, the *Te Deum* to celebrate what the Russians called the victory of Sinope, he begged leave to tender his congratulations on that event as a soldier, a Christian, and a gentleman.¹

Mr Kinglake treats the Speech from the Throne, in August 1853—in which especial mention is made of Her Majesty's being united with the Emperor of the French in somewhat invidious contrast to the 'concert with her allies' in general, as marking the point where the roads to peace and war branched off:

'By the one road, England, moving in company with the rest of the four Powers, might ensure a peaceful repression of the outrage which was disturbing Europe. By the other, she might also enforce the right; but, joined with the French Emperor, and parted from the rest of the four Powers, she would reach it by passing through war. The Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen desired peace and not war; but seeing dimly, they took the adventurous path.

Although the grounds may then have been laid for the separate action of the maritime Powers, the roads cannot be considered to have branched off till after the rejection of the Vienna Note. Every essential step or incident is always fairly stated by Mr Kinglake, whether it militates against a favourite hypothesis or not; and this famous State-paper forms no exception to his commendable practice:—

'And here it ought to be marked, that at this moment the French Emperor did nothing to thwart the restoration of tranquillity. He perhaps believed that if a Note, which had originated in Paris, were to become the basis of a settlement, he might found on this circumstance a claim to the glory of having pacified Europe, and in that wholesome way might achieve the sort of conspicuousness which he loved and needed. Perhaps he was only obeying that doubleness of mind which made him always prone to do acts clashing one with another. But, whatever may have been the cause which led him for a moment to intermit his policy, it is just to acknowledge that he seems to have been faithfully willing to give effect to the means of pacification which were proffered by the "Vienna Note."

'Those who dwell far away from great cities, can hardly perhaps

¹ Yet a contemporary infers, from the conduct of the representatives of the three powers on this occasion, that France was to be trusted, and that Austria and Prussia were not.

believe, that the touching signs of simplicity which they observe in rural life may be easily found, now and then, in the councils of assembled Europe. The Governments of all the four Powers, and their representatives assembled at Vienna, fondly imagined that they could settle the dispute and restore tranquillity to Europe, without consulting Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. They framed and despatched the Note without learning what his opinion of it was; and it is probable that a knowledge of this singular omission may have conduced to make the Czar accept the award of the mediating Powers, by tempting him with the delight of seeing Lord Stratford overruled. But, on the other hand, the one man who was judge of what ought or ought not to be conceded by the Turks, was Lord Stratford; and it is plain, that any statesmen who forgot him in their reckoning, must have been imperfect in their notion of political dynamics.'

Strict instructions were given to Lord Stratford to procure the acceptance of the Note; and he obeyed them to the letter. It was not in mortal man, certainly not in mortal man like the great Eltchi, to obey heartily or in spirit instructions which he decidedly disapproved:—

'It is not to be believed that, even if he strove to do so, Lord Stratford could hide his real thoughts from the Turkish Ministers. There was that in his very presence which disclosed his volition; for, if the thin disciplined lips moved in obedience to constituted authorities, men who knew how to read the meaning of his brow, and the light which kindled beneath, would gather that the ambassador's thought concerning the Home Governments of the five great Powers of Europe, was little else than an angry "quos ego!" The sagacious Turks would look more to these great signs than to the tenor of formal advice sent out from London; and if they saw that Lord Stratford was in his heart against the opinion of Europe, they would easily resolve to follow his known desire, and to disobey his mere words. The result was, that, without any signs of painful doubt, the Turkish Government determined to stand firm. They quietly introduced into the draught the modifications which they deemed to be necessary for extracting its dangerous quality, and resolved that unless these changes were admitted, they would altogether reject the Note. They were supported by the unanimous decision of the Great Council.'

In arguing against these modifications, which were rejected by Russia, Count Nesselrode unwittingly proved that the Turks were right in the interpretation they put upon the Note. It has, notwithstanding, been made a question, whether its acceptance would not have been best for all parties; except, perhaps, for the French Empire, which alone, of all the Powers interested, gained an appreciable advantage in solidity and reputation by the war. Russia, it has been contended, would have been sufficiently humbled by the check, to prevent a renewal of the

attempt; whilst the balance of power has been materially endangered by exhausting her. Turkey emerged weakened and spirit-broken from the struggle; and the consciousness of having acted for the best, was the sole return obtained by Great Britain for her sacrifices.

The Sultan was not in an avowed state of war till two months after this abortive attempt at an arrangement;¹ and even subsequently to the affair of Sinope, Lord Stratford, as if to compensate for what he had done in an opposite direction, induced the Turks to agree to terms of settlement, which might have been accepted by the Czar, but for a fresh burst of irritability brought about at the instigation of the Emperor of the French. According to Mr Kinglake, the means taken by our illustrious ally to keep up the warlike indignation of the English nation, nearly resembled those employed by Iago to irritate the jealous anger of Othello. At the slightest symptom of flagging energy, he was there to suggest some fresh cause of suspicion or specify some new offence to resent. His favourite instrument of mischief was his fleet, which he manœuvred in such a manner as to neutralize the contemporaneous movements of the negotiators. The appearance of French or English ships of war in Turkish waters, was one of the most galling affronts that could be offered to Nicholas; and it was so contrived, that, whenever the autocrat was on the point of becoming placable or reasonable, he was tempted into an excess of fury by their approach. This charge cannot be summarily set aside as a 'figment' of Mr Kinglake's; for, in a speech on Polish affairs in the French Senate, in March last, Prince Napoleon referred to the use made of the French fleet to stimulate the British. The most striking instance occurred towards the end of 1853, and it is connected with a remarkable and much controverted point in English politics.

The English statesman whom Mr Kinglake most delights to honour, is Lord Palmerston. He is represented as the master-spirit of the Aberdeen Cabinet, the only member of it who did not 'drift,' who had a definite aim and a clear volition from the commencement, who meant and brought about the French alliance, who meant and brought about the war. 'If some Immortal were to offer the surviving members of Lord Aberdeen's Government the privilege of retracing their steps, with all the light of experience, every one of them, perhaps, with only a single exception, would examine the official papers of 1853, in order to see where he could most wisely diverge from the course

¹ An unsuccessful attempt has been made to prove that Mr Kinglake has post-dated the war between Turkey and Russia, and ante-dated the war between Russia and England. The fallacy consists in using the phrase, 'state of war,' first in one sense and then in another.

which the Cabinet took. Lord Palmerston would do nothing of the kind. What he had done before, he would do again.'

No doubt, the bare presence of Lord Palmerston in Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, with his known opinions, exercised a marked influence on its resolves ; and as the plot thickened, it became clear that, if the Premier wavered, he must make up his mind to be superseded by his Home Secretary. It is just possible, too, that there was a tacit understanding at this time, resulting merely from a community of purpose, between Lord Palmerston and the French Emperor. But it was the overruling force of the national feeling, after all, that determined the course of events ; and we should be slow to award to any one actor in the drama the merit or demerit of the catastrophe.

The tidings of Sinope reached Paris and London on the 11th December 1853. The English Cabinet came to a resolution that the fleets should immediately enter the Euxine, but shrank from instructing the admirals to exact retribution or take any hostile proceedings beyond what might be needed to prevent another exploit of the kind. 'But Lord Palmerston saw that, even if this resolution was suited to the condition of things on the shores of the Bosphorus, it would find no mercy at home. In truth, he was gifted with the instinct which enables a man to read the heart of a nation. He saw, he felt, he knew that the English people would never endure to hear of the disaster of Sinope, and yet be told that nothing was done. He resigned his office.' On the 16th December (the day when the resignation was announced in the *Times*), the French Emperor proposed to give Russia notice, that every Russian ship thenceforward met in the Euxine should be constrained to return to Sebastopol, and that any act of aggression afterwards attempted against the Ottoman territory and flag would be repelled by force. On the 22d, his proposal was adopted by the English Cabinet ; their alleged motive being the importance they attached to united action. This being resolved, says Mr Kinglake, Lord Palmerston consented to return to office. It is added in a note :—

'His secession during these ten or twelve days was afterwards stated by him to have been based upon a question of home politics, but it would not of course follow from this statement that no other motives were governing him ; and when it is remembered that his resignation was simultaneous with the first resolution of the Cabinet, and that his return to office coincided with the Cabinet's adoption of the French Emperor's scheme, it will hardly be questioned that the four events may be fairly enough placed in an order which suggests the relation of cause and effect.'

In blind eagerness to discredit the book, the resignation itself was first declared to be a figment by the very journal that had

announced it; and Mr Kinglake's hypothesis of the cause has been rejected as entirely fanciful. But if he had broadened it a little, by saying that Lord Palmerston's foreign policy was at the bottom of the affair, he would have come very near the truth. The Reform Bill was certainly the specified and direct cause of the dilemma, which was forced upon the Home Secretary by those who wished to get rid of an embarrassing colleague. His organ in the daily press asserted that his resignation was virtually caused by differences regarding foreign affairs: Lord Aberdeen spoke to the same effect in private; and it was withdrawn on the 24th, the French proposal having been reluctantly adopted by the English Cabinet on the 22d. We cannot learn that any concession touching the Reform Bill was stipulated for; but it is certain that the adoption of the French proposal was communicated to his Lordship, and that the communication displeased those of his colleagues who were anxious to keep him out,—a tolerably clear sign of the effect it was expected to have, and which, in fact, it had, in inducing his return.¹

The immediate effect of the joint resolution of the French and English Cabinets was the cessation of diplomatic relations between the Western Powers and Russia. But advantage was taken of this very circumstance to address a personal appeal to the

¹ It is perfectly well-known to all conversant with the politics and journalism of the period, that Lord Palmerston's personal and peculiar organ was the *Morning Post*. Now, let any one who wishes to get at the occult causes of the resignation consult the pages of this journal from December 17 to December 26, 1853, both inclusive. The assertion of the *Times*, that Lord Palmerston resigned from dislike to a large measure of reform, is indignantly denied. Letter upon letter, leading article upon leading article, appear, contemptuously repudiating the notion. 'To sum up our contradiction of the invention of the inspirers of the *Times* in a few words,' says the *Morning Post* of December 19, 'we are convinced that Lord Palmerston has not approved of the sluggish policy pursued in the Eastern question, and we are certain that he is favourable to as large a measure of reform as is demanded by public opinion, and as he thinks compatible with the true interests of the empire.' On announcing his return (December 26), the same paper says:—'The present ministerial crisis is therefore at an end. The vacillating policy pursued in the East is abandoned,' etc. These articles were, to all intents and purposes, what the French call *communiqués*. Their purport is—'The resignation on Reform is a technicality: it is the last hair that breaks the camel's back: the differences on Eastern affairs became heavier from day to day, and Lord Palmerston fairly broke down on Sinope.' It is superfluous to allege formal declarations referring the resignation to home politics or reform; for the controversy, on Mr Kinglake's part, begins by admitting them. Lord Palmerston was a member of the Cabinet which proposed and passed the Reform Bill of 1832. He has been a consenting party to more than one Reform Bill since 1853. To suppose that he practically and exclusively resigned on a purely domestic measure of that year, is preposterous.

It is stated in the *Edinburgh Review*, that 'so little reason was there for resigning on this (the Sinope) question, that every Minister of the Crown was ready and eager, on the arrival of the news of the Sinope attack, to adopt the course proposed by the French Government.' Lord Clarendon distinctly stated that they 'would have been content' with their own, if no pressure had been put upon them.—(Eastern Papers, Part ii., p. 321).

Czar, better adapted to elevate the importance of the originator of the suggestion, than to bring about the professed end. Napoleon the First had written autograph letters to George the Third and Alexander; therefore Napoleon the Third must write one to Nicholas, in which, dated the 29th January 1854, he went the length of stating that the Queen of England and himself were perfectly agreed upon a plan of pacification; and that, if their proposal should be rejected, 'then France as well as England will be compelled to leave to the fate of arms and the chances of war that which might now be decided by reason and justice.' No English Cabinet would wittingly have authorized the Queen's name to be mixed up in an irregular proceeding of this sort, which did more harm than good, as any one acquainted with the Czar's feelings towards his would-be 'brother' might have foreseen. The concluding menace was enough to ensure the rejection of the proposal. But the writer of the letter was before the world in excellent company; and this position was simultaneously confirmed to him by the Queen's Speech at the opening of the session of 1854, in which the error was repeated, of ostentatiously parading the concert with one member of the alliance, in invidious contradistinction to the common understanding between the four. We say the error, although we are not prepared to adopt Mr Kinglake's assumption, that, if France and England had held back, Austria would have done the necessary work for them, by compelling Russia to retire from the Principalities. The language held by Austria when asked to take the initiative in a matter so directly affecting her own interests, was substantially to this effect: 'It is all very well for you Western Powers to quarrel with Russia, from whom you have nothing to hope or fear. You will never want her to help you to subdue a kingdom, and you have no territories liable to be overrun by her armies. You are a match for her if you remain unsupported. But if *we* provoke a war before you are irrevocably committed to it, we shall be exposed single-handed to the chances of a contest which may end in the dismemberment of our empire.'

Whatever her ulterior intentions, Austria sagaciously resolved to let England and France bear the brunt of the coming conflict if they thought fit. It was a game of tactics, in which the coolest and most cautious were sure to come off winners; and it is therefore to be regretted that the English Cabinet did not rely openly and professedly on the joint action of the four Powers, till Austria and Russia distinctly refused to co-operate. Thus, on the 22d February, Count Buol told Baron de Bourquency: 'If England and France will fix a day for the evacuation of the Principalities, the expiration of which shall be

the signal for hostilities, the Cabinet of Vienna will support the summons.' They do fix a day; they do send a peremptory summons as suggested; but they do so without coming to an understanding as to the meaning of 'support;' and Austria satisfies her political conscience, by simply instructing her ambassador to throw upon Russia the responsibility of the crisis. The same convenient course was pursued by Prussia; and Mr Kinglake insists, with much show of reason, that the English Cabinet, urged on by popular clamour and prompted from the Tuileries, were out-manceuvred and misled.

The last chapter of his first volume contains a masterly recapitulation of the causes of the war; and among them, the volitions that governed events are thus described and classified:

'Looking back upon the troubles which ended in the outbreak of war, one sees the nations at first swaying backward and forward like a throng so vast as to be helpless, but afterwards falling slowly into warlike array. And when one begins to search for the man or the men whose volition was governing the crowd, the eye falls upon the towering form of the Emperor Nicholas. He was not single-minded, and therefore his will was unstable, but it had a huge force; and, since he was armed with the whole authority of his empire, it seemed plain that it was this man—and only he—who was bringing danger from the north. And at first, too, it seemed that within his range of action there was none who could be his equal: but in a little while the looks of men were turned to the Bosphorus, for thither his ancient adversary was slowly bending his way. To fit him for the encounter, the Englishman was clothed with little authority except what he could draw from the resources of his own mind and from the strength of his own wilful nature. Yet it was presently seen that those who were near him fell under his dominion, and did as he bid them, and that the circle of deference to his will was always increasing around him; and soon it appeared that, though he moved gently, he began to have mastery over a foe who was consuming his strength in mere anger. When he had conquered, he stood, as it were, with folded arms, and seemed willing to desist from strife. But also in the west there had been seen a knot of men possessed for the time of the mighty engine of the French State, and striving so to use it as to be able to keep their hold, and to shelter themselves from a cruel fate. The volitions of these men were active enough, because they were toiling for their lives. Their efforts seemed to interest and to please the lustiest man of those days, for he watched them from over the Channel with approving smile, and began to declare, in his good-humoured, boisterous way, that so long as they should be suffered to have the handling of France, *so long as they would execute for him his policy*, so long as they would take care not to deceive him, they ought to be encouraged, they ought to be made use of, they ought to have the shelter they wanted; and, the Frenchmen agreeing to his conditions, he was willing to level the barrier—he called it perhaps

false pride—which divided the Government of the Queen from the venturers of the 2d of December. In this thought, at the moment, he stood almost alone; but he abided his time. At length he saw the spring of 1853, bringing with it grave peril to the Ottoman State. Then, throwing aside with a laugh some papers which belonged to the Home Office, he gave his strong shoulder to the levelling work. Under the weight of his touch the barrier fell. Thenceforth the hindrances that met him were but slight. As he from the first had willed it, so moved the two great nations of the West.'

The colossal statues of the Emperor and the Eltchi, confronting each other, are life-like and well placed; whilst the satirical sketch of the 'knot of men' in the West might pass, were it not for the relation in which they are made to stand towards 'the lustiest man of our days,' who has probably laid down this volume with a laugh. He knows that there was no need of his strong shoulder, and that the barrier fell under a greater weight than his touch,—under the weight of pressing, clamouring, and shouting millions, heralded by the leading journal. 'As he from the first had willed it, so moved the two great nations of the West.' But not *because* he willed it. Far from standing alone in the Cabinet, he was by this time in a majority, and shortly afterwards in a large majority, including some who were supposed to sympathize with Mr Cobden and Mr Bright. Mr Kinglake's masterly sketch of Lord Palmerston bears so directly on the argument, that we are tempted to quote a part of it:—

'In politics he was without vanity. What he cared for was power, and power he had. Indeed, circumstanced as he then was, he must have known that one of the main conditions of his strength was the general belief that he had none. The *light of the past* makes it easy to see that the expedient of trying to tether him down in the Home Office would alleviate his responsibility and increase his real power. To those who know anything of Lord Palmerston's intellectual power, of his boldness, his vast and concentrated energy, his instinct for understanding the collective mind of a body of men and of a whole nation, and above all his firm robust will; nay, even to those who only know of his daring achievements—achievements half peaceful, half warlike, half righteous, half violent in many lands, and on many a sea—the notion of causing him to be subordinated to Lord Aberdeen in Foreign Affairs seems hardly more sound than a scheme providing that the greater shall be contained in the less.'

We should rather say, 'the light of the present;' for the sense of Lord Palmerston's extraordinary qualities has been constantly on the increase, and was never higher than at this hour.

There is no indiscretion against which a journalist should be more anxiously on his guard than that of misrepresenting what has been said by a living writer of a living and very eminent

contemporary. Mr Kinglake has been accused of describing Lord Palmerston 'as the author of a sanguinary war, in a Cabinet still desirous of peace, and as the close partisan of imperial France at the sacrifice of the interests and independence of England;' of suggesting that 'Lord Palmerston having joined a Cabinet of honourable men, spent a year in betraying them,' etc., etc.; of paying a complimentary tribute to the strength of Lord Palmerston's will 'at the expense of his lordship's honour, his patriotism, his fidelity, and his truth.' Now, what most excites Mr Kinglake's fervid admiration for Lord Palmerston is his intensely English policy. He says emphatically, 'there was nothing that could so completely meet Lord Palmerston's every wish,' as an alliance between the two Western Powers, which 'should toss France headlong' into that policy; that his desire was 'to have the Governments of France and England actively united for an English object;' and he dwells on 'the very same manliness of disposition, which would prevent him from engaging in anything like an underhand intrigue against his colleagues.'¹

As for the 'sanguinary war,' it certainly was sanguinary, but Lord Palmerston, whatever he himself might think of the compliment, would be incorrectly described as *the* author of it.

There is a well-known print of the Cabinet (not asleep) deliberating on the invasion of the Crimea. The two most prominent figures in the centre and foreground are Mr Gladstone and Lord Palmerston—Peace and War—in animated discussion, whilst the Duke of Newcastle stands in a corner, with a map in his hand. In the original sketch, his Grace, with his map, occupied the centre; whilst Mr Gladstone and Lord Palmerston were quietly blended with their colleagues. The anachronism has not been confined to this sketch.

The year before he died, the late Sir James Graham said that, when war became inevitable, Lord Aberdeen, and those members of the Cabinet who thought with him, should have resigned; the principle at stake being too great to be made the subject of a compromise. They might have tried their strength by insisting on the recall of Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, after the rejection of the Vienna Note. Their only excuse is, that hardly any one could be got to look upon the impending hostilities in their true light; and his Lordship in particular nourished his pet delusion till the resulting mischief had become irremediable. In vain did the Duke of Newcastle demand a material increase of the army: his colleagues voted just one-half of the augmentation which he proposed. In vain did he urge the expediency of sending out officers to discipline and command the Ottoman levies, who, led

¹ Vol. i., pp. 447–449.

by Europeans, make excellent soldiers, as was speedily shown by what they did at Silistria under five or six gallant young Englishmen. 'The opinions,' says Mr Kinglake, 'which the Duke entertained on this subject were sound, and his efforts to give effect to them were vigorous; but he was thwarted by the curious antagonism which commonly shows itself at the beginning of a war,—the antagonism between views really warlike, and views which are only military.'

Even Lord Raglan had an unconquerable antipathy to irregular troops, amongst which he indiscriminately classified the Turks. His Lordship was led into another error, which subsequently cost both him and the country dear. He formed his military household as if for a holiday excursion or a review, rather than for a hard campaign, in which something more than courage and spirit was sure to be needed in his staff. It is said that the majority of them could not write or speak French, and an overwhelming amount of labour consequently devolved upon the chief, whose heroic sense of duty wore him out. There was no great choice of superior officers; but two or three were appointed by the Horse Guards, under aristocratic influence, whom they would hardly have entrusted with important commands, had the ultimate destination of the troops been anticipated. Vice-Admiral Dundas, who commanded the fleet, had good reason to complain, that a succession of pleasure trips in the Mediterranean was suddenly exchanged for an onerous expedition to the Black Sea, which he never bargained for. 'He had not sought to return to scenes of naval strife; but the war overtook him in his marine retirement, converting his expected repose into anxious toil.' 'I am sure,' adds Mr Kinglake, 'though I never heard him say so, that he believed the war to be very foolish, and that the less there was of it the better it would be for the Whigs, and for all the rest of mankind.'

The French were no better prepared for immediate hostilities on a large scale than the English; and it was only by the most desperate exertions, and with English aid, that their quota of the armament kept time. Detachments of English troops had been despatched to Malta whilst the negotiations were still pending; and Mr Kinglake seems to intimate that they need not have gone further. The repulse of the Russians before Silistria, and the threatening attitude of the German powers, had done the work. 'If France had been mistress of herself, or if England had been free from passion and craving for adventure, the war would have been virtually at an end on the day when the Russian army completed its retreat from the country of the Danube, and re-entered the Czar's dominions. How came it to happen that, rejecting the peace which seemed to be thus prepared by the

mere course of events, the Western Powers determined to undertake the invasion of a Russian province?’

This question is not satisfactorily answered by pointing to the prostrate condition of France, or to the warlike enthusiasm of England, thereby implying that the expedition was the result of Imperial self-seeking, or of an unreasoning popular impulse, fanned, caught up, shared, or reflected, by a War Minister and a newspaper.

‘ Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
Bear it that the opposer may
Beware of thee.’

The Western Powers might reasonably deem the task they had set themselves unfulfilled, if they left their haughty adversary, with resources unimpaired, in the stronghold which was rightly regarded as a standing menace by their ally. It had all along been thought that the ultimate aim and crowning triumph of their united armaments would be the capture of Sebastopol ; and so early as the 10th April, the Duke of Newcastle had expressly drawn Lord Raglan’s attention to the expediency of collecting information touching its means of defence. This is one amongst the many instances of superior foresight in a statesman who was afterwards made the scapegoat for everything that went amiss, whether under his control or not. He, it is admitted in this history, acted on his own judgment : the Premier and the rest of the Cabinet obeyed public opinion and the *Times*, which on the 15th June declared and said, that ‘ the grand political and military objects of the war could not be attained as long as Sebastopol and the Russian fleet were in existence.’ With regard to the French Emperor, Mr Kinglake may be assured that, anxious as he was to make a stir, he never expected things to come to this pass : the war was unpopular in France : his Ministers (with, perhaps, the exception of M. de Persigny) were vehemently opposed to it : he could spare neither the men nor the money ; and that he abided by his engagements, is a creditable instance of his good faith.

By whatever means the unanimity of the English Cabinet was brought about, they were unanimous in their adoption of the despatch of the 29th June, ordering the invasion : so tranquilly unanimous, that, sleeping or waking, they permitted this important document to pass without a cavil. ‘ Upon the whole,’ says the historian, ‘ the despatch, though it bristled with sentences tending to provoke objection, received from the Cabinet the kind of approval which is often awarded to an unobjectionable sermon. Not a letter of it was altered ; and it will be seen by and by, that that cogency in the wording of the de-

spatch, which could hardly have failed to provoke objection from an awakened Cabinet, was the very cause which governed events.'

The torpor of the Cabinet is now confessed, and excused or accounted for on two grounds. It is alleged that they had been already dosed with other documents of a decidedly narcotic kind, and that the despatch was merely the formal embodiment of the foregone and familiar decision of prior conferences. Then, what was that decision? What was the amount of discretion to be left to Lord Raglan? Were the instructions to be direct and peremptory, or conditional? These questions are matters of dispute to this hour; and an incident relating to this book shows how materially the context might have been varied by the omission or modification of a paragraph. Out of an excess of scrupulousness, Mr Kinglake applied to the present Prime Minister to know if he was at liberty to publish the despatch. Lord Palmerston, not remembering that it had already appeared in the Blue-book, requested him to leave out two paragraphs containing contingent directions in case it should not be deemed advisable to undertake the invasion. These have been replaced in the third edition, and they clearly detract from the cogency of the instructions. Mr Kinglake disapproves of that cogency, on the ground that it was the very cause which governed events. But it would have been a very inefficient despatch if it had not done so; and there strikes us to be a broad difference between the general order for an expedition, and any meddling interference with its subsequent operations. It is for the Cabinet to pronounce where fleets and armies are to be sent; and it matters nothing in this respect whether the point of departure be Varna or Portsmouth. Lord Raglan was ordered to attack Sebastopol just as Wolfe was ordered to attempt the conquest of Quebec; and it would have been unfair in either case to have thrown the entire responsibility of the project upon the general. Whatever depends upon local knowledge, or military management, should be left to him; and, in this instance, the English commander-in-chief was told that his decision should be taken solely with reference to the means at his disposal, as compared with the difficulties to be overcome.

If Mr Kinglake errs in the unfavourable estimate he expresses of the French, he errs in the opposite direction, from the kindest feelings, when dealing with English statesmen and generals; and a semblance of inconsistency is produced by his proneness to put the best possible interpretation on the motives and conduct of all of them. Thus, it is no easy matter to discover whether, in ordering the expedition, the Cabinet, in his opinion, acted hastily and injudiciously or the contrary. He thinks that, to anticipate the probable contingency of a disagree-

ment between independent generals and admirals, 'there was some ground for resolving to transmit to the camps at Varna the benefit of that concord which reigned between Paris and London.' He adds, that 'the chief reason which makes it unwise to fetter the discretion of generals,—namely, the superior knowledge which they are supposed to have of the enemy's strength, and of the field of operations,—was in this instance wanting.' The cause of the want is thus explained :—

'Neither the ambassadors of France and England at Constantinople, nor any of their generals or admirals, had succeeded in obtaining for themselves any trustworthy information upon this vitally momentous business. For their failure in this respect more blame attaches upon the ambassadors than upon the military and naval commanders, because the ambassadors had been in the Levant during a period of many months, in which (since the war was impending, but not declared) they might have bought knowledge from Russian subjects without involving their informers in the perils of treason. The duty of gathering knowledge by clandestine means is one so repulsive to the feelings of an English gentleman, that there is always a danger of his neglecting it or performing it ill. Perhaps no two men could be less fit for the business of employing spies than Lord Stratford and Lord Raglan. More diligence might have been expected from the French ; but they also had failed. Marshal St Arnaud had heard a rumour that the force of the enemy in the Crimea was 70,000 ; and Vice-Admiral Dundas had even received a statement that it amounted to 120,000. But these accounts were fables. In point of fact, the information obtained by our Foreign Office approached to near the truth ; and the Duke of Newcastle had the firmness—*it was a daring thing to do, but it turned out that he was right*—he had the firmness to press Lord Raglan to rely upon it. It was natural, however, that a general who was within a few hours' sail of the country which he was to invade, and was yet unable to obtain from it any, even slight, glimmer of knowledge, should distrust information which had travelled round to him (through the aid of the Home Government) along the circumference of a vast circle ; and Lord Raglan certainly considered that, in regard to the strength of the enemy in the Crimea and the land defences of Sebastopol, he was simply without knowledge.'

More than two months had elapsed since Lord Raglan was instructed to obtain knowledge. It is impossible to accept his alleged scrupulousness touching spies as an explanation of his default ; and the parenthetical remark, that the Duke of Newcastle turned out right, most materially affects the argument. Yet after a detailed and well-authenticated account of the conference between Lord Raglan and Sir George Brown, it is said :

'For now, in all its potency, the strange sleep which had come upon the Cabinet on the 28th of June began to tell upon events. But for this, or some like physical cause, it could hardly have chanced that

fifteen men, all gifted with keen intellect, and all alike charged with a grave, nay, an almost solemn duty, would have knowingly assented to the draught of a long and momentous despatch, without seeking to wedge into it some of those qualifying words which usually correct the imprudence and derange the grammatical structure of writings framed in Council. A few qualifying words of this sort would have enabled Lord Raglan to act upon his own opinion.' . . .

'Lord Raglan was of the bodily nature of those whose blood flushes hot to the face under the sting of an indignant thought ; and if mortal eyes could have looked upon him when he revolved the contents of the despatch, they would have seen him turn crimson in poisoning the question whether he ought to resist the pressure of the Queen's Government,—and to resist because of mere danger. What the Duke of Newcastle meant was to do all he reasonably could to enforce the invasion ; and, so intending, he did honestly in making his order as peremptory as possible ; but if in any times to come it shall be intended that an English General commanding on a foreign service is to exercise his judgment freely and without passion, the Secretary of State must not challenge him as Lord Raglan was challenged by the despatch of the 29th of June.'

There is a remarkable passage in Single-speech Hamilton's so-called single speech, in which, alluding to a charge of cowardice against statesmen, he exclaims : 'For my part, I am free to declare that I am the greatest coward for the public. That over-solicitude which for one's self would be a weakness, for the State is meritorious.' Lord Raglan was too brave a man to be afraid of confessing his fear for the national honour or the safety of thousands ; and the notion could never have crossed his mind, that any human being would accuse him of resisting the proposal of the Queen's Government 'because of mere danger ;' meaning, mere personal danger. There was, in fact, no challenge, or semblance of challenge, in the despatch ; and if the terms in which it was expressed prevented him from acting on his own opinion, so much the better for his fame ; as, shortly before his death, he himself virtually admitted to Lord Lyons. Nor do we anywhere find Mr Kinglake distinctly maintaining that opinion to be right. How could he, knowing as he does, that, if the expedition had been executed as planned, it would have achieved a complete, a speedy, and a comparatively cheap success ?

It was not Lord Raglan's fault that glory was blended with disaster ; and from the time he made up his mind to carry out the longing desire of the British people, his conduct is a model of all that is noble, chivalrous, self-denying, generous, and brave. His grand difficulty, and we cannot help thinking that the sense of it was one main cause of his hesitation, was his position as the commander of an allied and co-operating force. This has been

the grand difficulty of most English generals in modern times, from Marlborough to Wellington: our armies have seldom been large enough to engage single-handed in a continental campaign; and from Blenheim to Waterloo, we have been wont to eke out our lack of numbers by auxiliaries. We are indebted to Earl Stanhope for a very curious comparison drawn by the Iron Duke between the respective difficulties surmounted by Marlborough and himself in this respect.¹ But these were fewer and of a less trying sort than those to which Lord Raglan was exposed, when brought in daily contact with men whom it was impossible for him to help regarding in some sort as adventurers. Setting aside every description of gossip, he could not but know that St Arnaud's elevation to the rank of marshal and commander-in-chief, was owing to his selection by Fleury to fill the post of Secretary of War for the *coup d'état*. It was matter of notoriety, that the most famous generals of France, Changarnier, Bedeau, Lamoriciere,² Cavaignac, Leflo, etc., had been disqualified or exiled for their politics, and that their places were supplied by persons who, with rare exception, owed their rapid promotion to the part they had played in civil dissensions. These, too, were taken unprepared when the invasion of the Crimea was proposed, and the majority were only induced to lend a reluctant co-operation by the positive instructions of the Emperor, who, once embarked in the adventure, acted loyally throughout. The soul of the enterprise was Lord Lyons, who never flagged. The 'sleepless' Agamemnon permitted no one else to sleep till the armies were encamped before the heights of Alma; to which we propose accompanying them, simply premising that Mr Kinglake's accounts of the erratic movements of St Arnaud, with his various devices for directing or delaying the meditated invasion, rest on documentary evidence. What Lord Raglan would have done had the entire command been permanently vested in him, may be inferred from what he did when he was temporarily without a clog:—

‘During the interval of five days in which the Marshal's illness had invested his English colleague with a supreme control, Lord Raglan had used to the full the occasion which fortune thus gave him. In that time he had repressed the efforts of the French generals who strove to bring the enterprise to a stop; he had committed the Allies to a descent upon the enemy's shores—on his shores to the north of Sebastopol; he had reconnoitred the coast, *he had chosen the place for a landing*, and meanwhile he had drawn the fleets on, so that now when men looked from the decks, they could see the thin strip of beach where the soldiery of the Allies were to land.’

¹ See Earl Stanhope's *Miscellanies*.

² We have heard that an offer of high command in the invading army was made to Changarnier, Lamoriciere, and Bedeau, and refused.

In describing the strange incident of the misplaced buoy, which was rashly and ignorantly declared to be 'a sick man's dream,' Mr Kinglake adopts almost the very words used by Lord Raglan in his letter to the Duke of Newcastle; and the reflection which follows might apply to many other occasions, when the English commanders tacitly submitted to be partially eclipsed, or apparently out-mancœuvred, by the French :—

'Meanwhile, few of the thousands on board understood the change which had been effected, or even saw that they were brought to a new landing-ground. They imagined that it was the better method or greater quickness of the French which was giving them the triumph of being the first to land. Both Lord Raglan and Lyons were too stedfast in the maintenance of the alliance, to think of accounting for the seeming tardiness of the English, by causing the truth to be known; and even to this day it is commonly believed that the English army effected its landing at Old Fort.'

In the armies of Europe, the right is the side of honour or precedence, and from the first junction had been taken without questioning or ceremony by the French. It happened that, both in Turkey and in the Crimea, the left was nearest to the enemy, whilst the right was nearest to the sea.

'Lord Raglan had observed all this, but he had observed in silence; and finding the right always seized by our Allies, he had quietly put up with the left. Yet he was not without humour; and now, when he saw that in this hazardous movement along the coast the French were still taking the right, there was something like archness in his way of remarking that, although the French were bent upon taking precedence of him, their courtesy still gave him the post of danger. This he well might say, for, so far as concerned the duty of covering the venturesome march which was about to be undertaken, the whole stress of the enterprise was thrown upon the English army. The French force was covered on its right flank by the sea, on its front and rear by the fire from the steamers, and on its left by the English army. On the other hand, the English army, though covered on its right flank by the French, was exposed in front, and in rear, and on its whole left flank, to the full brunt of the enemy's attacks.'

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a part of the description of the march :—

'Thus marched the strength of the Western Powers. The sun shone hotly as on a summer's day in England, but breezes springing fresh from the sea floated briskly along the hills. The ground was an undulating steppe alluring to cavalry. It was rankly covered with a herb like southernwood; and when the stems were crushed under foot by the advancing columns, the whole air became laden with bitter fragrance. The aroma was new to some. To men of the western counties of England it was so familiar that it carried them back to

childhood and the village church; they remembered the nosegay of "boy's love" that used to be set by the Prayer-book of the Sunday maiden too demure for the vanity of flowers.

'In each of the close massed columns which were formed by our four complete divisions there were more than 5000 foot soldiers. The colours were flying; the bands at first were playing; and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already videttes could be seen on the hillocks, and (except at the spots where our horsemen were marching) there was nothing but air and sunshine, and, at intervals, the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless hissing sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs which composed it; for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of men, and bearing no likeness to the mere sum of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing—the slow, monstrous unit of strength which walks the modern earth where empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seen that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals.'

The quiet, self-sacrificing spirit of their commander not only compelled the British army to bivouac during the night in order of battle, and added greatly to their fatigue, but again exposed them to an unfounded charge of slowness. On the morning of the 20th, a long and toilsome evolution was needed to bring into the order of advance the divisions employed in shewing a front towards the east. Things occurred in arranging the mode of attack which irresistibly recall the incident of the buoy. The French plan (illustrated by a French plate), which Bazancourt says was accepted by Lord Raglan the evening before the battle, represents the French confronting the whole of the Russian position, whilst the British, who could not be effaced altogether, as they were in St Arnaud's report of the victory, are pictured 'tour-nant la droite ennemie.' But when the assaulting columns came to closer quarters, it was found that the English had to deal directly with two-thirds of the Russian force, namely, 26,000 men and 86 guns, whilst the French had immediately before them only 13,000 men and 36 guns, which they were to assail in flank, under cover of the fleet. Lord Raglan had distinctly discarded the project of turning the Russian right, an operation

which would have exposed him on open ground to cavalry greatly outnumbering his own. If he had not discarded it on this ground, he must have abandoned it on finding the Russian centre not confronted by the French.

We must pause a moment to defend the English commander-in-chief, and the historian, from a damaging misconception which has been perseveringly and emulously put on the words of the one and the actions of the other. In describing the interview on the 19th between Lord Raglan and St Arnaud, Mr Kinglake, after saying that Lord Raglan listened graciously, adds:—

‘He was so sure of his troops and so conscious of his power to act swiftly when the occasion might come, that, although he was now within half a march of the enemy’s assembled forces, he did not at all long to ruffle his mind with projects—*with projects for the attack of a position not hitherto reconnoitred.*’

The critic who calls this ‘the most absurd passage he ever remembered to have read in an historical composition,’ probably overlooked the force of the concluding sentence, and forgot that (to use his own words), ‘when the allies found themselves in front of the Russian army, St Arnaud’s plan was found to be impracticable.’ Neither should we have been requested to ‘conceive the Duke of Wellington in a conference with Blucher before the battle day of Waterloo, refusing to intrust the Marshal,’ etc., etc., if the very next page of this history had been consulted:—

‘Lord Raglan’s experience, or instinct, told him that no such plan as this could go for much until the assailing forces should come to measure their line with that of the enemy. So, without either combating or accepting the suggestion addressed to him, *he simply assured the Marshal that he might rely upon the vigorous co-operation of the British army.*’

Such, *mutatis mutandis*, was the simple assurance given by Wellington to Blucher before Ligny, and by Blucher to Wellington before Waterloo.

There are calculators who, finding that the four volumes of Lord Macaulay’s History comprise only eight years, object, that on this scale it could not be completed in less than fifty volumes. The same class of critics have computed that a three hours’ battle occupies between two and three hundred pages of Mr Kinglake’s History. What then? He is not writing a history of Europe, like Sir Archibald Alison’s. A complete account of a battle should include the operations of each division, brigade, and even regiment, that separately and individually influenced the result. The material question is, whether they do influence it: just as in an epic poem, or in what Fielding calls the prose epopee, the

effect mainly depends on the introduction of no incidents that do not aid in the development of the plot. Few readers who have carefully followed the detached threads of the narrative till they are gathered together towards the end, have complained of its tediousness. Many have regretted that the pleasure they received from it was not prolonged. But an artistic composition of this kind cannot be appreciated by those who endeavour to imbibe its spirit skipping, as dogs lap water from the Nile upon the run.

We, of course, can only mark the salient points of the battle, of which a clear general notion may be briefly and easily conveyed. We take it up at the period when Bosquet was climbing the heights towards the sea, and Marshal St Arnaud, giving the signal of attack to General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon, told them : ‘ With such men as you I have no orders to give ; I have but to point to the enemy.’ Mr Kinglake says he had this from an officer who assured him he heard the words. M. de Bazancourt substantially confirms the story. According to him, the only orders were : ‘ Each of you is to attack right in front, and will follow, in manœuvring, his own inspirations : I have no other instructions to give to men in whom I have full confidence.’ Nearly the same instructions appear to have been given to the English Generals of Division when the moment for an advance arrived. But this moment was unexpectedly delayed.

‘ Hitherto these two French divisions had been nearly in the same alignment as the leading divisions of the English army ; but now that they were ordered forward, leaving the English army still halted, the true character of the movement to be undertaken by the Allies was for the first time developed. Their array was to be what strategists call ‘ an order of battle in three échelons by the right, the first échelon making a turning movement.

‘ This disposition for the attack was not the result of any agreement made in words between Marshal St Arnaud and Lord Raglan. It resulted almost naturally, if one may so speak, from Bosquet’s turning movement, from the extent of the front which the enemy was now seen to present, and from the character of the ground. Just as the Marshal had kept back his 1st and 3d Divisions till he saw that Bosquet could gain the height, so Lord Raglan, according to his conception at this time, had to see whether Canrobert and Prince Napoleon could establish themselves upon the Telegraph Height, before he endangered the continuity of the order of battle by allowing the English army to advance.’

Canrobert, after crossing the river and working his way forwards till near the edge of the plateau, halted till his artillery should come up ; and Prince Napoleon’s division, for some unexplained reason, hung back in the valley, the bulk of it remaining on the

north of the stream. All this while the English troops were exposed to the Russian artillery, to which the English artillery, placed on lower ground, was unable to reply. Whilst they were in this state of expectancy, a French aide-de-camp came in haste to Lord Raglan to say, that unless something could be done to support Bosquet's column, it would be 'compromised,'—which, on being pressed to explain his meaning, he translated, 'it would retreat.' It may be thought that the required support would have been given most effectively by the advance of Canrobert's division; but to engage without artillery is deemed an inexcusable solecism in tactics by the French. So there was nothing for it but for Lord Raglan to take the battle into his own hands; and, as he told Mr Kinglake the same evening, he could no longer endure to see our soldiery lying down, without resistance, under the enemy's fire. He gave the order to advance.

The Second Division, under Evans (the English troops nearest to the French), having a blazing village immediately in their front, were obliged to divide,—Adams, with two regiments, taking the right, and Evans himself, with four battalions, the left of the obstruction. Although admirably handled, these troops could make little way, and suffered greatly, having to move along the unsheltered line of the Great Causeway under a converging fire from the sixteen guns of the Causeway batteries, and some guns of the Great Redoubt. Leaving them for the present, we turn to the movements of the Light Division, under Sir George Brown, on Evans' left. Before them was the Great Redoubt, a breastwork open behind, armed with fourteen guns of heavy calibre, flanked on each side by batteries. Their extreme left, being close on a level country, was exposed to be attacked by cavalry. In fact, two regiments, instead of joining in the onslaught, were held ready for such an emergency by Sir George Buller; judiciously, we think, for otherwise the whole line might have been rolled up. On catching sight of cavalry, he formed one of them into square. The assailants of the position commanded by the Great Redoubt were consequently reduced to Codrington's Brigade (the 7th Fusiliers, the 33d and 23d, and the 19th Regiments). They were joined as they advanced by the 95th, making five regiments altogether. Sir George Brown the General of the Division, personally directed their movements, and had given directions for their advance to be preceded by Colonel Lawrence with his riflemen, who, after scouring the vineyards on the northern bank, crossed the river higher up, to avoid the smoke of the burning village, and left the front of the brigade uncovered. 'No other light infantry men were thrown forward in their stead, and the whole body went stark on with bare front, driving full at the enemy's stronghold.'

They thus lost a marked advantage, offered by the nature of the ground. In crossing through the vineyards and fording a river of unequal depth, the troops got disordered; but on the Russian side of the river there was a bank, from eight to fifteen feet in height, under cover of which they might have re-formed, had not the top been held by Russian skirmishers, who could come to the edge of the bank, fire into them, and then draw back to load. This made the position of the troops intolerable; and Sir George Brown, giving up all hope of re-forming the men who had got over, determined (to use his own words) 'to trust to the spirit and individual courage of the troops.' With his wonted gallantry, he pushed his horse at and up the bank: Codrington did the same; and their men scrambled after them. Lacy Yea, the Colonel of the 7th Fusileers, was heard shouting out to his men, 'Never mind forming! Come on, men! Come on anyhow!' 'From one end to the other of the attacking force the deep angry gathering sound was, "Forward!" "Forward!" "Forward!"' The throng was heaved, and presently the whole surged up, and in numberless waves broke over the bank.' They encounter two Russian columns, one of which is discomfited by the part of what could hardly be called a line, which was formed of the 19th and some of the left companies of the 23d. The other, 1500 strong, is engaged by the 7th Fusiliers, less than 700, and after a prolonged contest, forming a remarkable episode, gives way. To advance in groups or clusters against artillery, instead of in line, adds terribly to the carnage: many fell; and if the Russians had stood to their guns when the British neared the parapet, there is no saying what the result might have been. But, by the rules of the Russian service, the loss of a gun is never to be risked; and when there was yet ample opportunity for sweeping the glacis with grape shot, they ceased their fire. 'Our panting soldiers broke from their silence, "By all that is holy, he is limbering up!" "He is carrying off his guns!" "Stole away!" "Stole away!" "Stole away!"' The glacis of the Great Redoubt had come to sound more joyous than the covert's side in England.'

The key of the position was carried, and rapid preparations were made for holding it against the enemy's columns, outnumbering the temporary victors as five to one, and close at hand. But where, asks Mr Kinglake, were the supports? The First Division, under the Duke of Cambridge, was intended to support the Light Division; and immediately behind the stormers of the Great Redoubt, should have been the Guards. The ground before them being cleared by the Light Division, they might have crossed the river, re-formed under the bank, and come up in time to prevent Codrington's brigade from

being driven back with loss, which is what in common parlance is meant by 'support.' It was a question of three or four minutes; for the Great Redoubt was not three hundred yards from the river, and the bare appearance of the Guards on the bank might have prevented the disaster that ensued. But they had been halted on arriving at the enclosures, where a temporary breaking up of their superb line was inevitable, and more than those precious three or four minutes were wasted. It is said that his Royal Highness, whose high spirit and knowledge of his profession are beyond dispute, was waiting for further orders before he imitated or followed the disorderly rush of the Light Division. 'Why was this failure of concert between the Light and the First Divisions? Why was there no man there who could link the one division to the other by a few decisive words?' This will be explained presently. In Lord Raglan's absence, General Airey, who saw the danger at a glance, and never shrank from responsibility, rode up, and emphatically explained Lord Raglan's meaning to be that the division should continue its advance. An order to the same effect was delivered, as from Lord Raglan, by the desire of General Evans,¹ and the First Division moved forwards; time enough to redeem the battle, not time enough to win it without a disastrous check.

The ensuing situation is a repetition on a diminished scale of that at Marengo, where (the story is told by Thiers) Desaix coming up and looking at his watch, replies to Napoleon, 'Yes, the battle is lost; but it is only three o'clock; there is still time enough to gain one.' Or we may suppose his Royal Highness exclaiming like the Baron de Sirot (as related by Earl Stanhope) at Rocroy, 'No, no, the battle is not lost; for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought.' The three battalions of Guards—the Coldstream on the left, the Grenadiers on the right, and the Scots Fusiliers in the centre—had crossed or were crossing the river, when a messenger arrived in hot haste from Codrington, urgently pressing for support. The Fusiliers were accordingly hurried up the bank and onwards in very imperfect formation.—

¹ It has been authoritatively stated in the *Edinburgh Review* that the 'Duke of Cambridge and his staff have no recollections of the receipt of those orders;' meaning an order actually sent by Lord Raglan, and the one delivered in his name by Colonel Steele. This is a mistake. His Royal Highness did not remember receiving a message from General Evans, whose name was not mentioned in connection with the order, but he remembered the order, which was promptly and effectively carried out. In the same page, it is said, 'Mr Kinglake comments, we think, *with undue severity*, on the momentary hesitation of the illustrious Duke, who paused, not from any want of resolution in himself, but from a natural and honourable feeling of consideration for his men.' Instead of the alleged comment, we have found in the history the palliating remark which the reviewer has appropriated and weakened, along with stronger and better reasons for the halt.

‘ His comrades strain with desperate strength—
Oh ! are they yet in time to save ?
They come—’tis but to add to slaughter.’

The Russians that first attempt the recapture of the Great Redoubt are mistaken for the French ; a mounted officer (unknown) orders a bugleman to sound the *retire* ; and the recent victors obey in such confusion, that clusters of them break bodily through the advancing Scots Fusilier Guards, and compel some companies to fall back in disorder. Although they had suffered severely, they were rapidly re-formed, and a portion of this gallant regiment pushed on, headed by Colonel Lindsay who carried the colours, till within thirty or forty yards of a Russian column of vastly superior force, when a mounted officer gives the word to retire, and they fall back also. But by this time the Coldstream and Grenadiers are again drawn up in line ; the Highland Brigade is about to enter on the scene ; the self-sacrificing rush of the soldiers of the Light Division has changed the entire face of things in the centre ; and the minds of the Russian leaders are sorely troubled by an unexpected apparition in the midst of them. Still, to one not practically familiar with battles, there was something embarrassing in the prospect when the retreating were mixed up with the advancing troops ; and it was just then, and not before the crossing of the river by the Guards, that an incident occurred which has occasioned a great deal of what appears to us causeless irritation.

An officer hazards a suggestion whether the Guards had not better retire—or fall back to re-form—for the reports vary. They also vary as to whether the suggestion was overheard by Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge, or was immediately repeated to Sir Colin by his Royal Highness, by way of inviting an opinion ; which came in this shape : ‘ It is better, sir, that every man of her Majesty’s Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy.’ No one doubts that Sir Colin did give utterance to a feeling of indignant surprise on hearing some such proposal made in right earnest at such a moment ; but it is not so clear that his Royal Highness either adopted the suggestion or heard the reply. If he consulted his brigadier, one of the best soldiers in Europe, in a very critical emergency, no one will blame him for so doing who remembers how much mischief ensued from the self-confident impetuosity of the Prince of Orange at Quatre-Bras and Waterloo.

The Guards went on, and the Grenadiers and Coldstream were speedily engaged with six battalions in column :—

‘ But, after all, if only the firmness of the slender English line

should chance to endure, there was nothing except the almost chimerical event of a thorough charge home with the bayonet which could give to the columns the ascendancy due to their vast weight and numbers; for the fire from a straitened, narrow front, could comparatively do little harm, whilst the fire of the battalion in line was carrying havoc into the living masses. Still, neither column nor line gave way. On the other hand, neither column nor line moved forward. Fast rooted as yet to the ground, the groaning masses of the Russians, and the two scarlet strings of Guardsmen, stood receiving and delivering fire.'

The Highland Brigade was simultaneously engaged in movements on the left flank, which brought out into broad relief both the consummate skill of their leader and the fine quality of the troops.

'Meanwhile,' says Mr Kinglake, after describing the position of the Guards, 'on the part of the English, another mind, as we shall see by and by, was bringing its strength to bear upon this part of the battle.' In other words, Lord Raglan had taken his famous gallop, was conspicuous on the knoll, and Dickson's two guns were about to open fire. This now familiar incident was described as the 'turning-point' of the battle in this *Review*,¹ nearly seven years ago. But one new circumstance has been added:—

'After gaining the left bank of the river, Lord Raglan at first got parted from most of those who had followed him, for he took a track into a kind of gulley towards his right, and there for a moment he had no one very near him except one man, who had crossed the stream next after him; for the rest of the horsemen, when they reached the dry ground, had borne rather towards their left. Some one, however, from that quarter cried out, "This seems a better way, my Lord;" and Lord Raglan, then turning, rejoined the rest of the staff, and took the path recommended. I do not know who the officer was who advised this road. He has possibly forgotten the counsel which he gave; but if he remembers it, and sees how the issue was governed by taking the path which he chose, he may suffer himself to trace the gain of a battle, with all its progeny of events, to his few hurried words.'

It must be supposed that Lord Raglan had a definite object in view, and felt his way forwards. We have heard that his original intention in crossing the bridge was to get clear of the smoke of the burning village, which intercepted his view; and that, on finding a rising ground between him and his advancing lines, he ascended it, followed by his staff ready to carry orders. We must also remember, that the orders he conceived himself

¹ The *North British Review* for July 1856. The article has been translated into French and German, and was reprinted with slight alteration by the writer, in the second volume of his *Biographical and Critical Essays*.

to have given, seemed too clear and simple to be misunderstood. There can be little doubt that his appearance on the knoll, and the enfilading fire opened from it, had a marked influence on the course of events; and altogether we are by no means prepared to join in the strong censure that has been passed on his generalship for what has been termed his *escapade*. Indeed, we have good reason to believe that he paused, after sending a renewed order to the First Division when it halted, till that Division was moving on. The state of things before and after the incident is pointedly contrasted:—

‘ The fortunes of the English had been chequered; and it might be said that at this moment their prospects were a good deal overcast. Evans, still repressed by the commanding fire of the Causeway batteries, and having but three battalions to fight with, was sustaining a hard conflict. Codrington’s people had been forced to relinquish their hold of the Great Redoubt; and the shattered remains of the battalions which stormed the work were descending the slope of the hill, and breaking down by their bodily weight the left wing of a battalion of Guards. Finally, General Buller, on our extreme left, was in an attitude of mere defence. It is true that the Great Redoubt had been dismantled, that (with the exception of the centre battalion of the Guards) our supports had not yet tried their prowess, and that the bare apparition of our Head-quarter Staff on the knoll was putting a heavy stress on the enemy. It is true, also, that there was one English regiment still fighting with a Russian column. All else had of late gone ill.

‘ So, here was the spell which now for several minutes had been governing the battle. The apparition of a score of plumed horsemen on this knoll may have had more or less to do with the resolve which led Kvetzinski to dismantle the Great Redoubt; but at all events, this apparition and the fire of Lord Raglan’s two guns had enforced the withdrawal of the Causeway batteries; had laid open the entrance of the pass; had shattered the enemy’s reserves; had stopped the onward march of the Ouglitz battalions; and had chained up the high-mettled Vladimir in the midst of its triumphant advance.’

The whole English army was now pushing forwards. Where were the French? Their skirmishers had been bold and active, and their artillery most effectively employed; but none of their columns had engaged a Russian column; and Mr Kinglake’s deduction from the evidence at his disposal stands thus:—

‘ It has shown in a summary way—and the conclusion exactly agrees with inferences deducible from other grounds—it has shown that the advance of the French to the smooth plateau leading up to the Telegraph was after the storming and the dismantling of the Great Redoubt; was after the withdrawal of the Causeway batteries; was after the retreat of the enemy’s reserves; was after the overthrow of the column long engaged with Lacy Yea’s Fusiliers; and was

exactly simultaneous with the movement which brought our Grenadier Guards into their final engagement with the enemy's columns.'

All the Russian accounts agree, that their whole army, beaten in the centre and the right, was in full retreat before the French reached the Telegraph; and it is clear to demonstration that it must have been, for otherwise the troops posted there could not have retreated at all. If they had stayed to encounter the overwhelming French force that broke upon the plateau, with the English advancing and near at hand, they must have been cut off to a man. The evidence as to the number of bodies found there is conflicting; and a good many may be accounted for without the hypothesis of an infantry fight on a large scale. The French artillery had been firing on it, and the Russians covered their retreat by their guns:—

'It is probable that this fire of the Russian artillery took effect at a time when the heads of the French columns had already thronged up to the Telegraph; for it is certain that several of the Zouaves were there struck down; and although it is made plain that no Russian infantry were intentionally placed at the Telegraph with orders to make a stand, there is no difficulty in supposing that a knot of Russian soldiers may have been lingering about near the scaffolding of the turret, and may have remained long enough to have an opportunity of firing into the heads of the great columns which were converging upon the spot, and provoking a fire in return. In that way, though the Russian accounts show no trace of it, there was perhaps a farewell interchange of shots.'

The Telegraph was just the sort of spot to which the wounded or stragglers would be sent; and we may be pretty sure that the Zouaves made short work of all they found there.

There is one fact which luckily hangs like a dead weight on the multiplying powers of our allies. They had only three officers killed,¹ the English twenty-six. Who can believe that their aggregate loss in killed and wounded was 1339,—ours being 2002? Lord Raglan computed the French loss in killed at sixty. Writing in this *Review* in July 1856, we stated on the authority—using, indeed, almost the very words—of a distinguished General of Division, that if the English had done no more than the French, the battle of the Alma would have been more accurately described as a skirmish.

Lord Raglan wished to follow up the victory by a close pursuit, to be undertaken by the English cavalry and horse artillery, with England's division (which was comparatively fresh), in co-operation with the French, who then at least were supposed to have done and suffered little. But St Arnaud refused, on the ground that his men had left their knapsacks behind.

¹ St Arnaud's Despatch.—Bazancourt.

In summing up the chief results of the battle, Mr Kinglake concludes with these words:—

Upon condition that they (the allies) would lay instant hands on the prize, it gave them Sebastopol.'

It is now well known, as we stated on a former occasion, that the northern forts were easily assailable on the land side; and that the Russian army had actually evacuated the place, when it was met, and compelled to retrace its steps, by the allies on their flank march. Both Lord Raglan and Lord Lyons, on the third day after the battle, warmly pressed the bolder step of a direct advance; but the French commanders refused to concur, alleging the strength of the fortifications on the Belbec, which lay directly in their way, but turned out afterwards to have not even been mounted with guns.

It has been plausibly argued, that the immediate capture of Sebastopol would not have inflicted so severe a blow on Russia as the exhaustion of her resources by the prolonged siege. But her extreme exhaustion, except as a possible ally of France, is a questionable political gain. By the destruction of her stronghold and her fleet, we should have weakened and humiliated her enough for the specific purposes of the war,—the security of Turkey, and a peremptory check to Russian progress or aggrandizement in the East. Above all, we must count the cost in men, in money, in suffering, in discontent, and in military *prestige*. The French told their own story at once in a language universally read upon the Continent. They glossed over Alma and Inkerman, and dwelt exultingly on their successful assault of the Malakoff—undeniably the crowning triumph of the campaign—whilst we failed at the Redan. Those who saw how British soldiers could fight, well knew their quality; but Frenchmen have short memories when national vanity is concerned; and it is a notorious fact that, at a grand dinner given by Prince Napoleon to the Crimean generals on their return to Paris, at which numerous speeches were delivered, not a solitary allusion was made to England or the English; at least, not a solitary allusion was allowed to appear in the official report in the *Moniteur*. If, whilst the French and English armies were tolerably equal in point of numbers, and the naval superiority (as it always continued) was with us, the place had been carried by a joint assault of the northern forts and a simultaneous dash of the fleets into the harbour, there would have been no terrible winter on the heights, no suffering by cold or hunger, no popular clamour or injustice, little international jealousy, and no renewed need for us to claim a fair share of the hard-earned glory for our countrymen.

- ART. IV.—1. *Unger, Die Exantheme der Pflanzen und einige mit diesen verwandte Krankheiten der Gewächse.* Vienne, 1833.
2. *Philipper, Traité Organographique et Physiologico-Agricole sur la Carie, le Charbon, l'Ergot, la Rouille, et autres Maladies du même genre qui ravagent les Céréales.* Versailles, 1837.
3. *Brongniart, sur le Developpement du Charbon dans les Graminées.*
4. *Tulasne, sur les Ustilaginées et les Uredinées.*
5. *Banks on Blight, Mildew, and Rust of Corn.* In *Annals of Botany.*
6. *Lambert on Blight of Wheat; Kirby on certain Fungi which are Parasites of the Wheat.* In *Transactions of Linnæan Society.*
7. *Henslow's Report on Diseases of Wheat; Sidney on the Parasitic Fungi of the British Farm; Graham on the Injuries sustained by Plants from the Attacks of Parasitic Fungi; and other Papers in Journ. Agricult. Soc. of England.*
8. *Berkeley on the Potato Disease—in Journ. of Hort. Soc. of London, 1846; and British Fungi.*
9. *Balfour's Attacks of Fungi causing Diseases in Plants.* In *Class-Book of Botany.*
10. *Blights of the Wheat, and their Remedies.* By Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY. Religious Tract Society.

HARDLY any class of organic agencies is more wonderful or more interesting than the fungi, whose minute forms and insignificant appearance beneath and in the midst of the great bustling world of sense and sight escape our ordinary observation. In this obscure and subordinate position, kept down by the healthy energies of higher organisms, and prevented from increasing too rapidly and spreading too widely by a nice balance of physical conditions, they are important and indispensable auxiliaries in the operations of nature. Upon them devolves the duty of accelerating the natural processes of decay—absorbing into living tissues, and thus rendering innocuous, the poisonous gases continually exhaled into the atmosphere by dead and decomposing substances, and preparing from the corrupted masses of effete, organic matter, a fertile soil in which future plants may grow; the exuviae of one generation, elaborated by their mysterious chemistry, serving as the materials for the support and maintenance of the next. Standing on the borders of the mineral kingdom, and occupying the place of junction of the two great confluent streams of animal and vegetable life, they are obviously designed to arrest the fleeting particles which, having served their purpose in one form

of organization, are fast hastening downwards to the night of chaos and death, and send them once more in new forms, and with new properties, to keep the vortex of life in ceaseless motion.

Such are their highly useful functions in ordinary circumstances; but when the balance of nature is overturned, and the restraints of her laws partially removed, they suddenly start up into gigantic, mutinous life—are multiplied till they become overwhelming—and by the sheer force of countless numbers, ravage and destroy everything before them. Just as the electrical forces are continually playing harmlessly around us, circulating through the smallest particles of matter as well as among its mightiest masses, giving health and energy to plants and animals, and motion to our earth and surrounding worlds, but when certain conditions are present, or certain barriers removed, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the awful storm goes forth on its work of destruction; so the seeds and germs of these obscure and unnoticed agencies are floating harmlessly in countless myriads on every breeze—in the air of our houses—lying on the various objects around us, could we see them sufficiently magnified—on the earth—in the waters,—everywhere;—their mature forms are labouring incessantly and beneficially in dark and lonely places, concealed and overtopped, as it were, by higher types of life; but when atmospheric and other conditions favourable for their development are present, they burst the bands which previously confined them, and revel in a wildness and prodigality of life which is truly astounding. We are surrounded by, we are living in the very midst of, a world of organic forces, possessed of incalculable powers of harm, which may at any time be let loose and overwhelm us; but the same Power which safely imprisons the nascent earthquake in the rocky chambers of the earth, and chains the subtle forces of electricity in the bosom of the cloud, restrains the ravages of these mysterious powers, and employs them as useful and beneficial agents, except at rare intervals, when they are permitted to act as the ministers of His vengeance, and bring the guilty nations to repentance. Such a thought as this may seldom occur to our minds, owing to the long-continued and uniform stability of nature's laws; but it is one which ought to excite in us, even in the most favourable circumstances, a deep sense of our helplessness and dependence.

If we compare the two kingdoms—the animal and vegetable—with each other, we shall find many striking points of resemblance between them, indicating that the life which pervades both is the same in kind, though different in degree. The stem and branches of a plant may be compared to the skeleton

of an animal ; the pith of young trees and shrubs to the spinal marrow the upward current of the sap in spring, and its descent in summer or autumn, is like the circulation of the blood, which fluid, it is worthy of remark, is green in the one and red in the other—the two most obvious complementary colours ; while the exhalation of oxygen, and absorption of carbonic acid gas in the leaves, which are the lungs of plants, resembles the respiration of animals. This curious analogy between the two departments of organic nature may be traced, not only in their structure, and the respective functions which they perform, but also in the derangements which occasionally occur in these, produced by unfavourable external circumstances. As animals are subject to diseases caused by filthy habits, vitiation of the air, overcrowding, or famine ; so are plants rendered unhealthy by improper cultivation or unsuitable meteorological conditions. The epidemics of animals have their counterparts in the blights of plants. Animal epidemics are the terrible yet wise and beneficent means employed by Providence for sweeping away at once, and with the smallest amount of suffering possible, creatures whose constitutions had been enfeebled by a long course of unnatural living, and whose lives had in consequence become a burden to themselves, and thus paving the way for the introduction of more healthy and vigorous races, propagated by the individuals whose stronger physical powers enabled them to survive the general wreck. Vegetable epidemics, on the other hand, which are most frequent and destructive among the plants which are reared by man for his food, are wisely designed as wholesale remedies for the evils produced by unskilful culture and unfavourable climatic circumstances ; degenerate forms being thus extirpated, and a hardier stock saved to become the progenitors of more useful varieties. Animal epidemics are supposed to be caused by an animal poison, the product of decomposed animal matter, excreted by the human body itself ; so the blights of plants are caused by vegetable parasites—the morbid agencies in either case being derived from the same order to which each respectively belongs. All animal epidemics, though possessed of distinctive characters, which warrant us in regarding them as specifically different diseases, have yet so much in common, as to indicate that they belong to one family or class—the same conditions which favour or prevent the propagation of one, favouring or preventing the propagation of all ; so, on the other hand, all vegetable epidemics are caused by different species or forms of one great group of fungi, which require the same circumstances for their development, and conversely may be prevented by the application of the same remedies. We find, also, that while there have been several memorable

plagues—such as the black death and the sweating sickness of the middle ages—which revolutionized society by their effects, and stand out as prominent landmarks in history, certain forms of fever and other contagious diseases seem to be inseparable from man's social condition, being present with greater or less virulence among large populations everywhere ; so, on the other hand, in regard to vegetable epidemics, while several notorious plagues—such as the potato and vine diseases—have sprung up suddenly, raged universally over a large geographical area, reached a climax, and then to a certain extent subsided, there are forms of blight—such as those affecting the cereal crops—that are continuous, appearing season after season, though not to an alarming extent,—found more or less in every field, and seeming to be so closely connected, physiologically, with the corn plants, that we can scarcely ever hope to see them completely eradicated. And lastly, to complete the list of these curious analogies, animal and vegetable epidemics are very frequently co-related—the one following or being produced by the other. The pestilence, by an inevitable necessity, follows close on the footsteps of the famine-blight ; while the advent of wide-spread plagues in the middle ages was invariably heralded by a vast development of parasitic fungi—thus proving that the same abnormal conditions of the atmosphere which are injurious to plants in a state of cultivation, are also injurious to man in a state of society. One of the most interesting, and at the same time perplexing problems in botany, meets us at this, the threshold of our inquiry, viz., the origin of the so-called vegetable epidemics. We have asserted—and this is pretty generally admitted—that fungi are the immediately exciting ; but what are the predisposing causes ? Are these vegetable parasites which appear on our blighted food-plants, the primary cause or the secondary effect of the diseases with which they are connected ? To this question various answers have been given more or less satisfactory ; and at the present moment it divides the schools of science. Fungi, as a class, vegetate on decayed substances. They are not therefore, strictly speaking, true parasites, inasmuch as they are incapable of contending with the vital forces of plants when healthy and growing. They require a dead and decomposing matrix. They are incapable of eliminating the elements on which they subsist from living substances. Their seeds may circulate in the tissues of living plants, from the seed up to the flowering and fruiting ; but they remain innocuous in an undeveloped state—kept in check by the strength of the vital principle, until symptoms of decay begin to appear, when immediately they break their fetters,—seize upon the decomposing parts with their tiny fangs,—develop themselves

speedily into perfect fungi,—multiply themselves into a colony, and luxuriate on the affected plant, until the work of destruction is complete. In most cases, the process of decay must be pretty far advanced; the withered leaf or branch must have fallen from the tree, and been exposed for a considerable time to the decomposing influences of the weather, before any fungi make their appearance upon it. But, though this be the habit of the family generally, there are striking exceptions. There is one group, whose peculiarity it is to grow only on living plants in the manner of true parasites. They appear on the healthiest and most luxuriant individuals, and are never found on dead or decaying substances. So far as the most minute microscopical examination can determine, they are not preceded by any change in the constitution of the plants to which they attach themselves, any alteration of tissue, any symptom of decay or death, any predisposing peculiarity whatever,—their presence being influenced solely by circumstances of proximity, or by atmospheric conditions. This exceptional fact places the question of the origin of vegetable epidemics on a more satisfactory basis. It indicates that the truth lies between the two opposite opinions commonly entertained—that fungi in some cases are the primary exciting causes, while in other cases they are the secondary effects. The blights that affect cultivated plants may be divided into two great groups, characterized by different phenomena, though to a certain extent correlated, viz., those which infest the cereals, and those which infest green crops, whether of the garden or field. The former are caused by a peculiar class of fungi called Uredines, which grow only on living plants; the latter are connected with another class of fungi called Mucedines, which generally require certain morbid alterations of tissue or function, and other predisposing causes, before they make their appearance. If we bear this arrangement in mind, it will enable us to understand something of the nature and habits of the different vegetable epidemics, and throw some light on that proverbial darkness in which the pestilence has ever walked, from the days of David till the present time.

In following out the division above proposed, we have first to deal with those diseases which are excited primarily by the growth of the uredines. This peculiar group of fungi have been called Hypodermii, because they originate beneath the cuticle of plants. Upwards of 150 species are enumerated as belonging to it, divided into three genera, whose botanical characters are very fluctuating and indefinite, presenting singularly few variations or departures from the family type. Their appearance and mode of growth are so anomalous, that their title to the name of plants has more than once been disputed; minute and

insignificant as some would deem them, they have furnished matter for volumes as large and controversies as hot as any of the entities which so long divided the rival schools of the middle ages. One writer, M. Unger, whose work is placed first on the list at the head of this article, attempts to prove that these so-called fungi are mere cutaneous diseases of plants, arising from a derangement of the respiratory functions, somewhat analogous to the skin diseases of animals, as they appear chiefly on rank luxuriant plants. The intercellular spaces beneath the epidermis, according to this author, are gorged with the superabundant juices which coagulate, and resolve themselves, by expansion and exposure to the air, into compact homogeneous masses of very minute powdery particles; the so-called fungi being thus nothing more than a mere organization of the superfluous sap. This, like all other kindred doctrines so pertinaciously advanced by the advocates of spontaneous or equivocal generation, and so plausible at first sight, is found, on more minute and accurate examination, to be entirely without foundation. Every proof of analogy is decidedly opposed to it. These abnormal appearances are caused by true parasitic plants. They have a separate individual existence, entirely independent, so far as any organic tie is concerned, of the matrix on which they are produced; they have different stages of development, a distinct and peculiar organization, organs of reproduction extremely simple in structure, but perfectly adapted for their purpose, and true seeds or germs by which they may be propagated. Though among the lowest forms of vegetation, entirely composed of cellular tissue, and having no parts corresponding to the roots, leaves, and stems of flowering plants, we have only to place them under the microscope to discover that they are as perfect in their own order as plants higher in the scale. The whole group may be described in general terms as a series of pustules or patches, breaking out on various parts of living plants immediately underneath the skin, which is ruptured, and rises around them in ragged puffy blisters. These patches are of different sizes, from a minute, almost invisible speck, to a large uniform eruption covering the whole plant affected, and of different colours, though black, brown, and orange-red are the most frequent. To the naked eye they appear simply as collections of powdery matter, as if the plants on which they are produced were dusted over with soot or ochre. When examined by an ordinary microscope, each of the grains of powder of which the mass is composed is found to be a round hollow ball, or pod-shaped case divided into compartments, and containing in its interior a number of smaller spherules, which are the seeds. The pod-shaped cases are connected with the surface on which they are developed by means of short foot-

stalks set on end and closely compacted, somewhat like the pile of velvet; while the raised cases are united to each other by means of silvery threads or filaments, extremely attenuated, which wind in and out among them, and are called the spawn or mycelium, being all that these curious plants possess in lieu of root, stem, and leaves. The whole vegetative system is represented in them by these gossamer threads, which are quite invisible, except to a very powerful microscope; and the whole reproductive system by these little cases, which appear to the naked eye mere grains of red or black dust. One has a feeling of wonder akin to awe in gazing on these primitive organisms. Life in them is reduced to the simplest expression, but not therefore rendered more intelligible to our comprehension; on the contrary, the nearer in such humble plants we are brought to its source, the more mysterious and perplexing does it become. We may reach its ultimate forms, but its essence eludes our search. We may dissect these forms under our microscopes, and analyze them by chemical tests, until we see almost the last atom into which the subtle principle has retired; but the minutest particle is an impenetrable shrine, an impregnable citadel, which baffles our utmost efforts to break into and reveal to the light of day. Life is indeed 'the perennial standing miracle of the universe,' for ever wonderful, for ever fresh, the enigma which the Sphinx of time is for ever proposing without hope of a solution,—the mysterious Nile, which flows on its long solitary way beneath the gay sunshine and the solemn stars, cheering and enlivening the desert of this world, its sources lying far above us at an invisible remoteness, and its outlet carrying us into the shadowy regions of the silent Unknown!

The Uredines, whose ideal forms we have thus briefly sketched, are the fungi which cause the epidemics of our cereal crops, and are therefore the most interesting and important. Attention has been directed to these epidemics ever since the origin of systematic agriculture; their remarkable character, and the devastations which they produce, could not fail to force them upon the notice of the farmer. But it is only, comparatively speaking, of late years that their true nature has been understood. For ages they were invested with a superstitious mystery. They were attributed to unfavourable combinations of the planets, to comets and lunar influences, and other equally grotesque and recondite causes, before which skill and industry were helpless. About the beginning of the present century, the mischief produced by them among the grain crops was so serious and widespread, that Sir Joseph Banks, the great naturalist, resolved to institute careful investigations into their true character and habits, with the view of devising means for their prevention.

The task was entrusted to the hands of M. Baver, one of the most celebrated botanists of that period, who examined the diseased wheat microscopically, and published the results of his researches in a most interesting volume, illustrated by skilful and most accurate drawings of the different microscopical parts of structure; thus placing the vegetable nature of these appearances beyond dispute. The original work, still in MS., we believe, is preserved in the British Museum; but a popular abstract of it was published in the 'Penny Magazine' for 1833. Since then, innumerable pamphlets and articles have appeared independently and in agricultural and scientific journals both at home and abroad, containing the observations of theoretical botanists, and the experiments and suggestions of practical agriculturists. The list placed at the head of this article will give some idea of the extent to which the literature of the subject has already reached, and the interest and importance that have been attached to it by thoughtful men.

The Uredines are not confined to any one species of grain, but range over the whole cereal group; one or two forms are found on all the cerealia indiscriminately, while other forms are restricted to the species on which they are produced, their appearance and mode of growth being the same in all circumstances. Wheat is infested with several uredos, corn and barley with two or three kinds. A peculiar species of *ustilago* affects maize or Indian corn; while the rice of the East is often seriously injured by another species. In every country some form or other prevails on the grain peculiar to it, so that the range of these blights is as extensive as the cereals they infest. From the dreary wastes of Lapland, where in the dim glimmering sunlight of the short hyperborean summer a stunted and scanty crop of corn or rye is reared, to the sweltering rice-fields that shimmer under the glowing skies of India, the range of these ubiquitous fungi extends. They are also found at all altitudes where the cereals are capable of growing,—on the miserable crops which the Indian raises in the lofty mountain valleys of the Andes, amid the icy rigour of an almost arctic climate, as well as on the level acres of golden grain which the balmy summer breeze ripples in light and shade along the sea-shore, one of the most beautiful and gladdening spectacles which this world can afford. There are no such restrictions confining these within well-defined geographical regions as operate in the case of other fungi. They have the power of indefinite extension and localization. Their extremely simple structure is capable of accommodating itself to the most varied circumstances, and to almost any range of temperature; so that the cereal blights have a far wider geographical distribution than the epidemics affecting

animals, which can only spread within certain limits, the heat of the tropics offering an effective barrier to typhus, and the cold of a temperate climate putting an effectual restraint upon yellow fever. Nor do these fungi restrict their ravages to any one particular part of the corn plants, nor to any one stage of growth. Early in spring they are found on the young blades, later in the season they affect the glumes and paleæ of the ear. They attack the straw, the leaves, and chaff, the flower and the grain; and in all these situations they are more or less destructive, according to the character of the season and the circumstances in which they are developed. When they appear on the straw they close up the stomata or breathing pores, which serve for the gaseous and vaporous exhalations of the corn, and thus impart to it a sickly appearance. When occurring on the grain, they alter its substance altogether; the sap which should have produced the nutritious milky kernels being appropriated by the parasite, and converted in its tissues into dust and ashes, masses of black and poisonous decay.

In order to form a correct idea of cereal epidemics, it will be necessary to examine the various kinds of Uredines somewhat in detail. Beginning with the straw, which is first affected, we find growing on it a species called *Puccinia graminis*, familiar to every one under the popular name of mildew. This blight is exceedingly common, though more prevalent on late varieties of grain than on early, and on light soils than on heavy ones. It appears in the form of a number of dark-coloured patches, with sometimes a slightly orange-coloured tinge, originating beneath the epidermis of the stem, which splits around them and raises them to the surface. These dark musty spots are found, when examined by the microscope, to consist of a dense aggregation of club-shaped bodies, their thicker end being divided into two chambers, each filled with minute spores or seed-vessels, and their lower end tapering into a fine stalk connecting them with the stem of the corn. When this disease is very prevalent and extensive, it proves remarkably injurious, destroying the hope of the harvest in the very bud as it were. The juices of the corn are intercepted; the stimulating effects of light and air are prevented, and the grain in consequence becomes shrivelled and defective, yielding at the same time a superabundant quantity of inferior bran. We find it frequently mentioned in the Old Testament in the same category with the pestilence, as one of the most dreadful scourges inflicted by God upon a rebellious people: 'I have visited you with blasting and mildew, yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord.' In our own country it used to be a frequent cause of scarcity. In the year 1694, nearly all the corn grown in Scotland became mildewed, and a

famine followed, whose effects were so dreadful as to earn for that season the ominous distinction of the 'Black Year.' From that period till 1701, the country appeared as if lying under a curse from the same cause, the crops retarded in their growth and prevented from ripening, not being ready for the harvest till November and December, even in the most favourable localities. A pestilence, consequent upon this terrible visitation, depopulated whole villages and districts, defying the utmost power of medicine. Hugh Miller, in his *Legends of Cromarty*, refers to its devastations in the north, where the ruins of the houses of its victims may still be seen in many places. Thanks to an improved system of agriculture, it is now, however, robbed of its formidable power, and confined within very narrow limits of harm, being considered one of the minor pests of the farm. It is not confined to grain exclusively; all the cultivated grasses are more or less subject to it; and this circumstance renders it very doubtful whether it can ever be extirpated. It is a common error to say, that corn and hay that have been stacked in warm damp weather, without being sufficiently dried, are mildewed when they take heat and become matted together by white fleecy cobwebs. The dust which flies about in clouds when the masses are lifted up and shaken, are the seeds of a fungus, but not those of the true mildew-fungus, the *puccinia graminis*. They belong to a species of mould somewhat similar to what grows on preserves, old shoes, or stale crusts of bread, or decaying fruit, in damp, ill-ventilated places.

The leaf and chaff of the cereals are subject to a disease called *rust*, red-rag, or red-robin (*Uredo Rubigo*), from the rusty-red or yellowish patches which it forms. It is so exceedingly common, that it is a rare thing to find a corn-field entirely free from it. It occurs at all stages of growth of the plant affected, appearing on the leaves in spring sometimes in such immense quantities that the fields look quite yellow with it, and later in the season attacking the glumes and paleæ of the ear after the grain is formed. Though formidable-looking, red-rust is in reality the least alarming of the cereal blights. When developed early, and restricted to the leaves and stem, the arrival of a few bright sunshiny days, by drying up the moisture in which it luxuriates, soon dissipates the evil, and restores the sickly and drooping plants to their former vigour. If, however, it should occur at later stages of growth, and infest the essential parts of the ear, it is more injurious, especially if cold wet weather, with little sunshine or wind, should prevail at the time. Strange to say, it seems to be more virulent and dreaded on the Continent than it is with us, although we should imagine the fine sunny skies of the south to be more unfavourable to its growth than

our damp and variable climate. The late lamented Professor Henslow, who devoted great attention to the various blights of the wheat, and whose observations and experiments are therefore entitled to the utmost confidence, published, in the *Journal of the English Agricultural Society* for 1841, an able paper, in which he asserts that the diseases called rust and mildew, though popularly distinct, are in reality specifically identical. He discovered several intermediate forms linking them together, and proving their common origin; the two chambered club-shaped bodies, formerly supposed to be peculiar to the one, occurring in several well-marked transition forms in the other. He supposes the rust to be an earlier stage of growth of the mildew; while it is not improbable, that the more mature form may be only an imperfect or early condition of fungi, more complicated, and higher in the scale. The fact that they can multiply themselves indefinitely in an embryonic state, does not militate against such a view, as ferns and others of the higher cryptogamia can propagate themselves in their earliest stages. A careful study of flowerless plants teaches us that many species have a tendency to simulate the principal distinctive characters of others allied to them. This is especially the case in regard to the hypodermian fungi. Botanists have devoted considerable attention to this special department, and a number of elaborate monographs have appeared upon the subject. But as yet little has been done towards a satisfactory establishment of true and well-defined species. Very great difficulties stand in the way of such a desirable end. The organisms themselves are so very minute and obscure; a slightly different form occurs on almost every herbaceous plant; considerable changes of appearance and structure take place at the various stages of growth; and the groups that are most marked and peculiar are found actually to be closely united by the constant occurrence of intermediate forms. Some authors, regarding the task of arranging such a multitude of cognate forms under something deserving the name of species, as hopeless, have cut the Gordian knot by the simple and easy expedient of regarding every form as a species, and classifying individuals according to the names of the plants on which they are found, at least assigning a distinct species to each natural order. We have had too much of this loose and empirical mode of systematization of late. The temptation to travel along such a royal road in the study of the more difficult branches of botany, has been too great to be resisted by a large number. The consequence has been a vast accession to our already overloaded catalogues of species, not of divine, but of human creation. Stay-at-home botanists, precluded from the discovery of new plants, and having exhausted the comparatively narrow and

circumscribed field of British botany, could only find a sphere for their ingenuity in dividing and subdividing already existing species into varieties and sub-varieties, from the commencement nearly to the end of the Greek alphabet, arranging and rearranging them into new genera and orders, and furnishing them with new names, until systematic botany has become a formidable and repulsive hedge of thorns, through which few care to penetrate to the gardens of the Hesperides beyond. Against this absurd system of refining and hair-splitting, there has arisen of late years a strong and healthy reaction. Darwin has pushed it to an unjustifiable length, and drawn down upon himself, in consequence, the just censure of men of science as well as doctors of divinity; but in spite of the startling conclusions which he draws from his very modest premises, we are satisfied that he has done great and lasting service to the cause of science, by restraining within reasonable bounds the propensity to multiply and complicate species, which was fast becoming an intolerable nuisance.

Every farmer is acquainted with *Smut*, which is the most frequent form of blight in this country, and is found more or less in every field of corn, to which grain it principally confines itself. It is caused by the fungus called *Uredo segetum*, which attacks the flower, whose innermost parts it renders abortive, swelling the pedicels, or little stalks to which the florets are attached, far beyond their natural size. The whole of this fleshy mass is consumed by the growth of the parasite, which at length appears between the chaffy scales in the form of a black, soot-like powder. This musty mass is invested with a thin glistening skin, which is finally ruptured, allowing the dusty particles to be dispersed by the winds. It is needless to say, that the ears affected with this disease are entirely destroyed. Any one who sees them must be convinced of this; and yet there are not wanting persons, even in these enlightened times, who regard the appearance of a few such diseased ears among their corn-fields with complacency, imagining that somehow or other they are the harbingers of a good crop. There have been frequent coincidences of this kind, no doubt; but the connection between the two circumstances is as remote as between the oft-quoted Tenterden steeple and Goodwin sands. The fungus appears early in the season, from the moment that the ear of corn emerges from its hose or sheath. In some seasons immense quantities of it may be seen in corn-fields in June, almost every second stalk being covered with the ominous black head instead of the usual green ear. It ripens and scatters its seed long before the grain reaches maturity; and by the time of harvest, not a trace of its existence remains to remind the farmer of the

ravages it has produced. This disappearance of the fungus when the crop is reaped, especially if the harvest be good, is probably the true reason why the farmer is prepossessed in its favour. Were he better acquainted with its nature and habits, he would look upon each black head of corn with dread, as the advanced guard, the *avant-coureurs* of an immense army of destroyers, lying in ambush in the air and in the soil, and ready to take advantage of every favourable opportunity to dash his hopes to the ground.

A still more formidable and repulsive species of fungus occurs very frequently on the grains of wheat. Its botanical name is *Uredo foetida*, so called from its most disgusting odour, somewhat resembling that emitted by putrid fish, and so powerful that it can be readily distinguished in passing through a field where it prevails. To farmers it is too well known under the common names of bunt, smut-balls, or pepper-brand. It is exclusively restricted to the grain of wheat, which it attacks in its earliest formation, a fortnight or more before the ear emerges from the sheath. In such a place, its germs could not have been derived from the atmosphere, as the surrounding tissues are hermetically sealed. There is no other way of accounting for its presence than by the supposition that its seed enters the spongioles of the roots of the wheat when young, circulates in the plant, and is propelled through the tissues by the ascending sap until it finds a suitable place for vegetating in the interior of the grain. When it attacks the young ovum, all fecundation is destroyed by it, the parts of fructification are obliterated, with the exception of the stigmata, which remain unaltered to the last; and yet, notwithstanding this total degeneration of its interior substance, the grain continues to swell and to retain its original shape. The infected grains may be distinguished from the sound ones by their being generally larger, and of a darker green or brown colour, and also by their floating on the surface of water if immersed, while the sound ones sink to the bottom. They rarely burst of their own accord; but if opened, they are found to be filled completely, not with flour, but with a dark-coloured, fetid, dust-like charcoal. When the wheat is thrashed, many of the infected grains are crushed, and the seeds are dispersed in the form of an exceedingly impalpable powder, which adheres tenaciously to the sound grains by means of an oily or greasy matter contained in them. Bunted wheat has been ascertained by chemical analysis to contain an acrid oil, putrid gluten, charcoal, phosphoric acid, phosphate of ammonia, and magnesia, but no traces of starch, the essential ingredient in human food. When the black powder is accidentally mixed with the flour, it gives it an exceedingly disagreeable taste, and is probably injurious to health, though this has not been clearly determined.

On wet, stiff, clayey soils, imperfectly drained, and adjoining marshes and open ditches, an extraordinary disease, called ergot, occurs on wheat and rye, which has been attributed to various causes. It is an abortion of the grain, in which the enlarged and diseased ovary protrudes in a curved form resembling a cock's-spur; hence its name. It is black on the outside, of a spongy texture internally, and contains so large a proportion of oily inflammable matter, that it will burn like an almond when lighted at a candle. This curious excrescence is generally supposed to be the hybernating vegetative system or spawn of a fungus, which induces a diseased condition in the ovarian cells of the rye, and afterwards develops in favourable circumstances an elegant little club-shaped sphæria, called *Cordylicept purpurea*. In certain places it is extremely common on rye, and it is more so than has been suspected on wheat. It also occurs on many grasses; indeed, it is almost impossible to examine a field or meadow in the east or west of England without speedily finding specimens. Ergot of grasses and ergot of cyperaceæ, however, do not belong to the same species as ergot of rye, according to Tulasne. As a powerful medicine, when employed in small doses in certain cases, it is an article of commercial importance, and is of great service; but when mixed with grain as food, and taken in large quantities, it is a narcotic poison, producing effects upon the animal frame truly dreadful. Professor Henslow, by way of experiment, gave it to various domestic animals, mixed with their food, when it was invariably found to produce sickness, gangrene, and inflammatory action so intense, that the flesh of the extremities actually sloughed away. It is not, therefore, unlikely to have been the unsuspected source of several strange morbid disorders which have prevailed from time to time among the poor in those places where rye is the staple grain, and which have proved so perplexing to the physician. Professor Henslow published a series of remarkable extracts from the parish register of Wattisham, in Suffolk, in the year 1762, recording the sufferings of several persons from an unusual kind of mortification of the limbs, which was produced, in all likelihood, by the use of spurred rye as food. In some districts in France, gangrenous epidemics, accompanied by the most dreadful symptoms, used to be very prevalent in certain seasons; but owing to the pains taken to prevent ergot being sent to the mill and ground up with the flour, they are now almost unknown. Sheep and cattle allowed to browse in meadows where ergot exists, not unfrequently slip their young, and become violently ill; and pigs, running about certain lanes and hedgerows where the fungus often lurks in the shaded grasses, become diseased. Some places are so notorious for the casualties of this kind connected with

them, whose cause is not suspected, that owners of animals are afraid to allow them to be at large. The necessity of carefully picking it out wherever it is perceived in samples of wheat, cannot be too strongly or frequently impressed upon the farmer; and wherever gangrenous diseases or uterine derangements prevail, search should be made for it in the neighbourhood, with a view to prevention. This curious disease, upon which more has been written by medical and botanical authors than upon almost any other vegetable production, affords one of the most extraordinary examples within the whole range of physiology, of a natural chemical transmutation; the nutritious grain being metamorphosed, by the agency of a fungus, into a hard horny substance, endowed with properties the very reverse of its original wholesomeness, and ministering suffering and death instead of life and strength to those who partake of it.

Such are what may be called the chronic diseases of the grain crops of Britain, produced by different species of *Uredo*, appearing every season in our fields, and accompanying corn and wheat all over the world to the virgin soils of Australia, New Zealand, and America, though seldom spreading to any great extent or inflicting serious damage at the present day. We have now to deal with a different class of fungi, the *Mucedines*, connected with the disease of our green crops, and generally requiring certain conditions of degeneracy or decay before they make their appearance. They belong to different genera and species, but may be characterized in general terms as consisting of miniature webs formed of a series of white silky threads radiating from a common centre, the original germ, and gradually enlarging in the same concentric manner, throwing up from various parts of their surface little jointed stalks covered with dust-like seed. One of the most remarkable epidemics connected with these fungi is the potato disease, so familiar to every one. This root, superior to all other esculents in quality and productiveness, was for many years considered to be the most certain of all crops, and regarded as the palladium against those frightful famines which in former times so often devastated the land. To plant and to secure a crop was long an invariable cause and consequence. The tubers would bear almost any amount of rough treatment, and could adapt themselves readily to almost any soil or mode of cultivation; as an old writer observes, 'they were more tenacious of life even than conch grass.' Although certain diseases, as curl, ulceration of the roots, etc., are known to have attacked some varieties in former times, yet these having been local and partial, never excited alarm for the safety of the general crop. But all at once, in the years 1845 and 1846, it was attacked with an epidemic, which spread over the greater part

of Europe, destroyed nearly the whole crop wherever it was cultivated, in every description of soil and in every kind of situation, and produced in those places where it formed the staple food of the people, all the horrors of famine. An attack on a crop so sudden and so universal, is without a parallel in the history of cultivated plants. It came like one of those terrible hurricanes which occasionally sweep over tropical regions, carrying death and destruction in their train, breaking up in many districts the social and agricultural systems that prevailed, and producing evils that have not yet entirely subsided. Nor was this disease a temporary scourge. It has returned every year since with more or less fatality, so that the potato has become one of the most troublesome and precarious of all our crops. The cause of this epidemic is still very much involved in mystery, for many of the phenomena accompanying it were very anomalous, if not contradictory. A thousand explanations, more or less plausible, have been offered by all sorts of individuals, scientific and practical; the air, the earth, and the waters, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, have by turns been blamed; and the subject has been so frequently discussed in newspapers, pamphlets, and social circles, that it has become thoroughly hackneyed. The theory, however, most generally adopted among the best authorities at present is, that an improper system of cultivation carried on for many generations has gradually induced changes in the cells of the plant, rendering it peculiarly liable to disease, while a parasitic fungus is present, accelerating the morbid action, and causing it to assume a peculiar form. That a predisposition to disease existed in the potato before the outbreak of the epidemic, is pretty generally admitted. We have every reason to believe that the plant has progressively deteriorated and become weakened in constitution ever since its introduction to this country. In proof of this we need only appeal to the experience and observation of every farmer for the last fifty years. During this period, the partial failure of sets when planted, the increased tendency of the tubers to decay in the pits, the exceeding rarity of blossoms and fruit, and the much smaller yield of the crop, are all indisputable evidences of the degenerate condition of the plant; the same symptoms having been observed in every country where it is cultivated, under every variety of conditions and circumstances, from the Arctic zone to the tropics, and from the sea-shore to the mountain plateau. This inherent weakness is the accumulative result of several adverse influences operating through successive generations. One cause is especially notorious. It is a law of nature that no plant can be propagated indefinitely by any other agency than that of seed. Plants can be reproduced to an incalculable

extent by cuttings; but ultimately the power to reproduce in this manner becomes exhausted. The perennial plant puts forth phyton after phyton, but the seed is necessary to its perpetuation. 'Numerous lower animals are also reproduced to a vast extent by segmentation or allied processes, but ultimately a recurrence to sexual admixture becomes necessary for the perpetuation of the species.' Now, the tubers of the potato are merely underground stems, wisely provided by nature as a supplementary mode of reproduction to ensure the propagation of the plant, if unfavourable circumstances should prevent the development of the ordinary blossoms and apples. This mode will prove effective for a time, and it is one which, from the very nature of the case, will bear any kind of rough treatment; but recourse must be had in the end to the more natural and primary method, to save the plant from degenerating and becoming extinct. We have been trying, on the contrary (as it has been well put by one author on the subject), with a marvellous perversity, to make individual varieties cultivated in this abnormal manner live for ever, while nature intended them to live only for a time, and then from parents feeble and old we have vainly expected offspring hardy and strong. By these mal-practices we have gradually reduced the constitution of successive generations and varieties of the potato, and at the same time gradually increased the activity and power of those morbid agencies provided by nature for ridding the earth of feeble and degenerate organisms, and admonishing and punishing those who violate her immutable laws.

The parasitic fungus, attending and accelerating the epidemic of 1845 and 1846, is the *Botrytis infestans*, consisting of a number of interwoven cottony threads or filaments, producing upright branched stalks bearing the seeds in oval cases. It first attacks the leaves, entering by the stomata or breathing pores, and covering them with brown blotches, as if they had been burnt by the action of sulphuric or nitric acid, and running its course in a few hours; so that the period for examination of the leaves is often passed over. It speedily spreads from the leaves to the tubers, penetrating them with its spawn, and completely destroying them. The decay of the tubers, however, is often caused, not by the presence of the parasite in them, but by its action on the leaves preventing the elaboration of sap, and obstructing the admission of air and transpired fluids, until by this means the stem is overcharged with moisture and ultimately rots; thus depriving the half-ripe tubers of the necessary nutriment. The potato-botrytis belongs to a large genus of very destructive fungi, affecting most of our vegetables and fruits; but as a species it is a comparatively recent introduction. Facts derived from numerous sources lead to the conclusion that it

did not exist in this country previous to the autumn of 1844. All the naturalists who examined it then declared it to be quite new to them. It is considered by the most eminent botanists to be of American origin, peculiar to the potato, and accompanying it wherever it grows wild in its native country, as the smut accompanies the corn in this. From South America it was first brought to St Helena by the north-east trade winds, which bring from the same continent those singular red dust clouds, which the microscope of Ehrenberg found to be composed of vegetable organisms, and which have served in an extraordinary manner as tallies upon the viewless winds, indicating with the utmost certainty the course of their currents, however complex. St Helena lies in the same latitude with Peru, and is nearer the native habitat of the potato than any other country in which the disease has been subsequently experienced. In this island, finding the conditions of moisture and temperature favourable to its development, it increased with amazing rapidity, loading the air with myriads of its impalpable seeds. Thence it seems to have been carried by the winds to Madeira and North America; and so has progressed from country to country, gaining new accessions of strength and numbers from every field, speedily making its dread presence known wherever it alighted. It reached England in the autumn of 1844, and seems at first to have been confined exclusively to the south-western districts. From Kent it travelled west and north, halting midway in the south of Scotland; so that the crops in the Highlands were that year free from the pest. The whole of Ireland was devastated, and the fearful consequences of the visit of the epidemic to that unhappy country are yet fresh in the recollection of all: the hundreds of thousands reduced to the most abject poverty, dying of starvation in their houses and by the waysides; and the hundreds of thousands more compelled to emigrate, in order to obtain the simple necessities of life. In 1846, it proceeded throughout the north of Scotland, where its effects in certain districts were scarcely less disastrous; thence on to the Shetland and Faroe islands, and to northern latitudes, as far as the limits of the cultivation of the potato in that direction extended. On the Continent, it has been observed to progress in a similar manner; its geographical limits, as well as its intensity, becoming more extended and marked with each succeeding year. It is extremely interesting to trace the distribution of the epidemic from its original source in the mountains of South America, to the various European countries over which it passed, as it affords a clear and convincing proof of its vegetable nature; this distribution, as we have seen, being gradual and progressive, not capricious

and accidental, but spreading from place to place in obedience to certain well-known laws of climate, proximity and currents of air—exactly in the manner in which we should have anticipated. Why the fungus should have been introduced in 1845 and not in previous years, and why it should then all at once have acquired such fearful power, we cannot positively tell,—no more than we can tell why the memorable plague of London, or those deadly pestilences which swept over Europe, decimating the inhabitants, should have sprung up so suddenly and unexpectedly as they did. All the circumstantial predisposing causes are unknown; but it may be safely asserted, that the potato in 1845—deteriorated for generations, as we have seen it to be—had passed that limit of endurance which sooner or later will occur in the constitution of every plant cultivated in the same abnormal manner, so that it possessed no strength to resist the attack of the fungi which came in such immense numbers, armed with such formidable powers of destruction, and peculiarly favoured by the great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electrical vicissitudes which then prevailed. All the oldest varieties, worn out and enfeebled, perished at once, and they are now extirpated,—a red Irish potato, once the sole variety cultivated, being now one of the greatest rarities; while the newer kinds raised from seed have been able to struggle on ever since, offering some show of resistance to the enemy, though every year threatening to succumb, and leave us altogether without this valuable article of food, unless we arrest the calamity by a timely rearing of new plants from seed, obtained, not from any varieties existing in this country—which would infallibly inherit their parents' weakness of constitution and predisposition to disease—but fresh from the genuinely wild potato on the South American hills. This is the only effectual and lasting cure. It is to be feared, however,—as such a method will necessarily involve considerable sacrifices, and the exercise of patience for some years, till the wild potato has reached a remunerative size, and acquired a palatable taste,—that it will not be generally adopted, at least until matters are much worse than they are at present.

We have said that the genus *Botrytis*, to which the potato parasite belongs, contains several species which are exceedingly destructive in this country. They are the most common and abundant of all fungi. For ages they have met the eye in innumerable fields and gardens. Onions, cabbages, turnips, beet-root, peas, gourds, spinach, almost all the green crops we raise, often suffer severely from this blight. In seasons favourable for their development, they spread like wildfire and destroy everything before them. Various species of *Erysiphe* prove

very destructive to fruit and forest trees, clothing their leaves with a flocculent cottony tissue. The peach is frequently hopelessly injured by this cause. Other kinds of fungi grow on the roots of apple and pear trees, producing premature decay. One fungus, *Rhytisma acerinum*, must be familiar to the most careless and unobservant eye, as occurring on the maple tree, causing those black unsightly blotches with which the leaves are covered. It is the most abundant and pertinacious of all fungi, confining itself entirely to the maple, and attacking every tree and every leaf with the utmost impartiality. Vegetable epidemics in the shape of black mildews, caused by species of *antennaria* and allied genera, are now and then fearfully fatal to the coffee plantations of Ceylon, the orange groves of St Michael, the olive woods in the south of Europe, and the mulberry trees of Syria and China. The leaves of these different trees—upon the produce of which, the welfare and industry of whole provinces depend—are clothed literally with sackcloth and ashes. Myriads of dark-coloured, felt-like patches, sprinkled with dust, close up the breathing pores, prevent the free admission of air and the stimulating effect of direct sunlight, and thus dwarf and destroy the trees, causing annually the loss of many thousands of pounds. A peculiar species of *oidium* renders the cultivation of the hop exceedingly precarious. It luxuriates on the leaves and shoots of the bine, favoured by the dampness and stagnation of the air, caused by the close overshadowing poles, and by the peculiar mode in which the hop is propagated,—viz., by division of the roots and branches, having a tendency to weaken its constitution. It is worthy of remark, as showing either the capriciousness of fungi, or the differences actually existing in the nature and habits of species closely allied, that, while the potato was universally destroyed in Kent in 1844, the hop gardens in the immediate neighbourhood, exposed to the same atmospheric influences, were never so flourishing and remunerative. On the Continent, a very remarkable fungoid epidemic occasionally occurs, caused by a kind of mould, called *Lanosa nivalis*, from its singular habitat, and the woolly, flocculent appearance which it presents. It is developed beneath the snow on grass and corn-blades, appearing in white patches a foot or more in diameter, tinging the snow with a reddish hue, arising from the seeds of the fungus, which are of this colour. Wherever it has run its course, it leaves a completely grey and withered plot behind. ‘When snows have come on without previous frosts, it has been known to destroy whole crops, particularly of barley and rye. In places where it prevails extensively, the farmers plough up the frozen surface, so complete and hopeless is the mischief effected on the young plants.

Happily for us, it has not yet reached Britain; but that it will not, no one can predict, for all fungal diseases are very alarming, and all past experience of them warns us that they may appear when least expected, especially in a climate where the seasons vary so much as they do in ours.'

Shortly after the potato disease broke out in this country, the alarm excited by it was paralleled in the vine-growing countries of Europe, by the sudden spread of an equally destructive plague affecting the grape. The fungus, *Oidium Tuckeri*, concerned in this epidemic, made its first appearance, or rather was first observed, in the hothouses of Mr Slater of Margate by his very intelligent gardener, Edward Tucker, after whom, in consequence, it received its specific name. It seems to have been previously unknown to botanists. Its origin is very obscure. It is not a new creation, but probably a modification of an old and familiar fungus, some member of the vast group of the mucedines or mould family, whose forms are so protean and so closely allied, that we might believe in their transmutation, without being accused of Darwinian leanings. This new form found peculiar conditions at the time favourable for its development, which never occurred at any previous period. We know not whether the germs of the fungus spread from those produced in the hothouses of Margate, or whether similar conditions elsewhere existing originated it without any connection existing between the places; but certain it is, that an immense profusion of the same fungus appeared almost simultaneously throughout the vineries in this country. Two years afterwards, the seeds borne across the Channel by winds reached France, where for a time their ravages were limited to the forcing-houses and trellised vines of Versailles, and other private establishments in the neighbourhood of Paris. But in 1851 it unhappily reached the open vineyards in the south and south-east of France, where it destroyed nearly the whole of the crops, rendering them unfit for food, and wine manufactured from the partially decayed grapes undrinkable. It speedily spread from province to province with increased virulence, ravaging the vineyards formerly spared. The snow-clad Pyrenees offered no effectual barrier to its progress, but with resistless speed it forced its way into the finest provinces of Spain, where so deplorably were the vineyards blighted by it, that in many places they were abandoned in despair. It crossed the Mediterranean to Algeria, extended its flight to the terraced vine-clad slopes of Lebanon, ruined the currants of the Greek Islands and the raisins of Malaga, and destroyed so utterly the far-famed vintage of Madeira, that this wine is numbered among the things that were. Everywhere the ravages of this pest were regarded as a national calamity.

Thousands of labourers were thrown out of employment ; vineyards were silent and forsaken that formerly resounded with the merry laugh and the cheerful song ; bare poles were seen on the sunny hill-sides, or else covered with unsightly masses of decaying foliage, where formerly the fragrant vine wreathed its graceful verdure, and offered its tempting and beautiful clusters of fruit. The simple and scanty meal of the workman was deprived of what used to give it relish ; and the distress in many places was awful. After raging for a number of years with similar if not increased violence, it subsided, like the potato disease, to a certain extent,—whether owing to the remedies applied proving successful, or the conditions for its development proving unfavourable, it is impossible to say. Some places now enjoy complete immunity from it ; and in other places the cultivation of the vine, formerly abandoned, is resumed with vigour, and with every prospect of success. A large per-centage of the crop is, however, season after season, still lost from this cause ; and probably the disease is now so completely established, that it is vain to hope for its speedy disappearance.

The fungus which causes the vine epidemic is very minute, covering the affected grape like a white cobweb. From its radiating filaments several jointed stalks rise vertically like the pile of velvet, the upper joints swelling, assuming an egg-shape, and giving birth to the reproductive spores. It makes its appearance first as a minute speck on the grape when about the size of a pea. It speedily enlarges and covers the entire surface of the berry, investing it with a network of interlacing fibres, exhausting its superficial juices, and crushing it within its embrace. So richly is it furnished with the means of propagation, that a succession of seeds is developed by the same filament, and three or four ripen and are dispersed at the same moment ; while, so loosely are they attached to their receptacles, that the smallest breath of air or the least brush of an insect's wing carries them off to other grapes, to infect these with a similar blight.

We may remark here by way of parenthesis, that fungi have a special and inordinate predilection for the produce of the vine in all the stages of its history and manufacture. One species, as we have seen, luxuriates on the grape ; another is concerned in the process of fermentation, which consists in the development of the seeds of the yeast, and the consequent resolution of the grape juice into an alcoholic product ; a third frequents, like a Bacchic gnome or convivial Guy Fawkes, the vaults where wine is stored up, forming a most remarkable and picturesque feature in that vast temple of Silenus—the London Docks—hanging down in immense festoons from the roof of the crypt,

swaying and wavering with the least motion of the air, like dingy cobwebs. This strange and softly comfortable form of vegetable stalactite grows in no other vaults than those devoted to wine. Private cellars are not unfrequently drained dry by a host of thirsty vegetable toppers in the shape of huge fleshy fungi, developed by the moist, dark atmosphere of the place, and the rich pabulum of saccharine food which they find there. The bottle of port brought up to table, whose venerable appearance the host eyes affectionately, and the guest with eager expectation, sometimes affords a melancholy illustration of the vanity of earthly hopes. A cunning fungus has been beforehand with them; and like the famous rat, whose inventive powers were quickened by necessity, which drew up the liquid contained in a bottle by dipping its tail into it, the vegetable, equally sagacious, develops itself first on the cork, and having penetrated it with its spawn, sends down long root-like appendages into the liquor, exhausting it of its rich aroma, and rendering it a mere *caput mortuum*. Nor is the wine left unmolested, even when it has been drawn into the decanter; a meddling fungus still follows it, and renders it sometimes mothery, the cloudy filamentous dregs left at the bottom indicating its presence. In short, in some shape or other, this fungoid vegetation perseveringly accompanies the fruit of the vine in all its changes and transitions from the German hills to the British dining-room; and, like an ill-odoured exciseman, levies a tax upon it for the benefit of its own constitution. In this respect, these bibulous fungi may be regarded as practical executors of the Maine Liquor Law, and may be ranked among the most efficient allies of teetotalism in that species of crusading or guerilla warfare in which it is so actively and praiseworthily engaged against one of the greatest social evils of the day!

After this detailed description of the specific fungi connected with the more remarkable kinds of vegetable epidemics, a few words regarding their mode of dispersion may not be uninteresting. It is a well-known physiological axiom, that the simpler and smaller an organism, the more bountifully is it furnished with the means of propagating itself. Exposed to numerous contingencies, to extremes of temperature, to excessive drought alternated by excessive moisture, failure of reproduction by one method must be compensated by the development of another, which shall answer the purpose in view even in the most unfavourable circumstances. Accordingly, plants of the class we are reviewing are provided with two, three, and in some cases even with four modifications of reproductive power, all equally effectual, though not all developed at one and the same time. They may multiply themselves by means of the spawn or mycelium,

by self-division or lamination, which may be regarded as a species of germination or budding, or they may be propagated by seeds or their equivalents, produced in special receptacles. Every cell or tissue may contain its germs, and each germ spring up into new forms equally fitted for propagation in the space of a few hours; nay, some may pass through the course of their existence in a few minutes, and give birth to thousands even while under the field of the microscope. In truth, the common reproductive bodies called spores or seeds do not directly propagate the fungus. They germinate, however, at definite points, and after a time produce threads or filaments which throw out secondary and even tertiary spores, which are the true organs of reproduction, and whose minute size and greater profusion render them more serviceable in the economy of the plant. The number of germs or other reproductive bodies which parasitic fungi produce is incalculable, almost infinite. It has been ascertained that one grain of the black matter which fills up the ear of corn in smut contains upwards of four millions of spores or seed-vessels, which are again filled with sporules or seeds so infinitesimally minute and impalpable, that no definite forms can be distinguished by the highest powers of the microscope. When a seed-vessel is ruptured, they are seen to escape in the form of an airy cloud, filmy as the most delicate gossamer; and on a fine summer day, a keen-sighted observer may behold them rising from diseased heads of growing grain into the air by evaporation, like an ethereal smoke, dispersing in innumerable ways, by the attraction of the sun, by insects, by currents of wind, by electricity, or by adhesion. One acre of mildewed wheat will produce seeds sufficient to inoculate the whole of the wheat of the United Kingdom. The atmosphere is freighted to an inconceivable extent with such germs, quick with life and ready to alight and spring up, so that the pores of our vegetables can scarcely ever perform their functions of inhalation without taking in one or more of these seeds, which can penetrate through the finest apertures. We have found a few at the point of every grain of wheat we examined with the microscope, taken from the finest and cleanest samples. There they remain dormant and concealed, till suitable conditions call them forth to life and energy. So tenacious are they of vitality, that neither summer's heat nor winter's frost can destroy them; and they are capable of germinating after the longest periods of hybernation. Furnished with such powers of endurance and dispersion as these, it is a fortunate circumstance that they require peculiar atmospheric and other conditions for their growth; and when these are absent, they will not develop themselves or spread, otherwise the whole world would be speedily overrun with them, and 'the fig-tree

would not blossom, and there would be no fruit in the vines, the labour of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat.'

The most important question connected with this subject which suggests itself to the agricultural mind, is, what remedies may be successfully applied to check the ravages of these destructive diseases? Sometimes they are prevented from spreading by the operation of natural causes, we devoutly believe, under the gracious control of the Great Author of nature, who ever mingles mercy with judgment. After a long continuation of ungenial weather, under the baneful influence of which these destructive fungi spring up and carry on their blighting work, suddenly there come a few days of clear warm sunshine, and immediately the healthful play of nature's energies is restored; all morbid agencies shrink like the shades of night before the beams of the sun, and the face of the earth is clothed once more with smiling verdure. The diseases that appeared so suddenly and mysteriously, depart in the same manner, and leave apparently no traces of their presence behind. Sometimes, however, these fungi are allowed to inflict incalculable damage, and man is left to himself to find out as best he may how to confine their ravages within the smallest possible compass. For ages, ignorance gave them all sorts of grotesque designations, without the remotest conception of their true character and properties. The antidotes employed in such circumstances were necessarily conjectural; and even when the proper remedies were applied, the reason of their beneficial influence was unknown. In many parts of our rural districts, notwithstanding the vast advancement of agriculture, and the application to it of the discoveries of science, a lamentable amount of ignorance regarding these diseases still prevails. The crops are smutted; the hay is mildewed; and there is an end of the matter. It is enough for the farmers to know that the plants are mouldy, and cannot be helped. Of course, an intelligent systematic course of remedies must be based upon a thorough acquaintance with the causes of the various diseases, the structure and peculiarities of the parasites concerned in them. It may be that we have not yet attained to a sufficient knowledge of these fundamental facts, notwithstanding our extensive experiments and observations; but certain it is, that the remedies proposed, and in many places carried out, are exceedingly varied in their nature and effects, being as often unsuccessful as the reverse. In all cases, however, the peculiar habits of fungi suggest to the farmer the necessity of properly cleaning his seed, washing it in an alkaline ley so as to remove the oily germs of parasites adhering to the grains; thoroughly draining and tritulating the soil, so as to expose it most effectually

to the beneficial effects of sunshine and rain ; opening up confined enclosures, where the air is apt to stagnate and the shade to become too dense, to free ventilation and light ; sowing and planting early varieties, so that they may arrive at maturity before the autumnal fogs extensively prevail, and the avoidance of manuring immediately before setting the seed. These precautions will, in most cases, very perceptibly diminish the loss occasioned by the ravages of parasitic fungi. Improved domestic habits in town and rural populations are well known to have had a powerful effect in extirpating or checking the epidemics which formerly prevailed in this country ; and in the same way, a better system of cultivation will arrest the plagues which affect our corn-fields.

There is one moral lesson, among many others, strongly suggested by the consideration of vegetable epidemics. They remind us, by the ravages which they are permitted to inflict, at once of the dangers and risks to which our crops are exposed ; and by the narrow limits within which these ravages are usually confined, of the stability of the covenant-promise, that seed-time and harvest should never cease, so that thus our hopes are mingled with fears, and even in the matter of our daily bread we must walk by faith and not by sight. They show us, as has been elsewhere said, ‘how precarious is the independence of the most independent. As we approach the season of harvest, we are within a month or two of absolute starvation. Were the rust, or the mildew, or the smut to blight our fields ; were each seed of the many millions which each of these parasites disseminates, to germinate and become fertile on the grains on which it alighted, the scourge would be more terrible than the bloodiest and most devastating war ; the rich and the poor, the nobleman and the beggar, the Queen and her subjects, would alike be swept into a common ruin. Not all the vast revenues and resources of England would avail to avert the terrible consequences. All the other riches in the world, failing the riches of our golden harvest-fields, were as worthless as the false notes of the forger. But the covenant promise made to Noah, sealed with the bright signet ring of heaven, the ‘bow in the clouds,’ endures from age to age and from season to season, in all its integrity, even in the most unpropitious circumstances ; and that kind and watchful Providence which supplies the large family of mankind with its daily bread, arrests the development and dispersion of the vegetable blights, and leaves us, even in the worst seasons, a reasonable supply of the staff of life, thus presenting a sublime fact upon which faith, which is better than independence, can rest in peace.’

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6. *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By J. C. PRITCHARD, etc. Third Edition. London, 1844.
7. *Descriptive Ethnology.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., M.D., etc. London, 1859.

THE Hill Tribes of India are as numerous almost as its mountain peaks. That their number, then, must be legion, the reader may satisfy himself by a glance at any good map of our possessions in the East and the countries adjoining. Starting from Cape Comorin, a great mountain range, running northwards, flanks the whole west of the Deccan—the Western Ghauts,—whose ramifications, again, under various names, spread through Central India in all directions to the valley of the Ganges, bending round the north-east of Sumbulpoor and Orissa, and, by faint shadings, coastwise, connecting themselves with the Ghauts of Coromandel. The Aravalli Mountains form a smurch on the map, running in a north-easterly direction from Serohee to Delhi; whence the eye passes at once to the wonderful Himalayas, which, running in a south-easterly direction till over Oude, and then direct east to Assam, overshadow all India. The north-west corner of the map is one vast expanse of mountain land, of which the imagination fails to form any just conception. Here the prolongation northwards of the Himalayas is of great breadth, hugging on three sides the Punjaub, and dropping down multitudinous ridges upon Afghanistan—some into Beloochistan even. Throw out of view the hills above Thibet, and let the eye now rest on our

north-eastern frontier. Round Assam, the map again suddenly darkens with strangely convoluted lines, signifying mountain ridges—here faint, there deep, everywhere striking in curvature, and reminding one of the forms of *nebulæ*. This range, running parallel for some way to the Brahmapootra from its great bend to the south-west, at last proceeds southwards with a slight easterly tendency right away down to Cape Negrais. And almost every name on the map along the great lines of mountains we have indicated, stands for a tribe, or group of tribes, distinguished from its neighbours by marked characteristics.

Most of these tribes have been more or less fully described by Latham and Pritchard, from the reports upon them of British military officers or political agents. To the ethnologist and philologist they are objects of supreme interest, as they are also to the social philosopher and historian. They help to illustrate at once the divisions, the movements, and the progress of mankind. Hills everywhere are the preserves of primitive civilisation, as they are the records of early geological conditions. And in the hills of India we may now approximate to an acquaintance with all the populations that ever occupied the Indian plains—its aborigines, if any race may be held especially entitled to the name—and all the races that in early times successively overran the land as conquerors. From Malay, China, Thibet, Persia—from outside of India in all directions—have the hills also drawn the component elements of their heterogeneous population. Nay, there is reason to think that even the remote natives of Africa have their congeners in these mountains.

It must not be imagined that we propose to ourselves anything so unsuited to the limits of a review as to attempt a survey of *the* hill tribes of India. We mean to deal with a single group, regarding which information is recent and reliable. We allude to that occupying North Cachar and the hills round Munnipore, on our north-eastern frontier. The area occupied is small, not much over 10,000 square miles. Yet within this, with a scanty population, there are at least twenty tribes, or parts of tribes, distinct and separate, distinguished from one another by language, manners, and customs. Their hills are the Burrail, a ramification of the great mountain chain which we have noticed as running down from Assam to Cape Negrais; and our chief sources of information are the works of Pemberton, Stewart, and M'Culloch, which we have prefixed to our article, and of which, at starting, some account may be given.

The chief object of Pemberton's work, published in 1835, was to inform Government regarding the most convenient military

routes on the frontier. It deals largely with distances, the physical features and climatic conditions of the country; at the same time, it shows a mind alive to the impressions which the strange forms of human society in the district were calculated to produce. Much of the information, however, refers to a condition of things among the tribes which has to a considerable extent been changed. Stewart and M'Culloch are more modern authorities. The condensed Notes by the former, on Northern Cachar, occupy over 120 pages of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (1855); and his account of the Nagas and Kookies is particularly able, ample, and interesting. To the Notes is appended a comparative vocabulary of the hill languages—good, but embracing only seven of them. M'Culloch's account, published by Government in 1859, is also very able—the fullest of the three of details of native customs, and of special value to the philologist, from its containing in an appendix a full comparative vocabulary of no less than eighteen of the languages spoken in these hills. Stewart's work, we may mention, is posterior to the last edition of Pritchard; as is M'Culloch's to Dr Latham's *Descriptive Ethnology*. And though Latham has made free use of Stewart's Notes, in that part of his work treating of the Kookies, he has far from exhausted the information they supply. Of the tribes to the north of Munnipore, Latham confesses ignorance. This gap in the group is now supplied. When Pritchard wrote, information was most imperfect and unreliable. With these preliminary observations, we proceed to business.

The tribes which we are to consider, live under very peculiar physical conditions. North Cachar, in which there are six different tribes, has a population of only 30,000, and an area of not more than 3000 square miles, or less than many of our English counties. It lies wholly within the watershed of the Burhampooter, on its left bank, though removed from the stream towards the uplands. Considerable rivers bound it on the north, east, and west, and on the south it is separated from Cachar proper by the Burrail. It is chiefly mountainous, covered with a dense forest and bamboo jungle, and intersected by numerous streams. The shortest route to North Cachar from the plains of Cachar proper is by a village called Oodhaurbund, and by a road which boldly, and without zigzagging, runs over the hills at the foot of the Burrail, and then up the face of the great mountain itself. 'The moment,' says Stewart, 'that the traveller has left Oodhaurbund he finds himself walking between two high walls of jungle which it is impossible for the eye to pierce.' This jungle, in the lower range, is composed of a small species of bamboo, the stalks growing exceedingly close to one

another; higher up, the first striking change is that of a larger bamboo, which takes the place of the smaller kind, and grows in clumps instead of singly. Interspersed with these are gigantic bamboos, growing to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and measuring eight to ten inches in diameter at their base. When half-way up the Burrail range, bamboos of all kinds give place to a timber forest. . . . So thick is this forest, that at no place but one, on the whole line of road up the face of the hill, are the plains of Cachar visible. . . . Upon accomplishing the descent on the northern side of the range, which is marked by the same changes of vegetation as on the south, North Cachar may fairly be said to have been reached.' The Burrail, here, is about 4000 feet high. Another way of entering North Cachar is not less uninviting—miles of it lying across great morasses of thick alluvial mud, on which footing is obtained by means of what are called paddy-bridges—a series of bamboos lashed two and two in the form of a cross, and planted on the mud. If the roads in either case were good, the communication with the plains might be easy, notwithstanding the climbing on hills and jumping in morasses. But they are mere paths in the jungle, impassable except on foot. Ponies and palanquins are alike out of the question. If one must be carried, it can only be sitting tailor-fashion on a narrow litter of bamboos, and borne by coolies at the rate of two miles an hour. The traveller cannot rest except at encamping places cut in the jungle. Once he leaves a station, he must hurry on to the next or return, if he wishes repose. Arrived in North Cachar, matters are nowise improved. It is still interminable jungle threaded by uncomfortable foot-passages. Viewed from the high ground—the height of the bamboos being uniform—the surface of the country seems smooth as a lawn,—a high tree here and there towering over the bamboos and helping the illusion. But on descending from the height, instead of a grass park, it is the old story—'a road wedged in between two walls of bamboos thirty feet high; the traveller 'stumbling at every step, owing to the irregularity of the ground.' In short, the whole country is a great tree jungle; in Tooleram's country, which is included in North Cachar, only 14 square miles out of 1800 are under cultivation. The patches on which the tribes have temporarily established their villages, and on which they have felled and burned the trees for agricultural purposes, are the only spaces free from the forest. To complete the picture. The Burrail has enormous peaks high above its average level, and close up to whose summits vegetation extends. The summits are usually cloud-capped, and through the gorges of the range a southerly wind generally blows over North Cachar. In the lower country

dense fogs and mists are common, and there is a general dampness. The rankness of the vegetation, and the malaria from decaying vegetable matter, are pregnant with disease. Epidemics of all sorts prevail in Tooleram's country, which Stewart fancies must be the most insalubrious place in the whole world. The jungle throughout swarms with game and beasts of prey. Apes, elephants, wild buffaloes, tigers, bears, leopards, and hyenas, etc., abound, and there are snakes in infinite variety. The Valley of Munnipore lies to the east of Cachar proper, and south of the Burrail; several rivers run through it, and much of it is at all seasons covered with water. It is thought that it formed at one time a large lake, of which, to the south, there remains an unfilled, but rapidly filling, remnant. Of the hills round Munnipore—respecting about twenty tribes on which we have information—the physical features have not been made, by any of our authors, the subject of special description. But from the habits of the tribes, and their modes of cultivation, it may be inferred that they are all, except those on the north-east, covered with jungle, grass or reed, like that in North Cachar. The hills themselves are very much higher than those in Cachar; on the confines of Munnipore, according to Pemberton, they rise to between 8000 or 9000 feet above the sea-level, their average height being between 5000 and 6000. Through the whole range prowl beasts of prey of almost every species.

The land is certainly not a land of milk and honey. One can hardly conceive men resorting to it at all, except in escaping from enemies, from the plains of India on the one hand, or Burmah or Thibet on the other. And, historically, it appears that the population of the hills has resulted from successive waves, from the north side, of fugitive Tartars impinging on this jungle world, and already divided, or at once splitting into small communities; and of similar waves, from the south and west sides, of the inhabitants of Chittagong and Tipperah, and of the plains of India, giving place to conquerors. The hill people would appear to be either purely Tartar, or Tartar dashed with Malay. On the other hand, while physiognomy points to a duality at most of races among them, many circumstances would seem to indicate a much greater variety. They differ so widely in manners and customs, that it is hard to reconcile their differences with the notion of anything like unity of race. 'I am not aware,' says Stewart, 'of any published account wherein an attempt has been made to establish the cause of the astounding fact, that at the present moment, in the small portion of the world comprised in the valleys of the Burhampooter and Soorma, together with a few adjacent

hills, there exist upwards of twenty distinct tribes, each speaking a language unintelligible to the other, and distinguished by manners and customs in which there is little in common; and yet it is plainly perceptible, from the cast of the countenance alone, marked as it is by the prominence of certain features, that most of these tribes have, at some time or other, been members of one and the same family. Some cause within a much more recent date, as mighty as that of Babel, must surely have produced such a superfluity of tongues and races.' As regards the variety of languages, this is a frank confession of astonishment by an able young officer, apparently ignorant when he wrote of the rapidity with which dialects grow, as instanced in the case of the tribes of Africa, America, and the Caucasian isthmus. We now know that, taking in a somewhat greater stretch of the mountain range of which he wrote, its languages must be counted by hundreds instead of tens, being as numerous almost as the village communities. Yet they can be shown to be all, or nearly all, modifications of one and the same original speech,—at least they have a family likeness pointing to their derivation from a common stock. Dr Max Muller, who refers to the Munniporee hill languages as affording a remarkable example of dialectic growth, classes together all of them with which he was acquainted; and a study of M'Culloch's vocabulary, which embraces several Muller appears not to have known, sets their affinity beyond doubt. Their affinity, lost in the diversities of sound, appears on their reduction to writing disclosing the common roots. Some of the differences are seen to be due to local preferences for particular vowel sounds, just as Aberdeen and Edinburgh Scotch differ chiefly through the former running more on the *e*, and the latter more on the *a*; others are seen to be due to the operation of the ordinary laws of phonetic decay, as exemplified in the variety of living Gaelic dialects in our own Highlands; while the principal are undoubtedly due to the causes through which the coinage of mongrel words goes on so rapidly among all savage tribes.

The multiplicity of tongues is far from singular. Hervas, Moffat, and Livingstone give their readers a lively sense of the multitudinousness of the languages spoken by savages, and the rapidity with which they change. Muller has brought together the leading facts on this subject, which demonstrate the tendency of language everywhere towards unbounded variety. Where neither oratory nor literature check the growth of dialects, language has a truly tropical luxuriance. Not only has every tribe its peculiar speech, but every family within it uses some words which are mere jargon to the neighbours. In Colchis, according to Pliny, there were of old more than 300

tribes speaking different dialects; and at the present day in Africa, and in America, among the Indians, dialects are endless, and perpetually changing. Missionaries, forming dictionaries of the languages of tribes among which they laboured, have found them quite useless within a few years of their completion. Where oratory is a popular art, as among the Bechuanas in Africa, it gives to speech a degree of fixity; but perfect fixity speech never admits, even in countries boasting a classic literature. Muller remarks that there are seventy modern Greek dialects, in spite of a written literature; and of Friesian dialects, according to Khol, there is an almost endless variety spoken within a small area on the north-western coast of Germany, between the Scheldt and Jutland, notwithstanding that for 800 years the people have used a written language.

Nor is it difficult to explain this rapid growth of dialects. Besides the changes which a language is constantly undergoing from causes connected with the temperament and other habits of the speakers, and which changes may be referred in general terms to *convenience*, there is a growth always in progress of new words, which become a new element in a dialect, and supersede and cause old elements to disappear from it. In small and isolated communities which have no written language, this growth is naturally very rapid, being unchecked for one thing, and favoured by the circumstances of the communities for another. No doubt, in all cases the causes of this growth are similar to those witnessed in their operation among African tribes by Moffat. He found language to some extent fixed and pure in tribes who met often in pichos, and had popular songs.¹ But in small isolated tribes, without oratory or minstrelsy, it was chameleon-like in the rapidity of its variations. And the cause was obvious. The elders of both sexes in such tribes (as in those which we are considering), capable of bearing burdens, frequently go on distant expeditions, leaving in the villages only the very aged and the very young, the mumbling and the lisping, who, left to themselves, come soon to understand one another through a language of their own—a host of mongrel words and phrases joined together without rule. Of this jargon the elders, on their return, are obliged to adopt a part; and the result of this is, after a time, a complete change in the language of the tribe—a change often effected within a single generation. This process, indeed, is one continually going on even in advanced communities. How quickly do pairs of lovers—in a

¹ Among the Koupooes and Kockies there are popular songs, but in dialects different from those spoken by the tribes. Sometimes the songs which are sung are not understood. This is a good illustration of the inefficacy of this sort of check on the growth of language.

scientific view, small isolated societies—invent for themselves each their own peculiar language of affection? The little words which commence growing in the period of courtship become still more numerous on the formation of family. Every one knows how such words are coined and pass current within the sacred limits of home; they are the products of accident—adopted babblings of infancy—baby failures at articulation. Nor is it difficult to conceive how, were a family to be isolated from its neighbours, its members might after a time, through the accumulation of such words and spontaneous modifications of others, come to speak a language intelligible only to themselves. To pass from the family to the tribe is to see the same causes operating in a larger sphere; though not with less intensity, yet with less rapidity, because of the greater space over which each novelty must be diffused before getting a place in the language, and because, in what may be called ‘the struggle for existence’ among the novelties, many must fail to obtain general adoption. But, though the multiplicity of dialects does not surprise us, we cannot help feeling astonishment, with Lieutenant Stewart, at the variety of manners and customs. Certainly we know no other area so small presenting anything like such a variety; and, indeed, the whole known world of Herodotus did not present a much greater. One would think these hills were a converging point for the peculiarities of all nations, were it not that so many of the customs are purely local—having analogues elsewhere, but nowhere exact counterparts.

The six tribes in North Cachar are reduced by Stewart to four distinct nations—the Cacharees, Meekirs, Nagas, and Kookies. Of these the first and second are, each, divided into two distinct clans—the Hazai or Plain Cacharees, the Purbutia or Hill Cacharees; the Hill and the Plain Meekirs. The greater portion of the Hazai live in Tooleram’s country, in the west and north of which live also the Plain Meekirs: the hill clans of both nations inhabit the hills adjoining their kinsmen on the plains. Of the Nagas, there are about a dozen different tribes; in fact, all the hill people are known as Nagas by the natives of the Indian plains. One tribe only, the Aroong Nagas, live in North Cachar, numbering about 7500 souls, and living in permanent villages, to which they are much attached, built on the tops of hills and crests of ridges running out from the Burrail at much higher levels than those occupied by any other of the inhabitants of the country. The Kookies, again, are divided into two distinct sects, the Old and the New Kookies; and each sect is divided into a number of clans. They live partly in North Cachar, but their territory extends from Cachar eastwards to the valley of Munnipore, where they are known as

the Khongais. On the hills round Munnipore there are, omitting the Kookies, nineteen distinct tribes, with their subdivisions, regarding which we have information. The Koupooes inhabit the country in its whole breadth north-westwards from Munnipore to North Cachar, with the Kookies on their south and the Quoireng on their north. South and east of the Kookies, and directly south of Munnipore, are the Anal-Namfau, to the north-east of whom are the Murring. North-east of the Murring live the Tangkool—due east of the valley, and having on *their* north the Loohoopas. On the Burrail, almost due north of Munnipore, live the Angamee, with the Mow, Muram, and Miyangkhang lying in between them and the head of the valley. The Angamee or Gnamei are Nagas, of whom we have said there are numerous tribes along the range of the Burrail. All the tribes just named acknowledge the supremacy of the Government of Munnipore. They were formerly much larger than they are now. M'Culloch says:—"Not further back than thirty years ago, some of them who are now represented by but one or two small villages, in positions far removed from their former ones, occupied large tracts; but though reduced in numbers, they retain all their particular customs, speak their separate languages, and are objects of much interest. Than the contrast between the comparatively tall and prominently-featured people of the western plains, and the diminutive in stature, low-nosed inhabitants of these hills, a greater could scarcely be conceived; and it is rendered more striking by the suddenness—one step from the plain—with which it is presented to view." A word of the Munniporees themselves, several of whose customs are remarkable. They have written records, but they do not go far back, and are unworthy of much credit. Of their origin we have two accounts, according to one of which they are descendants of a Tartar colony from China; while, according to the other, they are the descendants of the surrounding hill tribes. With the readiness with which the less always acknowledges the greater, almost every hill tribe claims to be the parent of the Munniporees—an honour which, from similarity of languages, Stewart assigns to the Kookies, and which, from identity of customs, M'Culloch assigns to the Nagas. He says:—"The stories of their ancestors, which at times they relate amongst themselves, show that up to a very recent period they retained all the customs of hill people of the present day. Their superstition, too, has preserved relics which alone would have led to the suspicion of an originally close connection between them and Nagas. The ceremony "Phumban Caba," or "ascending the throne," is performed in Naga dress both by the Rajah and the Ranee; and the "Yim Chan," or great house of the original Meithei chief, is

though he does not now reside in it, still kept up, and is made in the Naga fashion.' The Meithei, it may be mentioned, is the chief of the four classes into which the Munniporees are divided; and it would appear that this was the name of one of the four principal tribes who originally occupied the valley—viz., Koomul, Looang, Moirang, and Meithei—all of whom entered it from different directions, and amongst whom the Moirang first, and after a time the Meithei, obtained the supremacy. The two theories may be reconciled in this way. The whole population of the hills, as of the plain, is of Tartar origin. The Moirang, at one time in the ascendant in Munnipore, and who came from the south, were Kookies, and have left their traces in the Munniporee language; while the Meithei, who came from the north-west, were Nagas, and, being long the dominant race, have stamped their traces on the customs related to government. According to a Shan MS., translated by Pemberton, a brother of the King of Pong—an empire now extinct—entered the valley in 777 A.D., and found the Moirang and Meithei settled there in such misery, that he excused them paying tribute, and demanded from them only that they should dress a little more decently than they did. In 1474, however, the Meithei being by this time in power, their chief was a person of such importance, that a Pong king demanded his daughter in marriage. With the history of the Munniporees, however, we are not going further to concern ourselves.

A state of active feud seems to be the one natural to all the hill tribes we have named, as, indeed, it would appear to be to all the tribes from Cape Negrais northwards, so far as we know. Their wars are constantly bringing new tribes to our notice on the southern borders of Munnipore. An implacable enmity is often found existing between villages situated on adjoining heights, and whose families are united by frequent intermarriages. The men of the villages go armed to cultivate contiguous fields; and, without safety abroad, they are insecure even in their villages. Almost every village is protected by a stockade and the planting of panjies; and after all, the young men everywhere, and in some cases the married also, are obliged at nights to sleep in guardhouses on their arms, and away from their families. Among the Songboos—a sect of the Koupooes—before they were subdued by Munnipore, almost every village was at war with its neighbour. On their subjugation this warfare ceased, but the remembrance of their feuds remains, and they would break out afresh to-morrow were the restraining hand of Munnipore withdrawn. Even now, it is said, the inhabitants of one village will not drink of the running stream even which supplies the wants of another with which they

were formerly at feud. Perhaps in neither village has any one personal knowledge of the cause of feud, but the fact is preserved by tradition, and descends from generation to generation a heritage of hate;—a remarkable state of things, but not without parallel near our own doors, in the wilds of Tipperary, as instanced in the wars of the ‘Three-years-old’ and ‘Four-years-old’ factions, to which public attention was recently called. The single exception to the prevalence of warlike feelings and habits in these hills is afforded by the Meekirs, an industrious but unambitious people in North Cachar. Though they carry spear and dhao, they use them only for the purposes of cultivation and wood-cutting. Literally, they have beaten their swords to ploughshares. The result is, that they are the constant prey of the Angamee Nagas, and other tribes, whose trade is war, and whose chief joys are those of the fight. The Meekirs must be classed with the Bayeiye and the Banuyeti of Africa; they are the Quakers of the Indian hills, as the latter are of the African plains. Before the connection of the British Government with that of Munnipore, the latter, far from being able to exert influence over the tribes surrounding it, could not defend itself against their aggressions or resist their exactions of black mail. But with British aid, some of the tribes have been thoroughly—the northern ones partially—reduced, and matters improved to a considerable extent in the hills.

In personal appearance as affected by costumery, these hill men differ from one another as much as in language and customs. The Nagas, a lazy but savage race (called Nagas, it is surmised, from Nunga, naked), go almost undressed, their sole covering being a small piece of cloth tied round the waist. They load themselves, however, with ornaments made mostly of brass wire, shells, or cowries. An armlet which they wear is peculiar to them, though it has been adopted by the Kookies; it is a brass rod twisted some eight or ten times in the shape of a wire spring, and fitting tightly on to the flesh between the shoulder and elbow. The married women wear a wrapper over their thighs, extending from the navel to the knee; the unmarried tie another cloth lightly round their breasts. In cold weather both sexes wear a sort of blanket. They have no head-dresses. The married women wear long hair, plaited and knotted at the back; the unmarried cut the hair square, and brush it down upon the forehead nearly to the eyebrows. The men cut their hair short, shaving it a little at the forehead and sides, and training what is left to stand upright. They have neither beards, whiskers, nor moustaches. All Nagas wear ear-rings of brass wire; their chief weapon is the spear. The Cacharees differ little from the Assamese in dress and ornaments, except in remote parts, where

both are rude and scanty. The Meekirs, who wear moustache, have a most peculiar dress, somewhat resembling the Meil of the Hebrews. It is a sack put on like a shirt, consisting of two pieces of cotton cloth, each about three feet long by one and a half wide, dyed with red stripes and fringed at both ends, sewed together like a bag, with holes for the head and arms. The Old Kookies, physically the most powerful people in Cachar, dress decently, and affect a modesty unknown to the other tribes. They are very fond of ornaments, and wear rings, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and ear-rings, in great numbers. Instead of boring the ear, they and two clans of the New Kookies cut a circular piece of flesh out of the lower lobe, and insert an elastic shaving of bamboo, so as to form a powerful spring acting on all sides of the incision. By means of this spring, the hole is gradually enlarged until it is made to reach enormous dimensions, the outer flesh and skin of the lobe being sufficiently stretched out to admit of a brass or silver ring four or five inches in circumference. The ear is also turned round so as to make the ear-ring lie at right angles to the side of the head, and through the ear and ring are again hung other ornaments. The New Kookies are a short, sturdy race—the women more squat even than the men, but strong and lusty. They differ little from the Bengali in complexion, but much in features. The face is as broad as it is long; the cheek-bones high, broad, and prominent; the eyes small and almond-shaped; and the nose short and flat, with wide nostrils. Their dress and ornaments are most diverse. The commonest costume is a waist-cloth reaching to the knee, with a shoulder-cloth in cold weather—kilt and plaid, in fact; and on the head a turban, usually ornamented with red feathers and red ribbons, and strapped down with a string of cowrie shells, while into the back knot is stuck an iron skewer or porcupine's quill, which serves at once as hair-pin and tobacco-pricker. They wear broad shoulder-belts, from which they sling pouches and weapons—the sheath of the Kookie's dhao being usually highly ornamented. Below the knee they wear broad garters of goats' skin; and for battle they don breast-pieces of rhinoceros' hide, which gird the whole body. Besides the dhao, the Kookie carries a spear. The Angamees are even fonder of ornaments in brass wire and shells than the Aroong Nagas. Their dress is a black cloth kilt, ornamented with cowrie shells, and wrapped tightly round the thighs; besides which they have a coarse shoulder-cloth. The leg above the calf is girded with a number of thin cane strings; and in travelling, the whole leg from the ankle to the knee is enveloped in gaiters made of mat work, and dyed red and yellow. Their weapons are the spear and dhao, and they use shields large

enough to cover the whole person. The Koupooee man wears a waist-cloth in front—nothing more; on dress occasions, he wears necklaces of red pebbles. His hair is cut short; and the more erect it is, the more it is prized. The women, on the other hand, are well clothed after the fashion of the Munniporee women; they are fond of ornaments in glass and brass, and till marriage wear a profusion of them. The Murrings tie their hair up in front like a horn; and it may be mentioned that the state head-dress of the Munniporees has a similar protuberance. The Tangkool dress in all respects like the Koupooees, except that the men would consider themselves naked ‘unless tightly through an ivory ring was drawn the foreskin.’ On occasions of rejoicing, and in war, they wear a head-dress of wicker work, having in front a brass disc or cymbal, and dangling on each side the hair of slaughtered enemies. The Loohoopa is of superior stature to the tribes around him. He shaves off his hair on both sides, and leaves a ridge on the top like that of a helmet. In war he wears a head-dress like that of the Tangkools. Major M’Culloch says, that as ornaments of one of these head-dresses, he has seen dangling from its sides the tresses of seven women. The Loohoopa has an unusually long spear, in the use of which he is very expert, being, with this and his shield, more than a match for neighbouring tribes, with their spears, bows, and poisoned arrows. His name spreads terror even far into the Burmese territory. The Meeyangkhang, the Murams and Mows, do not go bare behind, but wear a black cloth tightly fastened all round them, and ornamented with rows of cowrie shells. The Angamees also wear a black kilt, and dress like the tribes last named, except that they tie up the hair with thread, which the others do not. Among the Anal Namfau—of whose general appearance we have no description—the want of eyelashes and eyebrows is much admired, and the young beaux, to render themselves attractive, pull them out by the roots.

All these tribes, so different in dress and appearance, agree in having become permanent cultivators of the soil. They congregate in regularly established villages; and, though individually fierce and impatient of control, all—with some exceptions which will be noted—live under a patriarchal system of government. Some of them embrace a number of villages acknowledging the authority of a single chief; among others, as the Loohoopas and the Murams, the smaller villages seek shelter from aggression by becoming tributaries to the most powerful hill tribe in their vicinity—reserving, however, the right of ‘local self-government.’ Their subserviency is simply shown in sending a quota of men to assist the paramount authority in an exigency. South, west, and east of Munnipore, their cultivation is, according to Pen-

berton, of that kind called *Ihoom*, which consists in levelling the forest, and, after it becomes dry, burning the wood, which acts as a powerful manure to the soil. On the north, where the acclivities near the bases of the mountains are less precipitous, a terraced system of cultivation prevails, the lands being irrigated from the numerous mountain streams; and the crops, consisting almost entirely of rice, are most abundant. By all the tribes, tobacco, cotton, ginger, and pepper are cultivated, and excellent cloths are manufactured from materials of home growth. A detailed account of the mode of cultivation called *Ihoom*, would, we believe, be most interesting, and we would fain give it, but must hurry on to the peculiar customs related to the leading relationships of life prevailing in these hills. We propose to consider, first, their marriage customs and their treatment of children; next, their forms of government; after which, we shall give a view of their religious and burial ceremonies. It would be beyond our space to do more than glance at the most peculiar of their customs; and the reader need not be surprised if the result of the rapid survey be a motley of picturesqueness and oddity.

As among savage tribes everywhere that we have any knowledge of, marriage in these hills is a contract of the nature of barter and sale, generally unaccompanied by any religious ceremony. We have no information respecting marriage among the *Cacharees*: they are professed *Hindus*, though far from orthodox; and it is probable that they got their marriage rites with their religion. With the *Meekirs*, marriage is a matter of contract unconnected with any religious rite, and celebrated by a feast, as is also the birth of children. Polygamy is discountenanced, but practised. The *Nagas* buy their wives, and have no marriage ceremony except the giving of a grand feast to all the villagers, who in return build a house for the newly married couple. Sometimes marriage is preceded by a long betrothal; and none are allowed to marry till of a certain age, and able to keep house on their own account. Marriage among the *Old Kookies* seems to be as much a religious as a civil ceremony. The young couple place each a foot upon a large stone in the centre of the village, the *Ghalim* or head man of which sprinkles them with water, exhorts them to be virtuous and faithful to one another, blessing them, and hoping they may have many children. After this ceremony comes a grand feast. Notwithstanding the religious nature of the rite, as *Stewart* naively remarks, a man cannot get his wife without paying for her, or entering into bondage in the house of her parents for a term of years—a purchase through service reminding one of the loves of *Jacob*. Courtship is well understood and delicately managed

among the Old Kookies. When wooing has gone on some time, the lover sends a friend to the parents with a stoup of liquor : if they quaff it, he enters into preliminaries ; if they decline, he must search elsewhere for a bride. Polygamy is interdicted, and never practised. A widow or widower may marry again, but not till after three years, and with the permission of the family of the late spouse, which is often withheld, and often bought only with a large price. The New Kookies also buy their wives, or win them through years of bondage. Wooing precedes the contract ; and the price, though passing under the name of a present, is fixed by negotiation, and depends on the wealth of the parties. It is seldom or never in coin. Marriage costs the poorest two or three years of bondage, or thirty rupees in gifts. There is a solemn marriage ceremony preceded by feasting and games. The parties, clothed in their best, both drink from a stoup of liquor—a common mode, among rude tribes, of pledging troth—presented to them by the Thempoo, or priest, who mutters over them some words in an unknown tongue, and ties round the bride's neck two small threads of cotton, and one round that of the man. The threads are allowed to wear out, and are never replaced. After the threads are put on, the Thempoo presents the pair with a small comb a-piece, again mutters some time in the unknown tongue, and the marriage is complete ;—combs, it may be mentioned, are held in the highest degree of sacredness among the Kookies. They allow widows and widowers to remarry, but marriage between cousins they prohibit. Some of their rules in regard to adultery and seduction are peculiar. The punishment of the former is in the hands of the husband. It is death ; but the lover may save his life by paying something more than the original price of the woman, when she becomes his property. In cases of seduction, every effort is made to have the guilty couple married forthwith—a penal price being put on the bride. In contrast with this feeling for purity, and a singular example of the influence of power over moral feeling, is a peculiar privilege of the Rajah, who has all the women of his village, married or single, perfectly at his pleasure. . The Rajah, however, has little temptation to use his power, as he may have as many wives as he likes, or can keep—both polygamy and concubinage being in common practice. Female slaves usually live in concubinage with their masters. The great desire of the New Kookies is for male offspring. When a woman is enciente, she prays and chants hymns to god Puthen to give her a son ; and when a son is born, there is great rejoicing. On every birth a feast is given—three days after the birth of a female, and five after that of a male—to the friends of the family. Among the Munniporees, marriage is also through sale, and not neces-

sarily accompanied by any ceremony, though usually there is one—but as often after as before cohabitation. It is said that a Muniporee can put away his wife without any fault on her part; and that if a person of influence, he can do so without its being noticed. The rule, however, is, that if a man puts away his wife without any fault on her part, she takes possession of all his property, except a drinking vessel and the cloth round his loins. A man and wife may separate by mutual consent; and a wife may quit her husband on giving him the value of a slave. Women are really the slaves of their husbands; they are sold in satisfaction of their debts; and men have been known to pawn their wives for money to purchase some office, or even a pony. The Munniporees have a court of jurisdiction answering Sir Creswell Creswell's, only not so well managed. The Koupooees are subdivided into four great families; and no one can marry a member of his own family. Marriages are arranged without reference to the likings of parties. When a son becomes marriageable, his father chooses a wife for him, and pays her price, which is usually high, and a matter of pride; and, strangely enough, unhappy results do not seem to flow from this general disregard of the affections. Conjugal infidelity is said to be rare; runaway matches, however, sometimes take place, to the disgust of parents and indignation of the general community. Adultery is punished with death, and the forfeiture of the property of the adulterer to the injured husband; while the family of the adulteress must refund her price and pay her debts. When a wife predeceases her husband, the latter has to pay 'Mundoo,' or 'the price of her bones,' to her father, if alive; if not, to her next of kin. Mundoo is also payable on the death of children; but it cannot be demanded for persons killed by enemies or wild beasts, or who die of any swelling, or cholera, or small-pox.¹ When a woman dies in childbirth, the child is not permitted to live, but is burned with her. If the husband die before the wife, the wife is taken by the husband's brother. She cannot return to the parental home so long as there are any near (male?) relations of her husband remaining. Polygamy is permitted, but not common. Children are named as among the Kookies at festivities, which take place five days after the birth, without distinction between boys and girls. Among the Murrings there is a regulated payment for a wife, in fault of which the first-born of the marriage becomes a slave. They are divided into families like the Koupooees, and the marriage of members of the same family is strictly pro-

¹ 'Mundoo' is found among the Kookies under the name 'Longmul.' It is thought a most extraordinary exaction. It is not, however, so unlike the Old Scotch law, according to which, on the death of the wife, a part of the goods in communion always found their way to her next of kin.

hibited. The consequences of marriage among the Tangkool are peculiar. When a son marries, his father becomes a person of secondary importance in the house, and is obliged to remove to the front part of it—the part of least comfort and honour. This strange rule has a higher perfection among the Loo-hoopas, who, whilst like all the other tribes they buy their wives, choose them for themselves, refusing in such matters to be guided by others. When the eldest son has brought home his wife, it is the signal for his father and mother and the rest of the family to quit for a new home, where they live till the marriage of the second son, when they have again to move. Of the marriage law of the Mows and Murams we know little more than that marriage is prohibited within certain degrees of affinity. The price of a wife among the Murams is merely nominal. The women greatly exceed the men in numbers, and a wife can easily be got for a piece of coarse cloth. Generally among the tribes adultery is punished as among the Koupooes; also, generally children, especially males, are highly prized. Except in the case of a child whose mother dies in childbirth, child-murder is unknown. In one instance, indeed—in the small village of the Phweelongmai—the practice of slaying female children prevailed. Major M'Culloch found the practice existing in 1850, when happily a stop was put to it. The theory was, that every female child born in a certain way should be killed; but in practice all were so born, or at least all were put to death. The custom must have originated in some superstition, or in an association, casually established, of misfortune with female children born in the proscribed manner. A child so born was said to commit 'namoonge'—transgression—answering to the 'tholo' of certain Africans, who, according to Livingstone, kill all children who cut their teeth in the upper sooner than in the under jaw! There were no peculiar customs among the Phweelongmai to explain the practice, such as explain female infanticide among the Rajputs. The Rajputs are said to kill every female child but the first,—the reason being the cost of getting daughters married. It is a point of honour with a Rajput father to give his daughter a large portion, and celebrate her nuptials with ruinous festivities.

Rude as are the marriage customs which we have just described, it may be remarked that they belong to a rather advanced state of civilisation—advanced, that is, compared with states known to exist. No relation of the sexes can be conceived which we cannot show either to be, or to have been, reality among rude tribes. At this moment marriage in any form is unknown in Loanda; the idea of a permanent connection of the sexes in marriage has yet to develop itself from habits of settled concubinage. The Massegetæ and Agathyrsi are said by Hero-

dotus to have had the institution of marriage without the idea of conjugal fidelity. They had wives—but their wives were held in common. The Newars of Nepaul at this day are not a bit more advanced. Coming to nations among whom marriage exists in more settled forms, our notions are as much shocked by the strangeness of the forms as our feelings are in the first class of cases by the almost total absence of form. What is to be thought of a society in which marriage passes a man's property to his wife as an assignation, in which, when he marries, he is taken home to his wife's mother, and where inheritance is with the daughter! Such are the ways of the Kocch. Not far from the Kocch, as might be expected, we find woman's supremacy (is it?) in the institution of polyandria—as in Ladak—an institution common in Thibet, and to be found with local peculiarities among the Tudars of the Nilgherry Hills and the Naiks of Malabar. These are abnormal forms of the marriage relation, the production of which it would be hard to explain. Now, we observe among our tribes, the advance, so far as it has been made, has been in the normal direction, and has been not inconsiderable. We not only find marriage among them constituted by ceremonies more or less solemn, but we find a high respect for personal purity, and that the sanctity of marriage vows is protected by the severest penalties. Polygamy—so common among savages—is allowed only in a few of the tribes; polyandria is altogether unknown, and concubinage is countenanced only by a few. On the other hand, their customs afford not a few good illustrations of the manner in which rights of property cluster round, diverging from, marriage as the constitution of family. No doubt the contract of sale at the foundation of the relation is a mark of great rudeness; but then it is found in the constitution of marriage in every system of ancient law. Everywhere, so far as we know, marriage was at first a matter of barter and sale in deed as in name. In the code of Menu the radical bases of all marriages are just three—capture, gift, and purchase,—which at the same time are the three leading modes of acquiring property in general. The rudest societies alone present marriages resting on the first, and then only as exceptions, not as the rule; the second basis is met with also only in exceptional cases; the third is the foundation of the natural type of marriage in all early societies. The woman is property of her father and family, and, as property, is parted with to her husband on the principles of fair exchange. Fluctuations in the proportions of the sexes develop customs whence most of our modern ideas of marriage are derived. We have seen how among the Murams a woman goes for a song. Let women become very numerous in proportion to the eligible men, and not

even a song will be paid for them. A woman must then have her portion. Dower, as Mr Dasent has pointed out in his introduction to the *Burnt Njal*, was, in the north of Europe, originally the price paid by a suitor to a father for his good will; as portion was originally the sum paid by a father to a man to take his daughter off his hands—either in a state of society where women were numerous, or in which fathers competed for great alliances. Portion and dower come together in our modern laws of marriage as relics of such customs, but dissociated altogether in the public mind from them; and it is curious how, in the growth of civilised sentiments, this dissociation is affected. With this, however, we have no present concern. In many cases, marriage is even yet, and among ourselves, not wholly a contract of hearts and hands.

We now proceed to glance at the domestic and political arrangements of the tribes; premising that the Nagas and Koupooes are singular among them in clinging to their village sites with great tenacity, and that the Cacharees and Meekirs are almost nomads; while the Kookie is a migratory animal, and rarely remains more than three or four years in the one place. All the tribes agree in living in village communities. The villages of the Cacharees contain from between twenty to a hundred houses—each house containing one family, and each village having its own Rajah. It does not appear that the villages are united under a common government. In common with the Nagas, and indeed most of the hill tribes, they have a practice, in conformance with which all their young men, after a certain age and before marriage, no longer live with their parents, but club together in what is called the Warriors' House, which is generally placed in the centre of the village. Of the powers of their Rajahs we have no account. The Meekirs appear to have no government; nor can it be imagined for what purpose a people could require government who have abandoned the idea of defending themselves or their property. They build their houses on high platforms, raised upon piles, somewhat after the fashion of those on which the Pæonians lived on Lake Prasias, and which the modern discovery of cranoges almost everywhere shows to have been so common. The platforms are reached by posts with notches cut upon them, which are used as ladders, and may be drawn up at pleasure, as a guard against wild beasts. Their houses are very large, and contain many families; they are not divided into rooms. The Aroong Nagas, with whom we may class the Angamee, have no kind of internal government; they acknowledge no chief among themselves, and deride the idea of such a person amongst others. Their spears, they say, are their rajahs. Each village, however, has a spokesman, some

elder, wise or wealthy, whose position gives him a certain moderate authority ; but this may at any time be defied with impunity. The office is not hereditary, nor held even for life. Petty disputes the Nagas settle by referring them to a council of elders ; but the reference is voluntary, and the parties may adjust their quarrel by force. Stewart says, that this want of government does not lead to any noticeable degree of anarchy, and that he has lived for months in a Naga village without having heard an angry word spoken or seen a blow struck. The explanation is the Naga's unappeasable thirst for vengeance when he is injured. 'An insult given, it is a point of honour to have blood ; and blood shed by the one party calls for a like stream on the part of the other. The wrongs of individuals are vindicated by their friends, and villages are divided into parties in civil war.' This is the old story—everywhere told—of the vendetta and blood-feud. The Nagas have not yet, however, reached that stage of civility at which regulated money compensations come to be accepted in lieu of blood. Like the Nagas, the Old Kookies have no chiefs. Each village, however, has an elective head man, called the Ghalim ; but he is rather a priest than a ruler, and has very limited powers. Grievances are redressed through appeals to the elders, who feast during a suit at the expense of the litigants, and at its termination appropriate to themselves a proportion of every fine. Since the Kookies came under British rule, the elders have cognizance only of domestic crimes and immoralities. Each of the four clans of the New Kookies has its Rajah. The Rajahs are supposed to be of the same stock, and of divine origin, and use the supposition to exact revenue freely from their subjects in kind and labour,—exactions to which they cheerfully submit in addition to paying house tax to our Government, in spite of whose supremacy the will of the Rajah is, through popular consent, law to his people. The Rajah is assisted in his government by ministers, who are the only subjects exempted from taxes and labour. The villages of the Koupooes, we have said, are permanent. They are attached to them equally as being the burial-places of their ancestors, and as being their own places of birth. They are all situated on heights difficult of access. Each village is a little republic, with three hereditary officers (whose authority is small), and certain elective officers, with whom lie the real power. The rights of property are scrupulously respected among the Koupooes. The Murams and Tangkools have in each village two hereditary chiefs ; but they have little power, and no revenues—the principal advantages of their position being the best places at feasts, and a portion of the flesh and first of the wine from all feasts. The single chief in a Loohoopa village is much in

the same case, having little authority and few privileges. He gets the leg of every animal killed for a feast, and the first of the wine; and one day in the season, if he requires it, the villagers assist him to cultivate his lands. The whole of the Mow tribe, comprised in twelve villages, acknowledges one head. None of their villages has fewer than 100 houses, and one of them has 400. Each house pays the chief annually a basket of rice. The Murams have one large village of 900 houses, governed by two hereditary chiefs of co-ordinate authority!—but the authority is small. In fact, except among the Kookies, it can scarcely be said that any of the hill tribes live under a rule so solid as to be entitled to the name of government. Of the Munniporees we need say little. They have regular courts of justice, but no law, the will of their Rajah being paramount. Society is divided into four orders or classes, somewhat after the fashion of Hindu caste; and there is a peculiar institution called Laloop, through which the whole of the Meithei class give ten days' service in every forty to the State.

Slavery is an institution among the Munniporees, and indeed throughout the hills, except among the Loohoopas, the Murams, and the Meeyangkhang. Its form, however, is exceedingly mild; the slave lives in family with his master and is kindly treated, as if he were not property, but a member of the family. For this mildness of the institution, which forms such a contrast to American slavery, M'Culloch assigns the same reason as Livingstone gives for the mildness of slavery among African tribes. A slave, if ill used, can so easily escape to kinder masters, that to retain him he must be kindly treated. Of course, a fugitive slave law in these hills would be out of the question. To the Loohoopas the idea of any of their kindred being in slavery is most hateful. In proof of this, it is said that at one time a Loohoopa father, unable to release his children, who had been captured in resistance to the State, came down from the hills to Munnipore and slew them, carrying away with him their heads.

Before proceeding to consider the other customs of the tribes, it may here be remarked, as bearing on the explanation of the strange diversity which they exhibit, that it would seem in many cases as if the forms of government were traditions from times in which the circumstances and localities of the tribes were very different from what they now are. It is hard to conceive any other explanation of the existence of so many hereditary chiefs with acknowledged positions, but without authority or power—mere empty forms, such as, on intermediate platforms of change, the past usually deposits before fairly yielding to the future. That the tribes should, since they became residents in the hills, hit on the expedient of hereditary

chieftains, and then maintain them as mere forms and unrealities, is most unlikely. The greater probability is that they arrived in these hills with hereditary chiefs, or, at least, had such chiefs in their original residences, and in the changed circumstances of hill life gradually ceased to acknowledge their authority.

The creeds and burial ceremonies of the tribes we must survey very hurriedly indeed. It is difficult to see any connection between them, such as frequently exists between burial rites and beliefs as to the future; yet they are not wholly disconnected. We shall examine the burial ceremonies first. The Meekirs and the Old Kookies agree in burning the dead; the former, after cremation, bury the ashes, and, though it is not said, it is most likely that the latter do so also; both agree in celebrating funerals with feasts. Among the Old Kookies different kinds of eatables are put on the pyre along with the body, and over the ashes of the dead his friends linger, reciting his good qualities. A widow, clothed in her best, accompanies her husband to the pyre, with her hand upon his body; and when he is burnt, she takes leave of his ashes with loud lamentations, casting aside her ornaments, and going home with dishevelled hair. Among the Beteh clan, on the day after cremation, a pointed stick is stuck into the ground opposite the house of the dead, and there remains till all the villagers in passing have spat upon it,—a strange custom without conceivable explanation. The Betehs, instead of burning their warriors, bury them in new clothes, with their spears and hatchets, and supplies of eatables and grog,—it being supposed, says Stewart, that their enemies won't leave them even in the world to come. In contrast with the Old Kookies and the Meekirs, are the Nagas and the New Kookies, who bury the dead instead of burning them. The Nagas inter the dead at the doors of their houses, in coffins formed of the hollow trunks of trees, erecting over the graves large rough stones, with which the streets of most Naga villages are studded. On these stones the friends of the dead love to sit; they tend the graves of the recently buried with much affection, fencing them in and scattering flowers over them. When a warrior dies, they bury with him his spear and dhao, and any articles he may have much cherished. When a New Kookie dies, his friends keep him lying in state, 'splendide mendax,' as long as ever they can, entertaining at the expense of his estate all who come to see the body. The bodies of the wealthy and of Rajahs are dried over slow fires, that they may be the longer kept; and during the whole period between death and burial there is unbounded hospitality in the house of mourning. Domestic animals of every sort are slain in numbers to feast the guests, while portions of their carcasses are sent to distant villages where any

friends of the family may reside. The key to this profusion is their belief that all the animals slain on account of the obsequies of the deceased will be attached to him in the world of shades. The process of burial itself is curious. There is a funeral procession—the body in a mat coffin, on a bier, with the dhao and spear beside it, and a supply of food and drink. The weapons are removed before the interment. When the grave is happed, the skulls of all the animals slain during the lying in state are planted on posts all round it, with, in the case of a Rajah, the fresh skull of at least one enemy. Since the Kookies became British subjects, an elephant's head is usually substituted for the human one. The Koupooes, Murams, and Tangkool bury the dead like the Nagas and New Kookies, but with ceremonies of their own. The Koupooes rarely keep a body more than one day, and they bury with it some arms, provisions, and a hoe. The grave is dug by those connected with the family of the deceased by marriage with its females, for which service they receive certain rewards. Everywhere through the hills a funeral is incomplete without a feast. But of the practices of most of the tribes in respect to burials, details are wanting.

As might be expected from all that has been said of the New Kookies, their system of religion is more complex than that of any of the tribes. Like all the tribes—as the burial practices indicate—they believe in a future state; but there is no reason to think that they or any of the hill people—if we except those who are proselyte Hindus—have any notion of the existence of the soul. The dead assume their forms again, and continue their lives in a land lying to the north: there the good of the tribe congregate in the New Kookie heaven, in which the leading joys are those of war and the chase, and in which rice grows without cultivation, and the jungles abound in game; while the bad are hewers of wood and drawers of water to the good. As already explained, the Kookie's belief is, that every animal he slays in this world becomes his property in the next, and every enemy his slave. Their god Puthen is the author of the universe; his wife is named Nangii, and son Thila. To all three—who have the power of inflicting diseases upon men—the Kookies offer sacrifices. Thila's wife is named Ghumnoo. She has the power of causing slight distempers, such as headache, toothache, etc. It would be useless, however, to follow further their complex scheme of divinities. Their medicine is intimately connected, as might be supposed, with their theology. When any one sickens, the business of the doctor is to find out the god to whom he has given offence, and the kind of sacrifice which will most readily appease him. And these doctors know how to ply their trade; it is enough to say, that they and their friends eat

the sacrifices, to make it unnecessary to add that the gods are never stinted. The Old Kookies, unlike their namesakes, have exceedingly vague notions of religion ; indeed, they go little further than the faith that all evils are due either to the anger of the gods or the pleasure of demons, both of whom they accordingly propitiate by petitions and sacrifices. In much the same case are the Nagas, who have a plurality of gods, but no idea of a supreme divinity. They have a god of riches, and a god of the harvest, and various malignant gods, all of whom they equally worship. One of the malignant deities is a blind god, whom they systematically cheat. He is worshipped at cross roads ; and there the Nagas place large baskets containing small offerings, trusting that he will judge of the bulk of the contents from the largeness of the receptacle, and deal his favours accordingly. The Koupooes believe in a supreme Creator of all things ; but besides him have a multitude of other gods, to whom they assign as residences the highest peaks of the hills or great crags, impracticable to the climber. All these they propitiate with various offerings. Sometimes the offering is no more than a leaf plucked from a plant. Major M'Culloch says that heaps of these votive leaves may be noticed by the traveller near the crests of the hills, 'devoutly dropped there by the hill-men, with a silent prayer for the protection of the divinity.' Like the New Kookies, they rely for a cure, when in sickness, on sacrifices to certain deities. Their doctors are also adepts in their art, and often the poor Koupooes are obliged to sell their wives and children as slaves to procure the means of propitiation. Of the religious beliefs of the other tribes—if they have any—our authorities are almost silent. The Hazai Cacharees are proselyte Hindus ; but very unorthodox. They eat the flesh of animals, consume opium and grog, and are without caste distinctions. The Purbutias, in many of their superstitions and rites, resemble the Nagas ; while the Meekirs are said to have no religion at all, as they are said to have neither wars nor government. Many of them, however, especially those residing in Assam, are converts to a sort of Hinduism.—All the tribes consult omens on most occasions of any importance. The New Kookies have priests whose special business it is to reveal the future by consulting the yolks of eggs and the entrails of fowls. It would not appear, however, that much confidence is placed in their revelations. The practice of taking omens among the Koupooes is a mere relic of the past. Though they always take them in regard to the ground to be cultivated, they never by any chance, disturb their circle of cultivation whatever the omens may be !

We are now in a position to venture on some speculations regarding the composition of this extraordinary population.

First, however, let us glance at such connections as are obvious between some of these tribes and others, in what may be supposed to be their places of derivation. Latham surmises, from similarity of names, that the Loohoopa are the same with the Lhopa of Bûtan and the Lepcha of Nepaul; the two former at least have another point of agreement—the system of artificial irrigation. Supposing these connected, we can at once refer the Loohoopas to Thibet. As regards the Kookies (the Kuki of Latham), we know their history so far. They came from the jungles of the south, and at a recent date—about sixty years ago, arriving in Cachar in a state of almost perfect nudity. They have since become comparatively civilised—in fact, so changed as to be hardly recognisable. Though the New Kookies and the Old are mutually unintelligible to one another, or nearly so, it is undoubted that they both came from the same quarter—the wilds of Tipperah and Chittagong, with the Khumia of the latter of which Latham identifies them. Four tribes of them arrived so late as 1849, driven up by the Looshais—also of the same stock (Lushai)—from their native districts into Cachar. Pritchard, writing in 1844, confuses the Kookies with the Nagas, and hints at their being of Chinese origin. Although we are not yet in a position to speak with confidence of the various tribes who are properly distinguished by the name Nagas, we prefer Stewart's theory to any that we have seen, that the Nagas are the aborigines of the hills. This is the view to which M'Culloch also inclines. There can be no doubt that they have at least been inhabitants of the country for very many centuries. 'I leave it to others,' says Stewart, 'to find out where they (the Nagas) came from. But if the question be to draw a line of distinction between the aborigines of India and those tribes who have emigrated into it from the East, I would draw that line here, and place the Nagas, although they may have some marks of a Tartar origin about them, as the rudest of the aborigines of Hindostan; whereas the Cossiahs, Meekirs, Kookies, Monipuries, and Looshais (Lushai), and many others, are directly connected with the far east. The three latter having approached their present localities from the south, may possibly have been crossed with the Malay; for the Cossiahs and Meekirs, who were undoubtedly earlier immigrants than either of these three, retain the peculiarities of the Tartar countenance far more distinctly than they do.' Whoever the Nagas may be, it is certain they extend over at least four degrees of latitude in the hills.¹ Latham again suggests the

¹ While the Nagas of Cachar are 'indiscriminate' eaters—eating almost any creature, even lizards and snakes, with relish, picking them up half rotten in the jungles—their relatives in the north—the Tikliya Nagas—are said to be cannibals.

identity of the Meekirs and the Kasia. 'The Mikir physiognomy,' he says, 'is Kasia. So is the Mikir dress.' But the Kasia live at some distance, and though we are not informed, are probably of the Bhot alliance. The Cacharee again plainly appear in Hodgson's Kachari of the Nepaul group; or does he extend his group to include the Cacharees? Of the ten dialects of Nepaul, of which the Cacharee is one, he says: With exception of the first, these several tongues are all of trans-Himalayan stock, and are closely affiliated. They are all extremely rude, owing to the people who speak them having crossed the snows before learning dawned upon Tibet, and to the physical features of their new home (huge mountain barriers on every hand) having tended to break up and enfeeble the common speech they brought with them.' Of the other tribes we can say nothing with the assistance of our authorities. Pritchard wrote when information was very meagre; Latham has availed himself freely of Stewart as an authority; but of the tribes on the north and north-east of Munnipore he confesses ignorance, knowing the Angamee only from Stewart, and of the Loohoopas, nothing but the name.

Enough has been said, and may be assumed to be settled, however, in explanation to a large extent of what is most remarkable about our hill population. Its tribes are but the wedge-ends of—if we cannot say great peoples, still of—great populations whose main habitations are elsewhere. The hills are a confluence of nationalities. The Aroong and Angamee Nagas represent a people inhabiting a tract of country extending in a north-easterly direction for over 200 miles; the Kookies represent Tipperah, Chittagong,—Malay peculiarities and Eastern blood. The Cacharees may extend, for all we know, to Nepaul, and again are to be referred across the Himalyas to Thibet; to which also, via Bûtan, are projected the Loohoopas. When we add to these the aborigines, whatever they may have been, displaced from the plains of Hindostan, supposing them not to be the Nagas, and consider the influence of the populations of Assam, Burmah, and Sylhet, we conceive we have here brought together a sufficient number of sources of diverse customs to make the problem presented by the district one of comparatively easy solution. With regard to language, it is seen that the theory of rapid dialectic growth requires no overstraining to explain the great number of prevailing dialects; and the variety of customs also seems hardly to call for surprise or comment.

Still, after allowance has been made for these sources of diversity, much remains unexplained. What are we to say, for instance, of the differences presented by the Kookie nation within itself, in its different sects and clans? The Old Kookies

not only do not understand the speech of the New, but differ from them in dress, law of marriage, religion, and burial ceremonies; and yet they only preceded them from Tipperah by about fifty years! Then the New Kookies, who came up about twelve years ago, differ among themselves in everything but their superstitions. 'Not only,' says Stewart, 'do the clans, and more widely the sects, differ in dialect, but their manners and customs, government and ceremonies; and with respect to the sects, their religion also is not the same. I can divine no cause for such a state of things; and the matter becomes still more inexplicable when it is known that these are not *all* the tribes of *Kookies* extant.' M'Culloch mentions the Poi, Sooté, Tanté, Loosei, 'and other tribes,' as being of the same race with the Kookies; and gives their own account of their ancient history, according to which their progenitors reached our sphere, coming—neither from east, west, north, nor south, but—from 'the bowels of the earth!' And yet it is curious that they are particularly attentive to genealogy—every family keeping 'a tree.' In his appendix he specifies no less than nine clans of the race who trace their origin to descendants of a great chief, Thado—a really historical personage—reputed one of the three grandsons of the chief of all the Kookies. Were the other grandsons equally prolific? The grandfather, it may be mentioned, reached earth, emerging from the centre, with the tribe united, and speaking but one language. The confusion of tongues they explain by a story as amusing as it is mythical.

Indeed, the whole question regarding the observed diversity of customs may be discussed, so far as any difficulty remains, after bringing together so many different nations in the group, as if it were a question regarding the Kookies alone. It is not so, but assume it to be. Whence such mighty differences in the customs of this one people? The problem is interesting, and we are not aware of its having been solved. So far as mere costumery is concerned—including under the term ornaments as well as dress—there may be no great difficulty, though even here there is some. In costumery there is little natural permanence. Transit materia—transit modus. Good society casts its skin at least half-yearly. It can afford to study 'the fashions.' The fashions, so called, enter by the hall door, and within two years they leave the house via the area gate and the rag-picker's basket. But after all this goes but a short way. The so-called fluctuating fashions really fluctuate but little; it is but placing the back buttons over the hips, lowering them or elevating them towards the shoulders. The general ideas of coats are few, and their modifications slight. The idea of coat, as against plaid or tunic, is permanent. No doubt, it is an idea of a class which may die

more or less quickly according to circumstances. When the old Spanish dress died out of Spain, it remained in Zealand—a proof of Spanish occupation. It is a matter of accident. Being so, perhaps, were there nothing else, there might be no wonder. But what are we to say of the differences in burial customs? No usages have been supposed to mark one nation as distinct from another so decidedly as those related to burials. In Rawlinson's Herodotus are frequent attempts by the editors to connect remote peoples by such slender threads as similarity in religion and burials. Yet the New Kookies bury the dead, and the Old Kookies burn them! And they differ in their religious systems. That burial usages should be permanent, might be supposed to be agreeable to the nature of things—a sacredness lying in the rites. M. Huc's Sifan is not singular in taking the modes of burial as distinguishing the great families of mankind. 'At the beginning there was on earth but only a single man. He had neither house nor tent; for at that time the winter was not cold, and the summer was not hot; the wind did not blow so violently, and there fell neither snow nor rain; the tea grew of itself on the mountains, and the flocks had nothing to fear from beasts of prey. This man had three children, who lived a long time with him, nourishing themselves on milk and fruits. After attaining to a great age, this man died. The three children deliberated what they should do with the body of their father, and they could not agree about it; one wished to put him in a coffin, the other wanted to burn him, the third thought it would be best to expose him on the summit of a mountain. They resolved then to divide it into three parts, etc.' Hence the Chinese, the Thibetan, and the Tartars! The notion is, that mankind are divided by their burial customs into three great families. An old idea, and very plausible. And yet the New Kookies bury their dead, and the Old burn them! and they are one and the same people! We may depend upon it, that neither the mode of burial, nor the superstition of a people, is at first in a different case from any other of its usages and habitudes.

The fact is, that sufficient allowance has not been made for the fluidity in early societies of institutions of every kind. The analogy between law and language is trite. May it not be as complete as it is remarkable? May it not be as perfect between customs, the rudimentary forms of law, and dialects, the rudimentary forms of classic language; between *practices* and dialects again—practices which are just customs lying outside the domain, as it is usual to limit it, of law? We believe it to be so; that all that passes under the name of usage (practice), custom, manner, faith, is (till government becomes well settled in societies with permanent residences) as liable to change, tends as strongly

towards variety everywhere, as language itself. They all agree in being undesigned outcomes of popular will and feeling, nowhere at first fixed by express consent, everywhere determined by motives springing from the constitution of man, and regulated in action and form by circumstance. Let us take this matter of burials, and consider how such a phenomenon as that presented by the Kookies might arise, and whether there is any greater obstacle to differences arising in regard to disposing of the dead than to anything else. The rudest conceivable conduct of the living towards their dead is that of the Thibetans, who leave them to be devoured by wild beasts; it is the conduct of men to enemies among savages everywhere. The Thibetans are not savages, but in this they outdo them. How did men, almost everywhere else, come to act differently? To give a complete answer to this is impossible; the Thibetans shut us out from supposing any instinctive respect for the mortal remains of friends as being natural to the human mind; though undoubtedly in the advance of society, the feeling of respect and love for the dead come to play the most important part. The form of burial, we say, is chiefly a matter of accident. A poor answer,—but not in a scientific sense. Let us see what may be guessed from the history of human usage in the matter. We conceive the enmity of men to wild beasts to be at the bottom of burial customs, notwithstanding the Thibetans. A hint of the origin of burials may be got from the practice of some savages, never to bury a body till it has been exposed to the attack of beasts or birds of prey; then to rescue and inter it. Such a practice seems to us a revelation; to enlarge on which were needless. But simple burial gives no security against the assaults of beasts. Hence tribes are found, like the Bakwains, who bury the dead within their houses, or like the Nagas, who bury by their doors, within the stockades, or the Bechuanas, who bury in their cattle-pens. But burning gives the same security as burial in places of safety, and burial in coffins gives the same security as burning; so also may deposition on almost inaccessible crags; and that without the violation of the sacredness, entirety—call it what you will—of the bodies of the dead implied in burning. The pursuit of the same object may lead different peoples to different practices. It is what is called accident. Nothing is settled at once. The expedient of to-day is not that of to-morrow. When a practice is well established, it gets the protection of appropriate sentiments and explanation through suitable, sufficient, theories. It is for protection against witches that the Bakwains bury by the hearth! Witches probably were not invented when the practice began. It does not matter; the theory is satisfactory and the practice preserved.

But convenience for securing ends comes first in order, and sentiments in favour of convenient *modes* come after. Nowhere is there fixity of rule till after long trial and error, and then there is fixity only so long as there is sameness of circumstance.

Our last proposition is indisputable. We start from it in our explanation of the differences of the customs of the Old and New Kookies. Whether the Kookies were ever a settled, non-nomadic people, is unknown. That in Chittagong and Tipperah they banded in clans, as distinct politically as the M'Intoshes and Frasers in the old times in the Scotch Highlands, and were divided by feuds as much as if they were complete aliens in blood, is indubitable. Practically the clans, and more particularly the sects—answering to the Clan Chattan and the Clan Qhuail, each of which embraced several clans properly so called—were separated as much as if they inhabited different continents. They came into contact only in antagonisms which tended of themselves to produce and perpetuate differences between them. It was thus that the enmities of the Hebrews and Sabæans, originally of the same stock, led, as it is said, the 'Thou shalt' of the one to become the 'Thou shalt *not*' of the other. These considerations of themselves go a long way. Add that the clans most likely cultivate different alliances—this with tribes more affected by Pegu; that with tribes more closely related with Burmah, with Malay, with Hindostan. They are, through position, while living within the limits of the same jungle, seen to be in the way to differ as much as if seas divided them. More, they are nomads. There is no reason for thinking that their present customs are those of half a century ago: in the case of the Old Kookies, we know they are not. Every few years they are in a new sphere, and to some extent under new influences. Further, their communities are small, which favours the rapid change of all their habits. Mr Mill has shown that a certain point once passed, the mass of a society is unfavourable to its progress, through the power of opinion exerted on the conservative side and to repress novelties. E converso, the smaller the community, the more rapid the change, because the smaller is the area over which ideas have to spread, to produce a consensus in favour of any new course of conduct. Two men may agree at once. It takes some time to ascertain the will of an hundred, in a new affair. The larger the slower. These are considerations related to the general differences of the clans and sects. To return to their burial customs; we have shown, we think, that at first the mode of burial has a closer relation to the *end in view* than to anything else—such as religion. In the present case, nothing appears in the differences of the Kookie creeds to affect the mode of disposing of the dead one

way or other. It is, then, as if religion could not (since it doesn't) affect the custom, which therefore is free to be determined by the run of accidents. The New Kookies *may* have practised burial in settled villages, or in sites lying within a determinate district. So may the Old. Becoming, or forced to become, nomads, the Old, no longer attached to places, may have preferred burning to burial. To nomads it is naturally the preferable mode. The other—the New—though forced up from their original territory, it may be, have clung to what was the common custom of both.

These are at best mere guesses in the dark; perhaps it may be said, useless speculations. They are, we think—to us at least they are—interesting; and we recommend their subjects to the consideration of abler people. To those who care for social problems, we also recommend the field from which we have gleaned the materials of our article,—we mean, the mass of reports to Government on the peoples of these Indian hills. They have all the interest of works of travel, with the completeness which only long residence and observation could give, and the compactness which only reports to Government aim at, though they do not always attain it.

- ART. VI.—1. *Preachers and Preaching.* A Critique, with Practical Hints. By a 'DEAR HEARER.' London, 1862.
2. *Charge delivered by the Lord Bishop of London.* 1862.
3. *Thoughts on Preaching, specially in relation to the Requirements of the Age.* By DANIEL MOORE. London, 1861.
4. *Scottish Theology and Preaching.* By a MODERN CALVINIST. Edinburgh, 1863.
5. *Farewell Sermon.* By Rev. W. C. SMITH. Edinburgh, 1862.
6. *The Art of Preaching, and the Duty of the Church toward her Theological Students.* By JAMES BEGG, D.D. Edinburgh, 1863.
7. *Lessons on Life and Godliness.* A Selection of Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Doncaster. By CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, D.D.
8. *The Divine Life in Man.* By J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A. London, 1860.
9. *Thoughts on Personal Religion.* By E. GOULBOURN, D.D. London, 1863.
10. *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.* Edinburgh, 1862.

Is the preaching of the Christian Church, and more especially of the British churches, declining? Has it passed the zenith of its fame, and entered on the period of its decline and fall? Is the mighty spell of Paul and of Apollos broken, and has the mantle of Chrysostom, which in successive ages has fallen on so many a worthy successor, become faded and worn out at last, ready, like many another venerable relic of bygone days, to be cast aside among the lumber of the world? Is the present generation of preachers inferior to their predecessors? Has a feeble, mediocre, spiritless race succeeded the giants of former days—like the decrepit representatives of some grand old dynasty which has its life in history, and exists only now as a tradition of the past? Is the pulpit, in short, falling behind the age, or drifting aside from it? and are those who were once the pioneers of the world's progress now dropping ingloriously into the rear, content to follow where once it was their glory to lead, drawn into the stream of that mighty onward movement which they can head and control no more?

So at least it is said, and said in many quarters. Indeed, if there is any one thing which can be called the prevailing fashion of the time, it is this talk of the decrepitude and decadence of the pulpit. If the proverb 'As dull as a sermon' is not new, it

has at least been newly coined, for fresh and wider circulation. Discontented parishioners—forn ‘habitantes in sicco’—in trenchant letters in the *Times*; smart writers in the *Saturday Review*; witty criticism in the *Spectator*; contemptuous allusions and wholesale denunciations in a hundred lesser organs, which are ever ready to swell the cry when the *dii majores* of the press have given the word;—all unite in preferring against the general body of the clergy of our day an accusation as sweeping as it is grave. Even right reverend prelates and grave divines are summoned as reluctant witnesses to a fact, to which it is alleged they can no longer shut their eyes.

It is true, there is little show of reasoning or leading of evidence in support of the charge in question. It is thought not to be a case for proof. It is past question—a thing not to be reasoned about, but reasoned from. It stands out as a patent fact before the eyes of all men—one of those broad and marked characteristics of the age about which thoughtful men don't think of disputing, but which they assume and proceed upon, alike in their reflections on the past and forecastings of the future.

Of this numerous array of accusers, the writer of the pamphlet which stands first on our list may be taken as a fit spokesman—all the more that he seems to us, throughout, rather to reflect the views of others, than give the results of independent thinking or careful investigation. The following, then, may be safely taken as comprising the main heads of the charge in question:—‘Modern Preaching is poor.’ ‘The great majority of our religious teachers are feeble, incompetent.’ There has been of late a comparative ‘failure alike in the quality and the quantity of pulpit power.’ ‘Preachers as a class have been degenerating, or rather, to speak more correctly, they have failed to keep pace with the general advancement around them; the strength of English character goes off in other directions; the bone, and sinew, and muscle of our country's mental manhood are elsewhere, and otherwise employed than in the pulpit, and this has been the case for some time past.’ ‘An enfeebled pulpit, occupied rather by *nice* good men,’ to which ‘there is awarded little more than a conventional respect,’ ‘has little to recommend it to the highest order of rising intellect as a sphere of earnest and ambitious activity.’ ‘The best class of our young men have gone off in other directions, and devoted themselves to other work.’ ‘As a body, religious teachers yield the advanced position which once they held in the world's progress, and are willing to be honoured rather for what their fathers did, than for any great and wondrous work they can do themselves.’ ‘By friend and foe a common conclusion seems to have been reached on this question. It is said that the pulpit has reached the period of its

decadence ; that it has ceased to be a great formative power amongst us ; that the influence it once wielded over the intellect and life of the nation is gone ;'—'whether it be only a passing shadow or a final eclipse, all are agreed as to the fact for the present.' 'Among the great activities of the age, among the great forces which at this hour shape and guide the characters and destinies of nations, the pulpit holds a very mean position—in the grand sum is scarcely an appreciable factor.' The fact here is held to be undeniable, though the writer may possibly be thought by some to have expressed it too strongly. 'On this point he will hold no parley : it is with the truth itself he has to do, and of this there can be no serious doubt entertained by the observant and thoughtful among us.' 'Somehow or other, the pulpit has come to be regarded as an *effet* institution ; its best friends confess, either formally or by direct implication, that it has well nigh lost all control over the active thought and work of the age.' Despite of all appearances to the contrary—crowded churches, doors besieged long before the time of service, open-air preachings, sermons and thronging audiences in theatres and cathedral naves, a press teeming with sermons which don't remain a drug in the market, but which are greedily bought up and read—of all which our author is duly observant, and which he allows might seem almost to signalize the time as *par excellence* 'an age of preaching,'—'the conclusion named above has been reached by all whom we should care to consult, or whose opinion we should hold in respect.' In regard to the young men who offer themselves as candidates for the ministry in the Established Church and elsewhere, 'let me say that I think they would strike any intelligent man who might mix with them as *weak*. They are tame. They speak in affected tones and in unnatural cadences. There is a general lack of muscular power. Every earnest impulse seems to have been frightened out of them.' 'They know little of the outside world ; they *scarcely ever look at a newspaper* except for professional items ; they have little interest in public questions, such as popular education, social science, or that large mixed class which we denominate politics, with other great solemn secular matters,' etc., etc. Clearly, then, the leaden age of the pulpit is come. The feeble sixth age of the homiletic art has arrived, when that once mighty actor on the world's stage

'Shifts

Into the lean and slippered Pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sewed, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.'

We can well conceive the surprise with which these words, and other like characteristic manifestations of the time, will be read by some of our friends in clerical circles; and we are free to confess that, looking more especially to the sentences last quoted, we could ourselves justify a considerable measure of honest resentment on the part of those who must consider themselves unjustly assailed. There is a manifest haste and recklessness of assertion in many of the statements quoted, which on such a subject is as unbecoming as it is offensive. It is perfectly obvious that, in some of his most repulsive pictures, the writer is *not* drawing from the life, or even from any tolerable hearsay evidence of the actual facts of the case. Impelled by a no doubt sincere persuasion that he cannot say anything too strong or too contemptuous of the object of accusation, he lays on his colours with an unsparing hand, with little other selection beyond that of choosing the worst. He seems to feel that if what he says is not true, it at least ought to be so, and a great deal more. Of this kind are those master-strokes about ‘affected tones,’ and ‘unnatural cadences,’ and never ‘looking at a newspaper except for professional items,’ and the ‘lines of a severe propriety drawn so closely round them that they are almost afraid to move lest they should place a trespass foot beyond the given limits,’ and ‘an artificial expression of face,’ and ‘gait unnatural and constrained,’ and the ‘orthodox look and mien and attitude,’ and ‘words and phrases and general style,’ etc., etc. We are all abundantly familiar with this sort of thing, and can at once recognise it as the faded form of an old friend—the feeble echo of a style of criticism to which a certain class of the clergy have been treated, often by those who knew them the least, any day from the times of the Puritans downwards. We are almost surprised to miss the crop-ears and the nasal twang, or at least some modification of them adapted to the uses of these times. In parts, too, we can discover in this writer clear marks of plagiarism from the more masterly pen-and-ink sketches of Mr Coneybeare, only that by a rather startling accommodation he applies to the general body of the clergy, what in the original refers only to a particular class. *All* the rising ministry of the Established Church, and of Dissent too apparently, with a few brilliant exceptions, are ‘Recordites’ in the view of this writer. Of one accusation we might be justified in speaking in still severer terms. We refer to what he asserts, in a fit of strange oblivion, in regard to the indifference of the clergy to ‘popular education, social science, and other great public questions of the day.’ ‘What,’ we can imagine some fiery ecclesiastic of our acquaintance exclaiming,—‘What on earth can this unfortunate man mean? In what region of the

habitable globe can he have been living for the last twenty or thirty years, during which the entire system of parochial schools in England may be said to have been created, and created by the clergy and those acting in concert with them;—in which the whole kingdom, both north and south of the Tweed, has been astir with educational life and educational progress, and that under the auspices and direct influence of the Church? Has he never once read the account of a diocesan meeting, or presbyterial or synodal assembly, in which educational questions and educational business hold in these days so conspicuous a place, and by which in point of fact so large a part of the educational work of the country is done? Or do these things belong to the class of “mere professional items,” which have attractions only for clerical eyes? Popular education! Why, where would popular education have been in Scotland, or in England either, at this hour, but for the clergy, who have all along, in the face of every kind of obstacles and discouragements, fought its battles, and won its triumphs? As to social science and practical philanthropy, has this writer never heard of Dr Guthrie, or, for that matter, Lord Shaftesbury, whom he would probably consider as only a clergyman “in plain clothes?”

With such indignant utterances we sympathise to a large extent. We think our clerical friends have real cause of complaint in such unqualified statements, and other random talk of the day, of which they are but too fair a sample. We must, therefore, honestly and at once rule against the plaintiff on these and some other counts of the general charge, and that with all reasonable damages and costs, in the shape of serious censure, and loss of character and credit, to the party raising them. But then, it is well at the same time to remember that the whole cause is not thereby decided. There are other items in the cumulative charge which still remain for adjudication, and in regard to some of which we confess we are not quite so clear—questions of serious moment which, albeit sometimes broached in an unfriendly spirit, are none the less deserving the anxious consideration of those whom they chiefly concern. It is quite true that the writer whose words we have quoted, is not a deep or original thinker—that he is rather the mere echo of a fashionable cry, than the independent witness of truths he has ascertained, or of facts which he has seen and heard. But then it is not as a witness that we attach importance to his words, but just precisely as the echo of a cry; and the important question comes to be, What has occasioned that cry? What bottom of truth there may after all be in it? and how may the evils complained of, if they really exist, be most effectually remedied? The pre-

sent paper is intended as a contribution towards the calm and candid investigation of these questions.

Of course it must be admitted at the outset, that a very large proportion of the sermons delivered every Sunday in England and elsewhere are poor. So it has always been. So, more or less, will it ever be. In the clerical profession, as in every other profession, mediocrity is the rule, and eminence the exception. In any rank of life, in any sphere of action, intellectual or practical, the number of really superior men has never been large. In Parliament, at the Bar, in the schools of Medicine and in the schools of Art, in the military and in the civil service, nay—shall we dare to say it?—in the august ranks of the Fourth Estate, the men of lofty stature and of princely mould are ever the few, and the undistinguished herd the many. If every country parson is not a Tillotson, no more is every country member a Chatham, or every country attorney a Brougham. Smart writers tell us of the mediocrity of the great body of the clergy in our day, and urge the fact as an indubitable proof of the declining power of the pulpit; would they tell us at what period of the world's history it ever was otherwise, or on what rational principle it can ever be expected to be otherwise? Here, then, again we must unhesitatingly rule against the plaintiff in this suit. The facts alleged are true, but then they are not relevant. There is an egregious *ignoratio elenchi* in the argument. A great part of the preachers and of the sermons preached now-a-days are poor—intellectually poor, spiritually poor, oratorically poor. Granted. But then, are they poorer to-day—poorer even in relation to the advancing spirit of the age—than they were fifty years ago, or a hundred years ago, or eighteen hundred? Is the number of really distinguished and powerful preachers smaller in proportion, and is the general level lower, either absolutely or relatively to the general progress of the times, than heretofore? That is the real question at issue, and we have not as yet advanced a single step towards the solution of it. We shall even go a step further in our concessions to those who take the aggressive side in this discussion. We confess to an impression, that of all the professions the pulpit usually comes in for more than its due share of the extant mediocrity of the time. In the keen competitions of civil life, the weak are for the most part thrown down, and the prizes won by the strong and the brave. As a rule, preferment and success follow in the track of energy and meritorious effort—of real capacity and hard honest work. But it will go hard if the humblest gifts and scantiest qualifications do not find a place somewhere amid the thirty thousand pulpits of England. This must be the case in a special degree in the

Established Church, where a system of unlimited patronage holds the keys of preferment, and the 'family living,' and the 'next presentation,' rather than ministerial gifts and graces, open the path to success. It would be strange if professional qualification did not fall somewhat low in circumstances in which, as a general rule, professional qualification can do so little to help its possessor. In the Nonconformist communions, again, we imagine it must be considerably different. There, indeed, you may not always find learning, you may not find refinement, you may not find good taste or sound sense; but you will generally find, at least, a certain rude force and power of ready speech, sufficient, at least, to attract an audience and keep it together. If it is not so, the evil very quickly cures itself; and the ineffective stated pastor finds himself, against his will, an itinerant apostle. But within the sacred preserves of the National Church there is no provision whatever either to prevent or remedy such an evil, and '*habitans in sicco*' must just make up his mind to bear what he cannot hope to cure. Of such '*habitantes in sicco*,—perhaps even *in siccissimo*—we can well believe there must be a very large number all over the country—far larger than under any right system of ecclesiastical preferment there need or ought to be. We deeply sympathise with them, and rejoice that, even though it should sometimes be in rude and angry accents, they should make their voice to be heard, if by any means the serious attention of the nation might be drawn at last to this crying evil. Already the power of public opinion so far controls the higher patronage of the Church, that the principle of *detur digniori* in large measure prevails. There are no family titles now to decanal stalls or episcopal thrones, and the Church at this hour is largely reaping the fruit of the auspicious change. When will effectual measures be taken to carry the same sound principle down to every parish and rural hamlet in the land? Will it ever be, until the smothered discontent of '*habitantes in sicco*' awake once more into a whirlwind of revolutionary fury, and the axes and hammers of a too sweeping innovation be heard amid the carved work of the sanctuary again?

Still, with all these concessions, or rather plain and indisputable matters of fact, we have yet made no progress whatever towards the settlement of the real question before us—the relative position of the English pulpit in our day as compared with former times. Alas! the evils now complained of, and now mournfully admitted, have always existed, ever since there was a Protestant Church in England—often, too, we are well persuaded, to a far more aggravated degree than now. If the question still be, Are the Christian ministry as a body advancing or retreating, in earnestness, in energy, in practical efficiency?—is the pulpit, in

this Christian land, sharing in the general progress and deepening earnestness of the times, or is it not?—we are prepared, on the whole, to adopt and maintain the affirmative. If, as an old writer says, there has always been within the Church, and especially its richest preserves, a crowd of cripples, seeking shelter and employment there because they could find them nowhere else,¹ this hapless class, we decidedly think, is sensibly decreasing. At least, within the sphere of our own experience, and since we first became observant of these matters some thirty years ago, we are very certain that it has been so. It requires, indeed, considerable courage to take up this ground in the face of the author we have just quoted, who tells us that the present decadence of the pulpit is a patent fact, admitted by ‘all those whom he would care to consult on such a subject,’ and proclaimed ‘by friends and foes alike.’ The first part of this statement is indeed very probable, for people generally ‘care to consult’ those who most agree with themselves; but the latter part, we confess, startled us a little, and we looked with some curiosity to discover the grounds on which it is made. We were considerably relieved, however, on finding that the whole consisted in two scraps from the Bishop of Oxford,—the one pointing out, in language no doubt peculiarly vivid and striking, certain evils which have always existed, and which, so far as appears, he does not connect exclusively with this age or any other age; the other stating his impression, that during the last fifteen years fewer men of the first class had come forward for ordination in the diocese of Oxford than in former years. This we can very easily believe. In the whole circumstances of the case, it was perhaps inevitable. No one who knows anything of the active fermentation of thought on all the most vital questions of religious faith which has been going on at Oxford, and more or less at other great seats of learning, for the last twenty or thirty years, can wonder that many thoughtful and earnest youths should find the transition from the schools to the altar, from the construing of a Greek play to the confession of the Cross, a much less clear and matter-of-course affair than people thought it in other days. For good or for evil, the educated mind of the country has been for some time past, and still is, in a state of transition—in a course of progress, amid much inward struggle, and doubt, and fear, either to a truer and deeper faith on the one hand, or to a fundamental unsettlement of faith on the other.

¹ ‘Fast ist kein Stand unter allen gelehrten Ständen, wo so viel Krüppel zusammenkommen, als der geistliche: Noth, Armuth, niedriger Ehrgeist, hundert schlechte Vorstellungen trieben die Menchen dahin zusammen, so dass Gott, statt der Erstlinge seines Geschlechtes, oft mit dem ausschuss zufrieden sein muss.’—*Herder*. Alas, too true! but not, we think, specially so of our time, more than of Herder’s.

No wonder if, at such a time, some of the strongest, truest hearts should tremble—should solemnly pause ere they dare to lay on the Altar of God a heart that is not upright before Him, that is not rooted and grounded in the faith it vows to teach to others. In the words of the Bishop of London,—

‘A young man has been, say, to the University, and has heard questions freely discussed there, of which he never dreamed in childhood—questions as to the nature and limits of inspiration, as to the difficulties which stand in the way of an unquestioning assent to the perfect historical accuracy of the Bible narrative; questions as to the possibility of our reconciling a belief in miraculous interpositions with the maintenance of unchanging laws; questions as to how far the discoveries of modern science agree with the teaching of the sacred books; or (after the general truth of the Bible scheme is admitted) intricate metaphysical questions which may still be raised as to the particular mode in which the life and death of Christ avail for man’s salvation, and how far the exact truth on this momentous subject is expressed in the Church’s formularies.’¹

It may be well conceived that such a dark and troubled day as this, is not the most auspicious time in which to let down the episcopal net into the deep; nor need we wonder if, for the moment, the draught should be at once more scant in quantity and less choice in quality than usual. Even the most clear and resolute faith might be expected at such a time, with more than usual anxiety, with more than usual deliberation and fear, ‘to prove all things,’ before they dare even ‘to hold fast that which is good.’²

All this, then, must be allowed for; and we may perhaps expect the circumstances referred to, soon to tell more or less appreciably on the character of the Christian ministry, especially within the Episcopal Church. If the time of struggle, indeed, should be short, the period of the influence in question will be short also, and in its effects too evanescent to be distinctly traceable. If, again, the fiery trial should be long protracted, or should even issue in a permanent dissonance between the ripened convictions of the highest minds and the ecclesiastical and theological requirements of the Church of England, then indeed must it leave its abiding traces in the intellectual character of her clergy, from the highest dignitaries to the humblest minister at the altar. The increased opportunities, too, for profitable employment and active enterprise which recent reforms have opened up, in the civil service and Indian competitions, as well as other influences of a like kind, must tend to work in the same

¹ Charge, pp. 9, 10.

² On the falling off in number of the candidates for orders in the Church of England, see this Review, May 1862, pp. 408, 409.

direction, by turning the stream of young life and energy, more or less, from the channels of the Church to the channels of the world. Thus, the world, which is 'too much with us' in other ways, may prove also too much for the Church in that great labour market, where each seeks to enlist in her own service the strongest and the best. We are not blind to these things. On the contrary, we deem them worthy the gravest and most anxious consideration of those whose special duty it is to guard the ark of God, and watch over the highest and holiest interests of the land. As yet, however, we cannot say that we see any traces of the unfavourable influences in question, in the shape of an enfeebled ministry and a declining pulpit. It may yet come to this; but as yet, it appears to us, it has not done so. On the contrary, it would seem, judging by the only practical test which can be applied to this subject, as if the pulpit were in our day budding with fresh life, swelling with new and more vigorous vital force. Never was the literature of the pulpit so abundant as now; never, speaking generally, was the character of that literature of so high a class. At no previous period have so many sermons, and other writings of the nature of sermons, been published—never so eagerly welcomed or extensively read as now. In former days, proverbially, the most unmarketable of all productions were sermons; and most hopeless of all, a single sermon. It has been reserved for this generation totally to explode this proverb. Of the popular productions of the day, among the most popular have been the published sermons of our chief divines. Guthrie's sermons have sold as fast, and run through as many thousands, as Macaulay's history; a single sermon of Caird's, in the course of a few weeks, became known and read in every corner of the kingdom; the sermons of Dr Hanna have passed through five editions in the course of as many months; Arnot's 'Lectures on the Proverbs' are already in their 17th thousand; and the 'Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson' are winning their way with equal rapidity, not because they are sermons disguised, but because they are sermons of a high class. So much for Scotland alone, hitherto deemed by many—though we must maintain unjustly—the very Sahara of theological and homiletic literature. In the Episcopal Church, again, the discourses of Archer Butler and of Frederick Robertson have achieved for themselves a distinguished place in the classic literature of the land. Nor do these stand alone. They are only the most popular of a numerous and increasing company, some of whom, in point of depth and freshness, of intellectual and spiritual power, are more than worthy to be named along with them. Bishop Wilberforce, Dean Trench, Dean Alford, Bishop Ellicot, Charles John Vaughan, James

Hamilton, Baldwin Brown, Charles Kingsley, Fred. Temple, A. P. Stanley, Dr Goulburn, Mr Arthur, Dr Candlish, Dr M'Leod¹—not to speak of the Alexanders, the Bushnells, the Beechers, the Huntingdons, the Cuylers of the Transatlantic Church—form altogether an array of eminent names such as it would be difficult to match in the sacred literature of any one previous age. If at some former periods there have been single voices more commanding than any now sounding in the Church, as Chrysostom, Hall, Chalmers, we are, we think, at least safe in saying, that there never were so many of high, if not the highest power. We, of course, include in this list men of very various ecclesiastical and theological tendencies. But it is very obvious, though the literary critics of the day are apt to overlook the fact, that whatever power, intellectual or spiritual, any of these possess, must in fairness, in this discussion, be placed to the account of the pulpit. It is much the fashion with a portion of the press to praise to the utmost men like Maurice, Kingsley, and Stanley, but not as belonging to the pulpit and the Church, rather as belonging to the world outside. If the question be, Wherein does the strength of the modern pulpit lie? such isolation of a few from the rest might be relevant and fair; but if it be, Is the pulpit still an engine of power, or is it not?—the elimination of any names that belong to it is as unwarranted as would be the elimination of the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*, if the question were, whether the periodical literature of the day is gaining or losing in weight and power.

Again, it will be said—Those named are the exceptions, and form no fair criterion of the character of the clergy and of the pulpit as a whole. Of course, they *are* exceptions; the really eminent men of any profession ever are so. The few good speakers in the House of Commons—a dozen perhaps, or at most a dozen and a half—are the exceptions, just as the few powerful preachers in the London pulpit—in numerical proportion decidedly greater—are the exceptions. The most, then, that we can do, in an inquiry like this, is to compare the eminent men of one age, in point of number and calibre, with the eminent men of another; and what we maintain is, that the present generation of preachers will not suffer by the comparison.—But we might bring the question to another, and in the view of some, perhaps, more satisfactory test. Let us ourselves look around, in whatever part of the country we may happen to live, and compare the voices with which we are now familiar in our sacred assemblies with those we can distinctly recollect some thirty years ago. In

¹ We are of course entitled to class the 'Parish Papers,' and numerous other religious discourses of this fresh and genial writer, under the head of Pulpit Literature.

so vast a wilderness as London, a comparison of this kind is perhaps scarcely practicable; but in such a community as that of the Scottish metropolis, the problem becomes more manageable and susceptible of practical issue. Now, we enter here on rather delicate ground; and we would speak with all delicacy and affectionate respect of the revered names of the past. Still, we must fairly ask our readers, whether they really think the three or four eminent preachers who then occupied the chief place in the Edinburgh pulpit were superior in genial freshness, or in intellectual and spiritual power, to the dozen or more who now stand in a similar position of prominence. We have the sermons of some of the most eminent of them in our hands. Would they, or would they not, set the world on fire were they delivered now, and put us wholly out of taste with those whom in these days we delight to honour? Honestly, we don't think so. They were strong and good men, and did their work well in their day; *we* have strong and good men also, who do their work well now;—and of the two, we are bound to say that those who preached in those easy-going times, with the world asleep and the Church half asleep, and few other earnest voices audible anywhere but their own, had an easier task by far to do, in gaining the ear of those at all disposed to serious thought, than falls to the lot of their successors now. A voice crying in the wilderness has a far better chance to be heard, than the loudest trumpet-blast amid the din of many voices and the roar of chariot-wheels.

Of the London pulpit in particular—and it is of it that the current complaints are most rife—we feel it very difficult to speak definitely. How shall we estimate, either absolutely or relatively, the number of eminent preachers in that vast blind maze, where any man, unless distinguished by high place, transcendent genius, or wild eccentricity, is lost in the crowd? In that huge incognito, where great things and small are alike unknown, where the most utter insignificance and the finest powers may be alike obscure, where minor celebrities of every kind are extinguished in an instant like lamps in choke-damp, it is not even every eminent preacher that becomes a celebrated or widely popular preacher. It is a great thing if, by fair and honest means, without aid of eccentric freaks or clap-trap tricks, even a strong man makes his very existence known to the distance of a couple of streets from where his pulpit stands. We are not sure but even a Paul or a Chrysostom might preach a long while in one of the London city churches and be very little heard of, unless indeed some riotous mob should disturb the service, or some rebellious churchwarden raise the cry of innovation. No! gentle critic, ‘habitans in sicco,’ or ‘dear hearer,’

or whoever you may be, it is not so easy a matter as you think to be a distinguished and well-known London preacher. Try it, and you will not find it so. Devote your own great powers to the reinforcement of the enfeebled and decrepit pulpit, and see whether the effect be as great and immediate as you expected. You consider the writing in the leading columns of the *Times* very powerful—full of trenchant force—full of point and fire, and in every way worthy of the advanced spirit of the age. We fully agree with you. But suppose that one of the *Times* thunderers were to become a preacher, and were to deliver just such sermons as he now writes leaders in some great city church, in St Marylebow or St Marylebone, do you think that he would at once take the world by surprise, fill the east and the west with his fame, and make the voices of Melville, Binney, and Trench sound flat and commonplace in our ears? For ourselves we don't believe it. Indeed, we are not sure but the event we have supposed has happened before now, and yet left the great current of metropolitan religious life to flow on very much as before. As actors have left the stage, so, probably, have journalists left the desk for the more sacred arena; and yet awoke no very loud echo, or created any great sensation. At least we know there have been great lights of the press, who were in their day lights of the pulpit, but by no means such conspicuous lights as they are now. In short, the laity generally, we are persuaded, very greatly exaggerate the facilities for obtaining individual celebrity which the Christian ministry, and particularly the metropolitan ministry, affords. Of all places in the world probably, London is the one where it is most difficult for a pulpit orator to make himself widely known, unless, indeed, the fame of a previously acquired reputation have travelled to the metropolis before him, or some startling peculiarity make him notorious before he has had time to become distinguished. If in either of these exceptional ways the bell is loudly rung in the public ear, he will have a crowd to hear him to begin with, and if he deserve it, he will probably retain more or less of the hold he has gained; but hard indeed and steep is the ascent to a great pulpit reputation in London in any other way.

We are not of those who attribute Mr Spurgeon's great and continued popularity, alone or mainly, to the startling eccentricities which characterized especially the commencement of his career. With much coarseness and lack of refined taste, we cannot but recognise in him a robust sense, a dramatic tact, an intimate knowledge of the heart and the ways of man, a genuine religious fervour, and a rich flow of clear and forceful language, that fully explain the position he has attained. It is not less

true, we grant, that the eccentricity had a good deal to do with the creation of a notoriety which more solid qualities have contributed to sustain. Eccentricity, however—and that not of a very refined kind—has rung the bell for many a noted preacher before the Calvinistic orator of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Let us now remind our readers of the exact point toward which our remarks hitherto have been intended to bear, and the result to which, as we conceive, our inquiries have brought us. We have been throughout discussing the relative character of the pulpit of the present day as compared with that of previous generations; and the conclusion to which we have come, in opposition to a very prevailing cry of the day, is, that it is not a falling off, but rather an advance upon the state of things existing in the past. But then, a further, and in some respects even a more important, question yet remains. If the cry in question, in the special form it has taken, and in the full extent of the accusation which it prefers, be without sufficient justification, is it yet wholly groundless? Is there nothing at all wrong, when such wide-spread suspicion exists, and such indignant complaints are heard on every side? Where there is so much smoke, is there no fire? Granted that the evil complained of is no greater than it was fifty or a hundred years ago; granted even, as we think in fairness we must grant, that it exists to a less extent now than perhaps at any former period; still the question returns, Does it exist at all—and exist to a degree of which the country, and especially the Christian laity of the Church, have a right to complain? If, as a matter of course, the great majority of the clergy must be, and ever will be, men of comparatively moderate powers, do they as a body bring to the discharge of their sacred office those qualifications and those elements of efficiency and usefulness which even men of moderate powers might and ought to possess? Are the clergy, in short, taught to preach, as our medical men are taught to heal, as our lawyers are taught to interpret the law? Is the work of the pulpit, speaking of it as a whole, done as well as the work of our dispensaries, our law courts, our public offices—as well as men of moderate natural gifts and capacities, consecrated to a high and holy calling, and duly prepared for it, ought to be able to do it? Is the number of men in the Church of England totally unfit for their office, and for doing any real honest work in it, palpably greater than in other spheres of life—greater than would be tolerated in any other? Laying out of account for the moment the highest qualification of all, which man may indeed desire, but cannot command—the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the consecration of the heart—is any reasonable care taken to impart to candidates for the

holy ministry that training for the effective discharge of their prophetic office which man can give? In a single word, can the great proportion of young preachers preach?—address a congregation in such a way as to arrest attention, awaken interest, and command respect? The large party whose views we are now considering, maintain that they cannot. Stript of the invidious comparison implied with the state of matters in former times, this is substantially the amount of the accusations now so constantly and so vehemently made. Is this accusation true? We greatly fear that it is so in large measure. We suspect it must be confessed, even by the Church's best friends, of a large proportion of the nation's appointed religious instructors, that if the power of effective and impressive speech be an essential qualification for their high office, they are simply and notoriously destitute of the semblance of any such power. Of course, we speak here particularly of the Established Church of England, to which, indeed, the present prevailing complaint mainly or exclusively refers. In other communions, where popular influence prevails both in the constitution and continuance of the pastoral relation—even in the Established Church of Scotland, where public opinion and the reminiscence of non-intrusion conflicts so greatly control the exercise of church patronage, the evil necessarily in a great measure cures itself. But within the Episcopal pale it grows up rank and luxuriant, without check or control. Of those who assume the office of public instructors, very many do not even profess the power of public speech. They never learned it; the traditionary proprieties of Anglican worship do not exact it; they are not ashamed to confess themselves destitute of it. Many do not even attempt to address their congregation in any words of their own; many cannot even effectively and impressively read the words of others. At the very best, the utmost you can as a general rule expect, is a quiet and judicious religious essay, quietly and pleasantly read, without any attempt whatever at the awakening of thought and the stirring of hearts. Of sacred oratory in the true sense—that mighty spell by which through living speech the soul of one man stirs and sways the souls of others—the majority of English preachers have not the faintest notion, even as a thing to be aimed at or desired. The sermon is but the devout and decent close of the accustomed ceremonial of the day. It is right that it should be there; the service would be incomplete and wanting in due symmetry without it, but little is attempted by, little expected from it. The preacher braces not himself to the task as to a great and momentous work; the people wake not up with erect ears and excited expectancy to listen. The whole thing is slight, superficial, perfunctory,—

twenty or thirty minutes of subdued and quiet discourse, passing away at last amid the rush of footsteps and the roar of the organ. No wonder if in these circumstances it should be regarded in some quarters as a somewhat dull ceremonial—rather an infliction to be endured, than a privilege to be enjoyed—a superfluous addition to the epistle and gospel—a languid appendage to the devotional part of the service, rather than the grand and spirit-stirring climax of the whole.

Of course we need not say, in view of the general tone and purport of this article, that to this state of things there are many and noble exceptions; indeed, every man who has the soul of a preacher and a pastor in him will, under the most unfavourable circumstances, be more or less an exception; but we fear the account we have given, as applicable to the general cast and standard of Anglican preaching, is by no means an exaggerated one. If any one doubts this, let him just visit in succession the first six churches that lie in his way, either in town or country, take the spiritual provision in them, and judge for himself. If he do not on such an experiment find,—we do not say that an effective and interesting style of pulpit address, but even the attempt at it, is rare, we shall be alike delighted and surprised. This is the secret of the present prevailing cry. Men in general do not carefully inquire as to the state of matters heretofore—by a natural and well-known illusion, they are very apt to take it for granted that it was better then; but they are vividly awake to the state of matters now. It is no new evil of which they complain, but to them it seems as if it were new. If not new, they are newly awake to it. It strikes them as a strange and startling anomaly, as it did not do before. The increased earnestness of the world awakes attention to and cries shame on the drowsiness of the Church. In those quiet old times, when everybody else was asleep, it did not seem so strange, or even so unpleasant, that the clergy should slumber too. When abuses and inefficiencies of every kind were rife everywhere, it seemed but natural to find them also in the Church. Men had heavier grievances then to suffer under, but then they felt them less. There were ‘*habitantes in sicco*,’ alas! many and forlorn; but they were unconscious of their condition, for almost all were in the same circumstances, and there was no sound of rain anywhere to be heard. It is widely different now. The whole world stirs and throbs with life. The spirit of reform penetrates and searches into everything. In every department of the public service, efficiency and *bona fide* work is the order of the day; and every man is expected to do his duty, and to be in some reasonable degree qualified to do it. Why not also in the Church? Why should it, the most

sacred and momentous of all, remain the only profession in which the holding of office does not imply any special training for it, or even the pretence of real qualification for its discharge? Such is the real gravamen of the accusation now brought against the Church of England by a large number even of her own faithful members. Is she prepared to plead 'not guilty' to the charge, or show cause why adverse judgment should not pass?

The practical result of this state of things in the religious condition of the country at large is but too apparent. A very large and, as some think, increasing portion of the community, and especially of the industrious and intelligent working classes, has become alienated altogether from the Church and its ministrations. As she has cultivated so little the art of speaking to them, they have ceased to make a pretence of hearing her. In the true and earnest words of the pamphlet already more than once quoted, and which we cite now all the more willingly, on account of the disparaging terms in which we have been compelled to speak of other parts of it,—

'We are not a Christian people. A superficial religiousness holds a formal sway chiefly over the middle classes of this country. . . . But the people *en masse* have come to smile both at religious teachers and the system they represent. These things will scarcely be credited by those who live almost wholly in a religious atmosphere; or if they move among the people at all, go among those only who have been separated from the great bulk of the population, and who cannot therefore be an index to the general condition. Statistics might be tabulated in proof, but surely on this question we need them not. The broad dark fact oppresses us, and some in almost frantic earnestness labour to devise the means of reclamation. Hence theatres echo with novel sounds, and zealous men preach on our highways, and city missionaries and Scripture-readers thread our wretched alleys to get at people who will not come to them.' . . . 'There is so wide a gulph between the clergy and the great body of our working classes in our large towns, the former possess so little exact knowledge of what the other are reading and thinking about and discussing, that evil often results from attempts to approach our irreligious classes.' . . . 'The tendency here is to settle down into a hard, dry, unimaginative secularism, pushing aside with an impatient gesture every claim that may be urged in the name of religion. This tendency does not show itself now, as formerly, in a menacing attitude; but for this very reason its progress and ultimate results are all the more to be dreaded. The comparative silence that reigns just now among our industrial orders is full of grave admonition. I wonder how many ministers of religion could answer the question, "What are the working classes doing? What is the tone and colour of their thoughts just now?" Those who know could answer in a word—*material*. I believe that times of agitation, such as those of the days of "Socialism" or "Chartism," are in some respects to be preferred to the present treacherous stillness.

Men at least talked and discussed then about something higher and more spiritual than "strikes" and "co-operation" schemes. Now, on the contrary, materialism in some form is that to which every thought is given and every energy applied. Thus we have atheism in fact, without the odium of the name; and just here lies the danger in the present temper of the public mind. Formal, positive, organized infidelity is not the danger of the hour, though there is a startling amount of this in our large towns and cities; but it is a sullen apathetic indifference, combined with an eager devotion to schemes which practically ignore all religion, that is just now most to be dreaded.¹

These statements are probably in some parts somewhat overdrawn, but they are, we fear, in a considerable measure mournfully true, at least as applying to the great English centres of trade and manufacture. In Scotland, thank God, things have not, as yet at least, reached so serious a point. Here, whatever may be the defects and shortcomings of the Christian Church, it has at least succeeded in keeping hold of the people, and of the people's confidence and sympathies, to an extent unknown in the southern part of the island. Here it is the sunken classes, for the most part, that are also the irreligious classes. A great part of the intelligent and well-conditioned working people still share with the middle and upper classes the decencies of Christian profession and worship, and contribute to the ranks of the Christian Church a large proportion of her most devoted and energetic members. It is too probable, however, that even here the evil exists to a much larger extent than many of us are aware; that amongst us also there is a great multitude not of the lapsed masses only, not of the wretched waifs of our streets, but of our intelligent and sturdy artizans, who do not now 'hear Christ gladly.' The problem then concerns us all—every Christian communion and every Christian man alike,—how the Church, and especially the Christian ministry, in these days may be best prepared to do battle with those formidable evils—to meet the advancing spirit, and to grapple with the great and arduous work of the age?

It is not, indeed, the class just referred to alone, that are in these days disposed to hold the pulpit and its ministrations cheap. The literary class who write leaders, probably as a class hang as loosely by the Church and its distinctive influences and agencies, as the brawny mechanics who organize 'trades' unions' and head 'strikes.' But this is no new thing. Perhaps, of all classes of the community, the literary class is that naturally the least disposed to listen to the voice of the Christian preacher with respect. To listen with respect to your teacher, you must look up to your teacher; and the literary man, from the very circumstances of his position, is little inclined to look up. He is, or imagines

¹ *Preachers and Preaching*, pp. 33, 43.

himself to be, in intellectual stature and mental culture, the equal, or more than the equal, of his instructor. He listens, therefore, with candour perhaps, and attention, but with a certain judicial attitude and temper which puts the preacher's powers to a very severe test. He sits, not on the same level with the rest of the flock, but in a lofty region of his own, unfavourable alike to docile inquiry and deep impression. How should he, who is accustomed weekly or daily, from his lofty intellectual throne, to speak aloud his imperial decisions on all manner of men and things in the ear of the whole nation, sit meekly down every seventh day at the feet of the man who utters plain homely words to plain homely folk in his parish church? Besides, the speculative and the critical region in which he habitually moves, is necessarily unfavourable to the influence of an instrument whose power lies mainly in the moral and spiritual sphere. We should never forget that, as religion, to use the words of Schleiermacher, is not a thing of knowing only, or a thing of doing, but of feeling and of affection, it is with that inmost sanctuary of the soul also that the Christian preacher has mainly to do. His main business is not to extend theological science, to sound the foundations of speculative truth, but to feed the springs of Christian life. He is there not to philosophize or theorize, but to plead and persuade—to waken consciences, to kindle hearts, to nourish moral feeling, to stimulate and sustain holy action. His message, therefore, is not alone or mainly to the reason, or the judgment, or the æsthetic tastes, but to the soul—to those spiritual instincts and infinite wants and longings lying deep down at the centre of our being, which it is the business of religion at once to evoke and to satisfy. He is, in short, not a professor of theology, but a minister of religion, a preacher of faith. Now, with all this the distinctively literary habit has little in common. It moves in a wholly different orbit. Its home is the cavern of the brain, rather than the consecrated chamber of the heart, where religion and her ministers chiefly dwell. No wonder, then, if the *litterateur* is apt to underrate the preacher. He comes to church expecting, or at least seeking, profound thought, ingenious speculation, powerful demonstration; and he finds only solemn unveilings of the world unseen, and earnest calls to repentance, to faith, to newness of life. What is the cure for this state of things? How shall the Church meet half-way, or is it her duty to meet half-way, this large and influential class? Shall she try to make her ministrations philosophical—teach her pastors to preach a religion of reason, instead of the old religion of revealed truths and living faith? Shall she aim to move more in the intellectual sphere, and less in the spiritual and experimental? We do not think so. If the pulpit is to hold her own against the various

and formidable agencies which in these days dispute with her the empire of the human soul, it must, we are persuaded, be by keeping to her own ground, and not by exchanging it for theirs. It is in his hold on the inward and spiritual, through the living enunciation of revealed truths, that the preacher's great strength lies ; let him surrender this for a mere intellectual or speculative interest, and he becomes weak as another man. He may be intellectually brilliant, or he may not ; he may be acute, original, profound, full of fresh thought, speculative insight, or bright poetic fancy, or he may not, just as any other man may. Such power as those attributes impart, he shares in common with all other teachers who possess them, whatever their special theme or distinctive aim may be. But his peculiar power as a preacher comes from an inspiration higher than they. That reason and intellectual gifts generally have an important function in the work of the pulpit, is, of course, beyond question. That function is at once negative and positive. They contribute, on the one hand, to preserve the substance of the divine message pure by rejecting all admixture of crude opinion and morbid feeling ; and on the other, to illuminate it, and set it forth with original force, freshness, and beauty. The intellectual charm which choice words, fine thoughts, vivid illustrations, keen glances into the heart of men and things, and those deep, pregnant utterances of wisdom which reveal the fruit though not the processes of philosophy, impart to any discourse, whether religious or otherwise, is assuredly not to be made light of as an ally, if not the principal agent, in the work of the pulpit. If rare powers of thought and genius can contribute nothing to the substance of the preacher's message, and may take nothing from it, they may at least do much to win attention to it, and bring it into living contact with the minds of men, and especially of cultured and thoughtful men. Still intellectual power is one thing, and spiritual power is another ; and the latter, not the former, is the peculiar power of the pulpit. Let them by all means, and as far as possible, be combined, but let not the one be substituted for the other.

Nor are we disposed to assent to the demand now often made on the Christian preacher in these days, to eschew all doctrinal statements, and confine himself to the practical concerns of human duty and common life, or at least to aim rather at the embodiment of a certain Christianized tone of thought and feeling, than the inculcation of any definite Christian system. If, indeed, by doctrinal preaching is meant the mere mechanical reproduction of other men's definitions and forms of thought,—raw and wretched morsels of unmasticated, undigested catechism or creed,—the dead tradition, as Mr Smith would call it, of a controversial and dogmatic orthodoxy, rather than the living faith

of the heart,—we can scarcely have too little of it, and the best friends of the pulpit will mournfully confess that we have by far too much. But if doctrinal preaching in the true sense be, as surely it is, the clear and earnest declaration of God's message to sinful men, or, in the words of a pre-eminently doctrinal book, of 'what we are to believe concerning God, and *what duty God requires of man*,'—the declaration of this by men who believe it, and because they believe it, 'therefore speak,'—it is difficult to see how we can have too much of it; we can scarcely, indeed, conceive of a proper Christian discourse without it. Surely, if the preacher is to do God's work in the souls of men, he must declare to them God's truth; and that truth, whatever special cast and shaping it may receive from the circumstances and characteristic thinking of the age, must, when declared, assume more or less the form of doctrinal statement. There must still be a 'Thus saith the Lord' clearly and distinctly heard above all the din of human speculation and philosophy, or the pulpit will lose the spell which it wielded of old over the souls of men. If you are, indeed, to move the world from its foundations, it can only be by means of a fulcrum beyond the world; and where is that fulcrum to be found, if not in that old doctrine of sin and grace, of man's ruin and God's redemption, which, from the Pentecostal day till now, has been the source of whatever has been strong, whatever has been holy in the faith and life of the Church? Let that doctrine indeed be declared not in man's way, but in God's; let it be uttered, not as a dry dogma, but as a living faith; let it not be a mere theological tradition, but the ever new conviction and belief of the heart, the personal message and 'burden' of the man himself, and not of any other man or any other age,—still, and in any case, it must be a message, and a message from God. What men call doctrine may be dead doctrine or living doctrine; it may be abstract scholastic doctrine, or concrete Bible doctrine; it may be doctrine that bristles in definitions, or that gushes from the heart, but—there must be doctrine.

Even in an apologetic point of view, and in the face of all the sceptical philosophies of the day, we are persuaded this is the best and safest course. We should never forget—in these days of speculative doubt and misgiving, it is more than ever important to remember—that the Gospel itself is emphatically its own witness. It shines, whenever faithfully and livingly preached, in the light of its own evidence. By its very proclamation it accredits and authenticates itself. There is a depth, a power, a majesty, a self-evidencing light, a soul-searching and soul-quickenng energy about the message itself, apart even from those external 'signs of the kingdom of heaven' by which it

is accredited, which seems to stamp it as divine, and to claim as by an inherent and indefeasible title the homage of those who hear it. The manifestation of the truth is the most irresistible demonstration of the truth. If it needs any other vouchers than itself, those vouchers are to be found in the human conscience and the human heart—the heart whose infinite longings it satisfies, and the conscience whose piercing cries it at once interprets and stills. The echo of the human soul from the inmost recesses of its being answers to the voice of God speaking in the Scriptures as it does to none other. Let the preacher awake this echo, and he will have therein a mightier witness to the truth of his message, as well as a mightier persuasive to compliance with it, than the most profound philosophy or cogent argument can ever supply. We do not, of course, depreciate the external and secondary evidences of the truth of the Scriptures. Those evidences, whether drawn from miracle or prophecy, or the analogies of nature and providence, or the victorious progress of the faith, and its beneficent and regenerative influence on society and the world, are most powerful corroborative proofs of the divinity of the Gospel—most precious aids to faith. But still we believe the main and central basis of our belief must be sought elsewhere. These are rather but the buttresses and outer bulwarks of the temple of truth, than its proper foundations. The religion of God does not so much fight its way into human souls by argument, as reveal itself through its own inherent divinity to those whose eyes are opened to see its glory. For high or low, for learned or unlearned, for the philosopher and the peasant alike, the most convincing evidence of Christianity is the manifestation of Christ.

Do we mean, then, to maintain, on the whole—and especially as regards the matter of doctrinal preaching now last referred to—that all is right? Are we perfectly content with things as they are? Have we no desiderata? We are far from thinking thus; and perhaps the effort we have made in the foregoing pages to do full justice to the merits of the existing ministry, may be accepted as establishing for us a sort of title to speak the more freely in indicating what we deem the real defects and vulnerable points of modern preachers and preaching, even of the better sort. To sum up the whole, then, in a single sentence, we think there is amongst us a very large amount of that dry, formal, doctrine-preaching we have alluded to above. We gladly admit there is less of this than formerly—that in the high places of the Church it is rapidly passing away, and giving place to the freshness either of intellectual life on the one hand, or spiritual earnestness on the other; but on the lower flats of intellectual and spiritual mediocrity, it still obstinately holds its ground.

Men go on perseveringly ploughing the old ruts, mistaking dead dogmas for living truths, human artificial forms for the divine substance. We do not object, as we have already fully shown, to doctrinal preaching, but only to the kind of doctrinal preaching which is still too largely prevalent. It is not doctrine, but *mere* doctrine, hard and stiff doctrine, narrow, one-sided doctrine—doctrine divorced from Scripture exegesis, divorced from experience, divorced from human life—doctrine that may be carried about in a formula, and passed, without thought, or feeling, or heart-conviction, from hand to hand. We want water, drawn not from mere human tanks—whether of Oxford, or Geneva, or Westminster—but from the divine living springs.

To come more to detail, we think, first of all, that the pulpit would greatly gain in vitality and power by becoming more *biblical*. Nothing, we are persuaded, has of late contributed more to redeem the preaching of the age both from intellectual and spiritual commonplace, than the great development in our day of a healthy exegetical spirit. The study of divine truth has been resolving itself more and more into the study of the divine word. Men have been seeking to make their escape from the narrowness and poverty of man's thoughts and words, to the largeness and fulness of the thoughts and words of God. This is unquestionably a movement in the right direction. As the reformation of philosophy was based on the interpretation of nature, so, surely, must the reformation and revivification of theology and preaching be based on the interpretation of Scripture. If system and theory be valuable in their own place, that place is assuredly one subordinate to, and dependent on interpretation. System must grow out of interpretation, not interpretation out of system. Divine words must be questioned, even as natural facts must be questioned—not merely summoned as 'proof-texts' to establish a conclusion already foregone. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not speaking in any measure in disparagement of the systematic and scientific development of Christian doctrine as one of the essential disciplines of theology; we are only claiming for exegesis, or the free, unbiassed reverential interpretation of the divine word, its distinct and independent sphere. Let dogmatics no more dominate exegetics, than exegetics shall supplant dogmatics. The course, too, which the revived exegesis has taken is eminently a healthy one. While not abjuring philosophy, or such subsidiary lights as history and archæology supply, in the interpretation of the sacred text, its great business has been the close, searching, reverential examination of the inspired words themselves. It has sought carefully to weigh and measure the utterances of the Spirit, giving to them precisely the sense they bear, neither

more nor less; not daring either to add to or take from it, even in the interest of the truth itself. Its motto, in short, has been, 'Hear the Word,' not 'Hear the Church;' and if the result, notwithstanding, has been a signal corroboration of the cardinal tenets of the Church's faith and traditional scheme of orthodox belief, it has not been because divine texts have been pressed into the service, but because they have freely and spontaneously hastened to bear their uncorrupted witness. And if this characteristically biblical movement has been for the advantage of sound theology, it has perhaps been even more so to a sound and healthful homiletics. All true and living preaching of the Word must be drawn fresh from the springs of the Word. The faithful messenger must take his message direct from his Master; and his declaration of the message must be, as far as possible, the very echo of his Master's voice. We shall learn to preach like Christ, only by pondering and deeply studying the words of Christ. We need scarcely say how many of the choicest products of the pulpit in our day derive their main excellence from this source. It may be enough to refer to the sermons of Trench, of Alford, of Ellicot, and, perhaps chief of all, of Dr Vaughan, whose recent volume of expository discourses on the Epistle to the Philippians seems to us very much the model of what scriptural exegesis ought to be, as well as, at the same time, an example of what such an exegesis may do to vivify, to freshen, and enrich the ministrations of the sanctuary.

Then, again, we think the preaching of the age might, with great advantage, be more *Christian*. We use this expression here in a somewhat unusual sense, because we cannot find any other to express our meaning. What we intend by it is, that we should desire to see a greater prominence given in the ordinary teaching of the Church to the Divine Person and life of Christ Himself, as distinguished from mere doctrinal propositions concerning His offices and work. As we once heard a devout Christian layman express it, there is in the sermons of many preachers too much of 'it,' and too little of 'Him.' Undoubtedly that which most vitally concerns us all, is to know Christ—to know not some doctrines about Him merely, or even all doctrines about Him, but to know Himself, the real personal Jesus, as well as the official Christ—not the justifying life and atoning death only, but Him who 'for us men and for our salvation,' lived and died. This is the true vivifying element in Christian preaching—the divine kernel, without which all else is but barren husk and chaff. Let us have doctrine by all means—doctrine in all its fulness and explicitness, but doctrine vivified and glorified by the Person. It is in this way alone that theoretic doctrines, and especially the distinctive doctrines

of grace, can be made, we do not say quickening and salutary, but even safe. Thus alone shall we at once feel their power and avoid their pernicious abuse. We think, then, that the current preaching of our time would gain greatly in depth and vitality by having more of this element, and with this view, while not less diligent in the study of the Epistles, moving more than heretofore in the sphere, and breathing the holy air, of the Gospels. Here also we gladly own that a great improvement has of late taken place in the preaching of this country, at least of the better sort. It is much less common now than in the last age, for good men to talk in a stiff and formal way of justification and sanctification merely, and to lose sight of Him who is Himself the Lord our righteousness and our strength. There are many now who know full well to pluck the leaves of healing from the tree of life itself, instead of bringing them forth dry and withered from the *hortus siccus* of a traditional faith.

We pass on, then, to another of our desiderata: We should like to see the preaching of the day more *ethical*. We do not mean, of course, the mere morality of a past age—a morality that held of Socrates rather than of Christ, and which showed the earthliness of its origin by its utter impotence, and barrenness of all divine, recreative power. What we do mean, is the life of Christ, as distinguished from, but still in indissoluble connection with, the grace of Christ—the life of a Christian man on earth, or of Christ in him, in its manifold ramifications and manifestations. This surely is just as legitimate and necessary a subject of Christian preaching as the highest doctrines. The conscience needs not only to be awakened, but educated. It wants not stimulus only, but direction. The life of a Christian man, like the life of any other man, is a life of details; and the light of divine truth must be shed on those details, and the inspiration of holy motives breathed into them, as well as those great acts and moments of existence which seem the turning-points of destiny. The hands of the diligent make rich, by the care of little things as well as of great: the perfect likeness of Christ depends on the more delicate lines and shades as well as on the general outlines of His image. We need, in short, to learn how to walk, and to please God, not in the chief things only, but in all things—not on high and solemn occasions only, but amid all the common scenes and ways of life. Should not the instructions and exhortations of the Christian pulpit, then, cover all this ground? The Bible covers it. The preaching of the apostles covers it. The inspired instructions to bishops and evangelists as to the proper sphere and range of their commission cover it. Can the Christian preacher, then, now be considered as faithfully discharging his trust, and declaring the

whole counsel of God, if he do not strive habitually to cover it too—if he do not assiduously labour throughout the whole tenor of his ministry to acquit himself before God and man as the preacher of righteousness, as the preacher of grace? Has it been so in the evangelical pulpits of this country hitherto? We cannot say so. In a great majority of the sermons denominated evangelical, preached every Sunday in England, and still more perhaps in Scotland, this element is in a great measure wanting. You may lay your account, as a general thing, with the exhibition, more or less effective, of some part or aspect of Christian doctrine, with more or less of application to the heart and conscience—but scarcely ever the inculcation and enforcement of any specific duty or Christian virtue *per se*. Still, a great improvement has of late taken place, in many quarters, in this respect also; though much remains to be done. We would refer especially to such works as those of Dr Goulburn on ‘Personal Religion,’ Dr Vaughan’s ‘Lessons on Life and Godliness,’ and Mr Arnot’s ‘Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth,’ as specimens of the kind of teaching which, in this view, we should like to see more extensively prevalent in the Church.

We should have liked to dwell a little on yet a fourth desideratum—that of a more intimate relation in the teaching of the pulpit with the actual facts and realities of human life. Our preaching, we think, while not less divine than heretofore, but in truth more divine, should be *more human* also—more directly bearing on the actual battles the men before us are fighting—the actual sins, sorrows, temptations, misgivings, fears, amid which they are struggling. But our space forbids illustration, and it is enough to have pointed to a path in which Chalmers, more than forty years ago, led the way, and in which he has since had many a worthy follower. Preachers are learning, slowly perhaps, yet still surely, to speak not to men’s hearts and consciences only, but to ‘their business and bosoms’ too.

But what now shall we say of the common people? What shall we say of the great breach, already so wide, and in the view of many becoming still wider, between a large section of them and all the ministries and agencies of the Christian Church? What is the cause of that breach, and how best may it be bridged over or closed? This is the most serious aspect of the whole subject. It is surely passing sad to think that the Christian ministry in our land should to so large an extent have failed just precisely where it has failed. Of all classes in the Jewish community of old, the common people heard our Master gladly. Why is it that, to so large an extent, they refuse to hear His servants? Why is it that those scattered multitudes

no longer recognise in their preaching the voice of their true Shepherd, but only that of a stranger? Why do they not own and welcome them as friends—the friends of the poor and suffering and toiling multitudes, even as they owned and welcomed Him? We fear no satisfactory answer can be given to these questions as regards the Christian ministry and the Christian Church, not indeed of this generation especially, but rather of bygone generations, from whose slumbers we are just awakening, and the bitter fruits of whose neglect have descended as a sad legacy to our times. But then or now—the fathers or the children—we are verily guilty concerning our brethren. They would not have ceased to hear us, unless we had ceased to speak as our Master spake to them. We would not indeed throw the whole blame of this matter on the clergy. On the contrary, we are persuaded the special evil now in question is in one view only a part of a still wider evil, in which clergy and laity are alike involved, the laity perhaps even more than the clergy. The separation of the people from the Church is, in great measure, but one aspect of the separation of the people from the upper and dominant classes of the community generally, with which they have come more or less to identify the Church. They suspect and turn away from the clergy not so much on their own account, as on account of those with whom they are, in their view, associated and mixed up. They look upon them as men of a class, and that not *their* class. They regard them as belonging to the ranks of the educated, cultivated, prosperous few, as distinguished from the rude and struggling many to which they and theirs belong. They seem to them to walk on the sunny side of the world, while their home is on the dark side. It is probable that, in these days at least, the clergy share to a less degree than any other section of the upper classes in those feelings of alienation and suspicion, but still they share in them. The Church is deserted and forsaken, where it is deserted and forsaken, less as a divine institution than as an upper and middle class institution; and the Christian ministry suffer not for their own sins only, but for the sins of the whole body of the influential classes, and, among others, of those who most sharply reprove them in this matter. Of all men, in short, the clergy have done most to bridge over the great gulph which all alike deplore. But still the gulph remains.

In regard to the remedy for this state of things, we deeply feel that it becomes us to speak with deference. What we would urge is only in the way of respectful suggestion, and not of admonition or counsel. But a very humble person may often clearly enough see the thing that is wanted, without imagining himself in any respect qualified to supply it. He may give

utterance to a *desiderium* deeply and generally felt, though it be with him nothing more than a *desiderium*. What, then, is that *desiderium*? How would it express itself if called to speak in the presence of a body of the younger clergy, summoned together to consider this very question of the alienated and revolted masses, and what is to be done for them? Somewhat, we think, as follows: Supposing all other more fundamental requisites, spiritual and intellectual, present, then, first of all, speak to the people in a *manly way*. Speak to them as a man to men. Let your thinking be clear, and your words wise and strong. Let there be in your discourses the genuine ring of sound sense and healthy manly sentiment. Let their frame be muscular, not soft and flabby. Don't speak down to the people. For one thing, many of them are not below you; and if they were, it is no compliment to them to tell them so. Avoid feeble and mawkish sentiment. The feminine style of thought and feeling, or even the infant-school style, may have its admirers in Belgravian or May Fair circles, but assuredly it is no favourite with the brawny sons of care and toil. Then speak in a *brotherly manner*. Make them feel, in every word you speak, and in your whole intercourse with them, that you are not only a man, but a brother. Show that you understand them, that you feel not for them only, but with them. Identify yourself as a true priest of God with the people of your charge, sharing their griefs, bearing their sorrows, fighting, if you can, their battles. They think that you are men of a class, and therefore suspect you, and keep aloof from you; make them feel that they are wrong in this—that you are men not of any class, but of every class—that you are men, and deem every man your brother. Learn what they are thinking about, what they are most deeply interested in, what they are aiming at and struggling for; and when they come to the house of God, let them feel that they are hearing the voice of a friend and not of a stranger—one who understands them, and is at least trying to help them, in bearing their life-burden and fighting their life-battle. Thus shall you indeed drink into the spirit and follow the footsteps of Him who was not only a man, but pre-eminently *the Man*,—who therefore deemed everything human His own—who was our brother born, and born most of all for adversity. Last of all, speak to them *earnestly*. The 'common people,' of all classes, like earnest speech. In their whole life they have to do with earnest work and with earnest things, and they have little sympathy with anything else. Their life is necessarily, at least as regards this world, a life in earnest—earnest wants, earnest toils, earnest cares, earnest sorrows—nothing of mere finesse, and form, and conventional ceremony. They combat with life

in its sober, stern reality; there are few flowers, few sunny bowers on their path; mostly plain, rough, dusty highway. Therefore whoever would speak suitably to them, must speak in earnest. He must speak in plain, honest, downright fashion; the more plain, honest, and downright the better. He must be a real man speaking to real men, or he is nothing. Other desirable qualities may be dispensed with, but this is essential. He may or may not be a man of taste; he may or may not be a man of learning; he may or may not be a man of eloquence; but he must be a man in earnest, and speak *like* a man in earnest, or he never can be the friend of the poor—a shepherd of the people. How pre-eminently was this the case with our divine Master! If ever man on earth was in real right earnest, it was Christ. If ever man looked on life, and on the world, and on the sins and sorrows of men in their reality, and spoke as one that did, He did so. No one that heard Him could ever feel that He was trifling with him, that He was mocking his misery, that He was playing with his disease. He spoke as one who felt Himself in the presence of awful powers of death and woe, who knew all, and in the depths of His soul felt all. This the common people loved; this they welcomed as the thing they needed, the only thing that met their case. Therefore they heard Him gladly. Let His servants go and do likewise, and they will hear them gladly too.

We have left ourselves little space to refer to the special point raised in several of the publications before us—that of the effective delivery of sermons. Whether a discourse is best read, or freely delivered without the intervention of the manuscript, or if thus delivered, whether by a *memoriter* repetition of pre-composed words in whole or in part, or by the extemporaneous utterance of thought elaborated and arranged only in the mind? are questions which have long been discussed, and probably will always be so. Where so much confessedly depends on individual character and temperament, it seems hopeless to reach any absolute rule applicable to every case alike. As to the general principles on which the solution of those questions turns, there is probably not much difference of opinion amongst reasonable and thoughtful persons. That a read discourse, and a freely spoken discourse, have each their special advantages, and their special adaptations, both to the congregations addressed and the preachers addressing them, will, we suppose, be generally, if not universally, admitted. That, on the one hand, there is such a thing as oratory; that oratory is the most powerful instrument of popular interest and impression; that oratory in the full sense cannot consist with the interposition of a written manuscript between the speaker and his audience,—these are surely

not theses to be discussed, but rather axioms to proceed upon. The reading of a written discourse may be instructive, may be impressive, but surely it is not in the full sense of the word oratorical. Of course there are higher things than oratory; but oratory is something. The Church, we are persuaded, cannot afford yet to despise the grand art of Demosthenes, of Chrysostom, of Bourdaloue, of Hall. You may call the preference of the people in this country and all the world over, for this style of pulpit address, a prejudice; be it so—they have a prejudice for free oratorical speech in contradistinction to a more quiet didactic method. So have the House of Commons; so have juries and judges; so have all audiences of every kind gathered together anywhere almost but in church. A good sermon well read is unquestionably a very good thing; but a good sermon well delivered, with free and commanding oratorical action, the people regard as something better. We cannot see that they are wrong in this. For a certain class of hearers, again, it seems to us clear that the close use of the manuscript may be decidedly preferable. Where minute beauties of language, great precision of statement, close concatenation of argument, are the especial requisites; in other words, where the sermon approaches the character of a theological lecture or didactic essay, or generally where instruction and meditative thought, rather than incitement, are aimed at, the read discourse may be not only the most natural, but the most effective instrument; but surely in an ordinary popular sermon, a *concio ad plebem*, where the great point is to awake interest, sustain attention, and hold the listening multitude under the spell of the speaker's eye, and voice, and soul, it is not so. In short, in such a case, the words in which our thoughts are expressed are only a part, and often the least part, of language. The eye speaks, the hand speaks, the whole living quivering body speaks, as well as the tongue. It is not the words of an eloquent man alone, but the man himself, that is eloquent. It is not his sentences and periods that speak, but his soul, his living burning self, that speaks through them, and through eye, and lips, and hand, and voice all together. A part of this—no doubt sometimes, in illustrious instances, a very large part—comes out in a read discourse, but surely in all reason it must be admitted, not all. Oratory, indeed,—sacred oratory, like all other oratory,—is no doubt in some sort an inspiration, but it is also an art; and an art too of priceless value, as an instrument of popular instruction and impression. Believing this, we cannot but regard it as the crying shame of the universities and of the Christian churches of this land, that it should have been so long and so utterly neglected.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that the true solution

of this question, so far as such a solution is attainable, will be found in the habitual practice of both methods by all preachers whose natural capacities at all qualify them for doing so. There will probably be found in almost every congregation, a part of the hearers who are most effectively addressed in the one way, and another in the other—the select few who enjoy and profit by the precision, the beauty, the measured and balanced thought, the terse sententious force of a read discourse, and the promiscuous many who crave the incitement and kindling fire of a free and face to face address. Why should not both have their share? Why should not every earnest and painstaking pastor, as most wisely recommended of late by some of the bishops, speak freely to his flock, with all the spontaneous freshness and fervour and heart-to-heart directness he can command on one part of the day, and discourse before them with his ripest thoughts and choicest diction on the other?¹

After all, however, it is the burning heart alone that can give the tongue of fire. Writing or not writing, reading or freely speaking, this is the grand matter, the one thing needful. Let our ministers preach as Goethe teaches his orator to speak, and the world will no longer lend them a listless ear :

‘ Unless you feel, you ne’er will hit the mark,
 Unless right from the soul it comes,
 And with a native power and sweetness
 Subdue and win each listening heart.
 Go sit for ever, glue together,
 Cook your poor hash from others’ feast,
 Blow hard the paltry flame to kindle
 From out the ashy heap within ;
 Children and apes may sure applaud you,
 If for such praise your stomach care ;
 But never other hearts you’ll waken
 Save by a spell drawn from your own.’

¹ The Germans seem scarcely to recognise any other modis than that of mental composition on the one hand, and that of writing and memoriter delivery on the other. The following remarks of Hagenbach are well worthy of attention :—‘ Ob die Predigt soll niedergeschrieben und memorirt oder blos im Geiste verarbeitet werden ? das hängt von der Individualität ab, und darüber hat die Theorie nicht viel zu sagen. Jedenfalls aber muss dieser Process des Schreibens und Memorirens als ein verschwindender gefasst werden, von dem nichts in den Vortrag übergeht. Auch wo die Predigt geschrieben wird, muss sie im Geiste gleich als Rede, nicht als Aussatz concipirt werden. Als Rede müssen wir sie in uns herumtragen ; sie muss uns immer auf der Zunge liegen ; fortwährend müssen wir uns im Geiste auf der Kanzel denken, die Bibel vor uns aufgeschlagen, die Gemeinde um uns versammelt. Nur so werden wir Frische des Geistes genug bewahren, dass uns die Predigt über all den Präparatorien nicht alt wird, sondern dass sie vielmehr über der Meditation sich stets erneut und verjüngt, so dass die Stunde des Vortrags doch eigentlich erst die wahre Geburtsstunde der Predigt ist und es auf den Zuhörer den Eindruck macht, als drängte sie sich eben jetzt erst frei und sicher aus dem Innern hervor.’—*Hagenbach’s Theologische Encyclopadie*, § 108.

- ART. VII.—1. *Essai de Philosophie Religieuse.* Par EMILE SAISSET. Paris, 1859.
2. *An Essay on Religious Philosophy.* By EMILE SAISSET. Translated, with Marginal Analysis, Notes, Critical Essay, and Philosophical Appendix. 2 vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1863.
3. *Introduction Critique aux Oeuvres de Spinoza.* Par EMILE SAISSET.
4. *Oeuvres de Spinoza, traduites en Français pour la Première Foix.* Par EMILE SAISSET. 3 vols.
5. *Essais sur la Philosophie et la Religion au XIX Siècle.* Par EMILE SAISSET.
6. *Précurseurs et Disciples de Des Cartes.* Par EMILE SAISSET.

THESE works of M. Saisset have many claims on our attention. The author has long been recognised by thoughtful readers as one who has devoted genius and eloquence to the high questions of philosophy, in their theological relations, and whose meditative theology has been pursued in the spirit of Plato and St Augustin, whom he has laboured to reconcile. He has also been known as the translator, editor, and one of the profoundest living students of the works of Spinoza. We cordially welcome the appearance of his recent '*Essai de Philosophie Religieuse*,' in an English dress. English readers are indebted to a careful and intelligent editor for putting within their reach the best popular introduction to the study of modern metaphysics, in its theological aspect and applications. The French, beyond other nations, have the art of presenting profound matter in an agreeable manner, and in this art M. Saisset is distinguished even among his countrymen. The study of these volumes cannot fail to shed light, even for readers little accustomed to visit the metaphysical laboratory of opinion, on the nature of those forces—remote from common view¹—by which the religious thought and life of this generation is disturbed, and which are the occasion

¹ 'The evidence of history and the evidence of human nature combine,' Mr Mill well remarks, 'by a most striking instance of consilience, to show that there is really one element which is predominant, and almost paramount, among the agents of social progression. This is the state of the speculative faculties of mankind, including the nature of the speculative beliefs which by any means they have arrived at, concerning themselves and the world by which they are surrounded. It would be a great error, and one very little likely to be committed, to assert that speculation, intellectual activity, pursuit of truth, is among the more powerful propensities of human nature, or fills a large place in the lives of any, save decidedly exceptional individuals. But notwithstanding the relative weakness of this principle, among other sociological agents, its influence is the main determining cause of the social progress. . . . The weakness of the speculative propensity has not prevented the progress of speculation from governing that of society.'—(*Logic*, vol. ii., p. 607.)

of so much verbal reasoning, and so many extraordinary *ignorantiones elenchi* among theological controversialists. This and the other works of M. Saisset, prefixed to the present article, we venture to recommend, as second to none produced by this generation, in their claims on the attention, particularly of those interested in theological speculation. If narrowness and formalism have, as some allege, degraded and unspiritualized our British theology, works in the spirit of St Augustin, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz may serve, as the translator of the *Essai* remarks, to elevate those who breathe their air.

Emile Edmond Saisset, thus distinguished as the living religious philosopher of France—no unworthy successor of Malebranche and Arnauld, Pascal and Fenelon—was born at Montpellier in September 1814. In 1833, he was admitted to the Ecole Normale in Paris, where he closed his course an honorary graduate in the philosophy which he afterwards professed for several years in various colleges, especially at Caen in Normandy. In 1842 he settled in Paris as Assistant Professor of the History of Philosophy in the Normal School. In 1849 he succeeded M. Damiron as titular Professor of Philosophy in the Sorbonne. Since then, he has delivered, with much applause, various courses in the History of Philosophy in the College of France. In 1851 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

Among the first works published by M. Saisset were two theses, which appeared in 1840,—the one, entitled ‘Oenesidemus,’ embracing a historical review of scepticism, and the other a monograph on St Anselm. In the following year he produced, in conjunction with MM. Jacques and Simon, the excellent ‘Manual of Philosophy,’ to which he contributed the parts on Ethics and Theodicea. The first instalment of his studies in Spinoza was given to the world in 1843; and he soon afterwards translated and edited one of the most famous works of St Augustin. M. Saisset has also, within the last twenty years, contributed a great number of articles on speculative and applied philosophy to the ‘Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques,’ the ‘Revue des deux Mondes,’ and ‘La Liberté de Penser.’ Some of these, including the ‘Essais sur la Philosophie et la Religion au XIX Siecle,’ have since been published as separate works, and the ‘Essai de Philosophie Religieuse,’ now put in circulation among English readers, received the prize of the Institute of France.

The ‘Essai’ has special claims on our attention on account of the long and remarkable preparatory course of study and experience of which it is the result, as well as of the deep interest now felt in this country in the questions to which it relates. More than twenty years ago, when M. Saisset was trying to form his philosophical and theological creed, he found that,

chiefly owing to the spread of German ideas in France during the preceding quarter of a century, what is called 'Pantheism' had become the religious and speculative question of the day. His own philosophical inclination was first manifested when this was the dominant tendency in public opinion. He found the belief that the universe—conscious and unconscious—is *consubstantial with Deity* was commonly assumed to be the necessary issue of any genuine philosophical aspiration for unity. Every free and thoroughgoing thinker must, he was told, be a Pantheist, by reason of the very nature of thought and science. Either a consubstantial Cosmos or an intellectual Chaos was presented as the alternative. At the same time, the other alternative of Pantheism or Romanism was pressed, as the only possible one, by the leaders of the Church in France. The former was represented as the inevitable issue of philosophy, and the latter as the only way of escape from philosophical consequences. The extreme intellectualists played into the hands of the bigots, and of those intolerant of scientific insight, who sought to subject reason to human authority. 'Il me semble,' says M. Gueroult, 'que ce que retient surtout l'humanité dans les limites devenues trop étroites des dogmes anciens, c'est la crainte de l'abîme effrayant que la philosophie négative a creusé sous ses pas.' But M. Saisset loved free and intrepid thought, while he revolted from the religious death which seemed to be implied in the favourite Consubstantialism. He was thus led seriously to propound to himself the question—Whether it was not possible for him to continue to be a really philosophical thinker, without having his religion thus absorbed and lost?

The intervening twenty years of M. Saisset's life have been devoted to the preparation of a well-reasoned answer to this grave question. The work now translated for the benefit of English readers contains the answer which he believes he has found, as well as a description of the course of historical and meditative investigation through which it has been reached, and by which the author was conducted to a reconciliation of Reason and Religion satisfactory to his own mind. Twenty years ago, he found the atmosphere of contemporary European thought pervaded by the conception of a pantheistic unity. Was this the accidental result of extraordinary circumstances at the time; or was it the effect which had been naturally produced on all European thinkers, by the inherent tendencies of Modern Philosophy, in which they had learned to think? To answer this question, he patiently studied European philosophy from its commencement, in the mind of Des Cartes, more than two hundred years ago. He surrendered himself to its systems in succession. He tried to read life and the universe in the

various ways in which the greatest minds of opposite schools have read them. He tried especially to see life as the Pantheist sees it, putting himself in the position of the greatest of those who have been influenced by such seductions, that he might estimate their force, and discover their relation to the favourite conceptions of philosophy in these last two hundred years.

It is only when it is studied in this candid spirit that modern, or indeed any philosophy, can be understood. He who would criticise a great metaphysical system must, as a preparation for doing so, try to occupy the point of view of its author. He must also keep before him the object Mr Maurice has in view in his deeply interesting, because truly *human*, 'History of Modern Philosophy'¹—a work which, by the way, might fitly be associated in study with the volumes of M. Saisset, by those theologians who are trying to interpret contemporary tendencies and phases of theological opinion in their spirit rather than in the letter. 'To trace the progress of the thoughts that have contributed to form (modern) schools and systems; to connect them with the lives of the men in whom they have originated; to note the influence which they have exerted on their times, and the influence which their times have exerted upon them,' is the end professed by Mr Maurice; and in the pursuit of which, he says, 'he became more aware of the permanence of all great principles and questions; more convinced that only the accidents of them can ever become obsolete; more earnest to derive lessons for ourselves from the experience of our fathers.' It is through the wider prevalence of this more liberal temper that in these days we are learning to appreciate the meaning and value of the great thoughts of the past, in a manner beyond the conception of English readers of a former generation. In this spirit M. Saisset shares, and it is because he does so that his researches are so instructive.

In M. Saisset's endeavour to read modern thought in a sympathetic spirit, SPINOZA has been his chief, as he was his first study. In Spinoza's company he has lived for years, admiring the gentle, unselfish character of this Jew of Amsterdam not less than his powerful genius, but long at a loss how to interpret his system, and his intention in constructing it. He found the largest minds in the nineteenth century reading this strange recluse very differently from his own contemporaries and immediate successors in the seventeenth. In the century which followed his death, Spinoza was pronounced an atheist and a blasphemer. In

¹Modern Philosophy; or, a Treatise on Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy from the Fourteenth Century to the French Revolution, with a Glimpse into the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. London, 1862.

these last seventy years, especially in Germany, he has received homage as a saint. The amiable Malebranche, Clarke, and the philosophical divines of England in the age of Locke, the sceptical Bayle, and the antichristian Voltaire, agree in treating him as the prince of systematic Atheists. By Lessing and Novalis, Göethe and Schleiermacher, he is canonized for his virtues and piety. Once anathematized by Jews and Christians as an audacious enemy of all religion, this proclaimed atheist is described by Novalis as a devout and even God-intoxicated mystic. Between these extremes men have oscillated in their interpretation of the poor spectacle-grinder of Holland, as they have seen in him the purely abstract and consequentially atheistical reasoner, or the devotee, ready, in the spirit of self-abnegation, to lose himself and his individual will in the Supreme.¹

Probably no other mind in the seventeenth century has so powerfully modified the forms of theological thought in the nineteenth as this recluse metaphysician, who, obscure and in poverty, in Holland, devoted the thinking period of his short life of forty-four years to speculative meditation upon God. In the most glorious age of the Dutch Republic, about two centuries ago, this swarthy, slender, consumptive-looking son of a wealthy Portuguese Jew, with his dark hair, penetrating eye, and well-formed features, might have been found in the humble lodging at the Hague, where he spent the last ten years of a frugal life in unbroken study—a man most amiable and inoffensive in his ways, who, in order to satisfy his love of independence, found his daily living by making spectacles. He passed most of his time in solitary quiet in his chamber. He led a life of singular modesty and simplicity, indifferent to worldly pleasure. Perhaps his very innocence and virtue, matured into invincible habit, were, as Coleridge suggests, the conditions and temptations *sine quibus non* of his forming and maintaining a system that seems to be subversive of virtue. We see from his account-books that he lived whole days on milk-soup, with an occasional pot of beer or a pint of wine. His only luxury was his tobacco-pipe. When he wanted a longer relaxation from his absorbing studies,

¹ See Bayle's 'Dictionnaire,' art. *Spinoza*. In the eclectic Leibnitz we find signs of the transition in opinion; but see the 'Refutation in edite de Spinoza par Leibnitz,' edited by M. Foucher de Careil; see also Jacobi's Correspondence with Mendelsohn; Schleiermacher, 'Ueber die Religion, etc.' 'It will not be disputed,' says Stewart, 'by those who comprehend the drift of his reasonings, that, in point of practical tendency, Atheism and Spinozism are one and the same. We may apply to Spinoza what Cicero has said of Epicurus, *Verbis reliquit Deos, re sustulit*; a remark which coincides exactly with an expression of Newton's in the Scholium at the end of the 'Principia': '*Deus sine dominio, providentiâ, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam fatum et natura.*' 'Au lieu d'accuser Spinoza d'atheisme,' on the contrary, says M. Cousin, 'il faudrait bien plutot lui adresser le reproche contraire.'

he would sometimes, we are told, look out for spiders, which he put upon fighting together; or he would throw flies into a spider's web, and in solitude contemplate the struggle which ensued with a pleasure which expressed itself in loud laughter. It was in simple or eccentric relaxations like these last, not unnatural for one absorbed in abstract thought, that the curious nature of this fragile philosophical enthusiast found occasional rest, amid the arduous speculation to which he devoted his life, in the peaceful independence of his lodging at the Hague. He refused to be embarrassed by the temptations of material wealth. His friend, Simon de Vries, once offered him a present of a large sum of money, that he might live in more comfort, but the offer was courteously declined. He wanted for nothing, he told his friend, and the money might divert him from his meditations. The same friend afterwards wished to bequeath his property to Spinoza; but the philosopher would not hear of it, and objected to his leaving it to any one but the natural heir. For himself, he was satisfied with his humble garret. Now and then, when he was tired by too constant meditation, he would come down stairs to refresh himself, and join in easy chat with the simple people of the house in which he lodged. Always courteous, he was particularly remarked for his kind attention in time of sickness to that pious family, by whom he was tenderly loved; and on those occasions he used to comfort and exhort them to bear with patience the ills which God, for a wise purpose, had appointed. He had a great regard for their good pastor, whom he encouraged them to attend, and whose sermons he himself sometimes went to hear on Sundays. It was on a Sunday, in his forty-fifth year, that Spinoza suddenly died. It happened to be the day of the communion in the church; and in the morning, although weak and ailing, he had been down to talk to the family before they went out. On their return from service, they found, to their surprise and sorrow, that the great theological philosopher had expired during their absence; dying as quietly as he had lived. He was buried in the new church upon the Spuy. In a bill presented after his death he is styled by his barber-surgeon, 'Mr Spinoza of blessed memory;' and a similar compliment was paid by the person who furnished gloves at his funeral;—incidents which illustrate his amiable goodness in his intercourse with the humble society around him.¹ 'This man,' as Mosheim candidly allows, 'ob-

¹ Some of the above and other interesting memoranda with regard to the man Spinoza may be found in the simple and touching account of his life by John Colerus, minister of the Lutheran Church at the Hague, who was personally acquainted with him, and who, while he differed with him in opinion, admired his pure and blameless life. There is a MS. '*Vie de Spinoza*' in the Edinburgh University Library which also contains some interesting particulars.

served in his conduct the rules of wisdom and probity much better than many who profess themselves Christians ; nor did he ever endeavour to pervert the sentiments or corrupt the morals of those with whom he lived, or to inspire in his discourse a contempt of religion and virtue.'

Spinoza, who wrote much, published little while he lived. Most of his works appeared in 1677, a few months after his death, under the superintendence of his friends, Louis Meyer and Jarrig Jellis, under the title of 'B. B. S. Opera Posthuma.' Seven years before, Spinoza had published his famous 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,' which occasioned a storm of opposition that made him averse to further publication. This book expresses his principles of biblical interpretation and criticism. It is a theory of divine revelation, applied to the Old Testament Scriptures. The inquisitive tendency had been too early moved in Spinoza to allow him to rest contented with the Jewish traditions in which he was educated. He carried the Cartesian spirit and method to the dogmas of the Rabbis, and was entrapped into expressions of opinion at variance with their doctrine. Their most terrible sentence of excommunication was fulminated against him some twenty years before his death. He was pursued as a blasphemer and an apostate by a malignant sect, and was forced to leave Amsterdam, in danger of his life. Neither threats nor bribes could afterwards allure him back to his ancestral communion ; and though he often associated with Christians, he never afterwards united himself to any other.

Thus rudely expelled from the Synagogue, and banished from all his early associates, Spinoza applied reason in no friendly mood to the Sacred Books, as well as to the traditions of the Jews. The only revelation of God he recognised, as possible, was the eternal revelation, contained in reason and conscience, common to all men, though well developed only in a few ; and the only true religion, universal love to God and man, which popular religions recommend, but seldom practise. The biblical prophecies originated, he believed, in the illusive fancy of the seer, stimulated by high religious sentiment. The prophets honestly accommodated religion to the genius of their own day ; and as the Scriptures, on their first appearance, were thus adapted to the then popular religion, so every one now is at liberty to expound them according to his more advanced reason, and in accommodation to the development of his own conscience. God is perfect ; miraculous interference would be a sign of imperfection. The illusion of miracle is the natural dream of the human race in its childhood, which it outgrows with the growth of speculative and moral reason, when, in the contemplation and love of

God, it accepts the religious essence which an earlier generation, in its ignorance, had associated with marvellous forms of sense.¹

A life of happiness in the knowledge of God was thus Spinoza's ideal of religious life. He tried much and long to realize it; for he devoted his days to meditation upon God. A perfect or divine *intelligence* was the religion at which he aspired. The most celebrated of his posthumous works contains Spinoza's account of the insight he believed he had gained into the divine, and also of the manner in which he gained it—the hard and closely-reasoned record of this man's so-called religious—yet purely intellectual—life. God is One—the only Substance—the Perfect—the Absolute. No power, accordingly, can exist in conflict with Him. He must be the *only* Power. *We* are powers only in and through His operation in us. The more fully and freely we exercise and enjoy ourselves in the development of our highest faculties, the nearer do we approach to that perfection which consists in conscious identification with God. The development in the 'Ethics' of the contents of these axioms was that *knowledge or science of God* in the consciousness of which Spinoza's daily happiness consisted during these years at the Hague. He set out from his axioms and definitions, and evolved in mathematical form all the high questions of theological philosophy, descending gradually from the heights of Divine Being, and reproducing the order and rela-

¹ This celebrated exegetical and critical work is now translated into English, under its title of 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus: a Critical Inquiry into the History, Purpose, and Authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures; with the Right to Free Thought and Free Discussion Asserted, and shown to be not only consistent, but necessarily bound up with True Piety and Good Government. By Benedict de Spinoza. London, 1862.' This treatise relates to a question of fact rather than to one of abstract speculation. It is an attempt, in the inductive and not in the purely demonstrative spirit, to compare the biblical phenomena that are actually presented to the historical critic of the Sacred writings, with the current conception of these books, in order to determine what is the true definition of their nature—a problem familiar to this generation, but novel in the age of Spinoza, two hundred years ago. 'Dico methodum interpretandi Scripturam *haud differe a methodo interpretandi naturam*, sed cum ea prorsus convenire. Nam sicut methodus interpretandi naturam in hoc potissimum consistit, in concinnenda scilicet historia naturæ, ex qua, utpote ex certis datis, rerum naturalium definitiones concludimus; sic etiam ad Scripturam interpretandam,' etc., etc. (Tract. Theol. Polit., ch. vii.) It was in connection with this 'Tractatus' more than with his speculations in metaphysical theology, that the name of Spinoza soon became familiar in Europe. As the translator remarks, 'Purely philosophical and speculative writings scarcely attract the notice of the many, and only afford matter of discussion to philosophers and learned persons, whose interests never differ from those of the body politic at large; but critical inquiries, in whatever spirit conceived, almost necessarily jar with the opinions and prejudices of individuals, and perchance are found in opposition to the interests of large and influential classes of society, who forthwith band themselves together and declare war to the death against the inquirer. So it has fared with Spinoza.'

tions of things in a deductive development of their *a priori* conceptions. Spinoza, like Berkeley, it has been said, can only be confuted or answered by one sentence. His premiss granted, the deduction is a chain of adamant. His mathematical method is an essential part of his system, of which he laid the foundation in a logical treatise on 'Method' in general. This remarkable tract¹ opens with a contrast between the mean and vulgar aims of ordinary men, and that true peace which, according to its author, is to be found only in the contemplation of perfect truth. 'Experience,' he says in the opening sentence, 'having taught me the vanity and emptiness of the ordinary events and aims of human life, as I saw that the objects of interest and anxiety were good or evil only through their relations to Mind, I resolved at last to search for an Absolute Good which alone can satisfy, and in which supreme and eternal happiness may be found.' This, he says, may be attained, even in the present life, by the philosophical mind. Human happiness coincides with human knowledge or science of God; and thus Goodness is identical with the pursuit of Truth, in the exercise and application of Thought.

Here is the moral force which produced in Spinoza his Spinozism—that vast system of *a priori* metaphysics and utilitarian morals. The obstruction to a complete, and therefore happy life, is taken away, Spinoza thought, only when one has risen above the changing objects of sense, and, through Reason, is united in love to the Infinite and Eternal. But love is impossible without knowledge. To love and be happy in Deity, God must be *known*. The IDEA of the Perfect—that idea which Des Cartes taught him to find in the very roots of his being—must therefore be unfolded. Thus, the one question which pervades his metaphysical philosophy is, 'What is God?' Spinozism is a demonstrative system and speculative habit of theology, which, in realizing God, attains happiness and a perfect life.

The meaning of the word *Deus* is the one obscure point in this system. What is the 'God' of Spinoza, thus proclaimed to be perfectly demonstrated? Does the word mean more than the abstract term 'existence'? The knowledge of Deity is evolved by him from the mere *definition* of the Perfect—that is, of Substance. Substance is that which is essentially independent and necessarily infinite. One substance cannot be produced by another. There can only be one substance, and this is God. 'Præter Deum nulla dari neque concipi potest substantia,' is one of the most prominent conclusions of the 'Ethics.' The one substance or power has attributes, and these attributes have modes. The attributes are

¹ De Intellectus Emendatione et de Via quâ optime in rerum cognitionem dirigitur.

infinite, and the modes are finite. The known attributes of Substance are extension and thought. In other words, God is known as absolute but incorporeal extension, and absolute but unconscious thought. There are indeed finite modes which are implied in this essential extension and essential thought, and which necessarily belong to them. Extension is necessarily revealed in the finite figures and movements which constitute the Material World; thought is necessarily revealed in the ideas, which constitute Consciousness. In short, the absolute extension and thought, of which God's existence is the common ground, are *expressed* in Persons and Things. These constitute Nature—the *natura naturata*; absolute extension and thought are the essence or power of Nature—the *natura naturans*. Between these two there is, indeed, nothing in common. There is absolutely no analogy between the Divine Thought and human conscious personality. Nevertheless, the *natura naturata* cannot be separated from the *natura naturans*—that is, what we call creation cannot be separated from what we call God—because God is perfect, and that which is perfect cannot be other than what it is. The universe must be what it is.¹ Its contingency is superficial and apparent only; and the more deeply we study the Absolute or Perfect, the more profoundly we are convinced of this truth. In 'Persons' and 'Things'—these *modes* of the absolute attributes—there is no contingency. All must be determined by a divine necessity. The opposite view derogates from the divine perfection. So does every supposition which limits Deity by *our* ideas of goodness and order, and by those ends which seem desirable to *us*. The eternal movement must not be affected by the desires of men. These desires must be regulated by the perfect, and therefore necessary Cause, into which every person and thing is resolvable.

Spinoza is very earnest in his effort to make this the current theory of God and of the unconscious and conscious World in all reflective minds. It involves, in his view, the only possible philosophical conception which can be connected with the word 'Deus;' and he reiterates it in many forms. What reception should we give to this conception of the universe in relation to

¹ Coleridge thus contrasts Spinozism with 'the Hebrew or Christian Scheme':—
SPINOZISM.

'W — G = O ; i.e., the World without God is an impossible idea.

G — W = O ; i.e., God without the World is an impossible idea.

HEBREW OR CHRISTIAN SCHEME.

W — G = O ; i.e., the World without God is an impossible idea.

But G — W = G ; i.e., God without the World is God the self-subsistent.'

But this is applicable to the Christian Scheme only as popularly understood—not a few thoughtful Christians holding by the absolute correlation to God and the world, as an inference necessarily deducible from the moral nature or personality of God.

God? Is it an illusion, or a true representation? A stranger to the metaphysical springs of thought may regard the foregoing paragraph as a series of empty sentences. The student of opinion, and of the forces by which society has been modified, knows well that the sentences express a manner of thinking about the universe that has already proved its influence over millions of human minds. How shall we interpret it? In one light, it seems to be Atheism; in another, it looks like a sentimental or mystical Theism; and, in a third, we can hardly distinguish it from Calvinism.

These are questions which perplexed M. Saisset. To resolve them, he has 'compared instances,' as Bacon would say, of analogous doctrines, and he has also tried to find the origin and issue of Spinozism itself.

Let us then look beyond Spinoza. The tendency, of which the subtle Jew of Amsterdam is the great modern representative, may be studied in other than European and modern circumstances, and in very various forms. It has governed the religious thought of India for ages;¹ and, except in Judea, where Theism tended to the opposite extreme of Anthropomorphism, it was widely diffused over Asia. In the West, we find it developed in different degrees of distinctness in the ante-Socratic and the post-Socratic schools of Greece, among the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, and the Catholic philosophers of the Middle Ages; in the seventeenth century, in Spinoza, contrary to the genius of his age; and in the nineteenth century, in Hegel and the new German manner of thought, with more sympathy in public opinion than during any previous age in the West, and in a spirit more akin to its congenial acceptance among the nations of Asia. 'I have sought to follow it,' says M. Saisset, 'in the entire course of its developments; visiting in turn the Stoic and Alexandrian schools, Zeno and Chrysippus, Plotinus and Porphyry; then Scotus Erigena, and the heterodox Mystics of the Middle Age; then the Neo-Platonists of the renaissance, Michael Servetus and Geordano Bruno. But I set myself, above all, to grasp the first appearance of Pantheism in modern philosophy. I questioned Des Cartes, and Malebranche, and Leibnitz; I meditated on Kant and the Critique of Pure Reason, and made every effort to understand Fichte, and Schelling, and Hegel. I paused in these protracted historical studies, only when I believed that I had found the object of my researches, and that I was in pos-

¹ M. Saisset has not included India in his review of the historical development of the theory of Consubstantialism. In the metaphysico-theological systems of the East—especially in Sankhya of Kapila—analogy may be found with the Spinozist modification of that doctrine. The *Pracrti* of the Sankhyist appears to correspond to the 'unica substantia' of Spinoza, and the pure Being (*reinen Sein*) of Hegel. We cannot suppose that the Indian systems were known to Spinoza.

session of the leading idea of Pantheism.' In short, the history of a manner of conceiving the universe analogous to that which has made Spinoza a great speculative force in modern Europe, is, in a sort, the history of all metaphysical philosophy, which may all be studied in relation to this its supreme problem.

We call the Spinozistic problem the supreme problem in metaphysics. Metaphysical systems and speculations are the *ultimate reasoned results* of the application of thought to the matter about which we think. 'What is it?' is the initial metaphysical question about the world in which we find ourselves; 'why or how is it?' is the second. The one question is directed to the metaphysical nature of matter and man; the other, rising out of the former, expresses our craving for light upon the origin and destiny of both in a knowledge of God. Metaphysics and Theology are thus ultimately one, and Spinozism is the most conspicuous result of the efforts of early modern thought to form its system of metaphysical theology. Spinoza is the prince of systematic divines, who bid defiance to the wisdom of Bacon—who many times declares that 'perfection or completeness in Divinity is not to be sought;' adding, that 'he that will reduce a knowledge into an art or science, will make it round and uniform; but in *Divinity* many things must be left *abrupt*.' In a word, theological thought must, on account of the very nature of its object, be aphoristic thought.

But to return. After we have thus studied the Spinozistic tendency on a grand scale, in various analogous systems of metaphysical theology, what shall we say about it? What is its true nature or essence? Let us see what M. Saisset has to say in answer to this question, and how he describes the radical vice which he lays to its charge. Its leading idea he defines as the essential and necessary *consubstantiality* of the finite and the Infinite—of nature and God—of human persons and the Divine. By maintaining this uniting conception absolute and intact across the whole series of the problems of intelligence, we are supposed to escape the two difficulties which are fatal to the consistency and completeness of other systems,—neither denying the Infinite and religion, like the atheistic Materialists, nor imitating the mystical Idealists in their denial of finite persons and things. In design, it is thus a *conciliatory* and *eclectic* system, which claims to reconcile the finite and the Infinite, the senses and pure reason, science and religion. But how—by what sort of conception is this great and desirable result attained? Take the answer given to this question by our religious philosopher:—

'By conceiving God and nature (material things and men are included in "nature") as two faces of one sole and self-same existence. God is nature fastened to its immanent principle; nature is God considered in the evolution of His power. There is not on one side a soli-

tary God, on the other an isolated universe; the Creator is incessantly incarnated in each of His creatures, and becomes each of them in turn. It may (under this conception) be said of God, that He sleeps in the mineral, dreams in the animal, awakens into consciousness in the man. Thus He assumes consciousness of Himself in all the degrees of universal existence. This continuous evolution of the Divine—this eternal progress in which Deity passes through changes that are always new—is the supreme law, is reality, is life.'

Now, what is the particular charm in the conception of the universe that is presented in these sentences as the essence of Pantheism or Spinozism, by which the human mind, in some periods and individuals, has been so curiously fascinated? Are those who yield to the fascination hurt in their moral or intellectual nature by adopting the consubstantial conception? Does that or any other obstacle stand in the way of our acceptance of this conception? Can the conception be reconciled with our physical, and especially with our moral experience? If it cannot, is this circumstance a sufficient warrant for its rejection as an illusion?

Look first at the nature of its intellectual and moral fascination. The one great difficulty by which the thoughtful are perplexed in this strange life into which we are introduced when we awaken into consciousness, is its seeming imperfection—its discord—its want of intellectual and moral unity. What we find, seems not to be the expression of One Power or Cause, but of many discordant causes—of opposite forces of good and evil. The spectacle of absolutely different 'persons' discomposes our speculative desire for unity, which manifests its dissatisfaction as it gathers strength and clearness through reflection; and then the eternal presence of real evil in the universe is appalling to the moral sense. The conception is suggested to the meditative mind, in its mood of abstraction from facts, that the *apparent* diversity of powers or persons is not *real*; that the discordant phenomena may be explained by One power or principle common to them all. Personality is, after all, no inconsistency. It is only apparent. The evil and variety are on the surface only. They are really and ultimately absorbed in a common principle, in the contemplation of which the discomposed spirit finds mental and moral rest. Whatever is, has been, or shall be, is *Divine*; there are really no absolutely separate persons.' When the intellect is exclusively, and therefore unhealthily excited, in conjunction with an enfeebled sense of moral and even physical individuality, there is a charm of satisfaction in the conception which thus comprehends as ONE whatever has been, is, and shall be. To test this, it is only necessary for those who have some experience of the perplexity to try the experiment—for a

few weeks or months, let us say—of steadily looking at life and all its circumstances in the light of this reconciling idea.

But what happens to those who yield to the fascination of this conception? We believe that those who try the experiment will find that their own experience goes to confirm the lesson which M. Saisset draws from the facts of the history of opinion, with regard to the effect of the conception of Absolute Consubstantiality upon the intellectual and moral nature of those who entertain it. *They are occupying ground on which they cannot stand steadily or long.* They are soon at war with the best part of our practical and moral nature; or if they are not, their favourite conception is held by them indistinctly, and apart from its practical consequences. Either their moral nature becomes congealed in practical atheism, or otherwise the intellect is satisfied with a unity which the practical reason is unconsciously permitted to dissolve. Personality and responsibility of every real or practical kind disappears out of the universe; or else the unity by which they are fascinated is no absolute and comprehensible unity at all. Men cannot long continue thinking that they have got the unity of a Perfect or Absolute Power and Substance, and, at the same time, that they retain their own personality, *in any sense which implies responsibility, and fore-shadows a real immortality.* If the conceived divine unity *distinctly* comprehends all things and persons, it can be reconciled with facts and with our moral experience only by perverting these facts and that experience; if it is left in indistinctness, God and the universe are still an absolute mystery, as they were before, and the vaunted *science* of Deity, presented in the consubstantial system, becomes a merely verbal science of speculative abstractions.

On the *latter* of these alternatives, the scheme of Consubstantialism, which the speculative reason verbally affirms, is contradicted in the practical acknowledgment of responsibility, and thus of individual or personal agency. Verbally one, the universe is allowed to be morally, and therefore really, plural. Speculation, which conducts to unity, is arrested by practical reason, which reasserts moral variety—a scheme of philosophy which may be regarded as equivalent to a confession of scientific ignorance in the presence of mysterious moral facts, and a virtual abandonment of Consubstantialism in any sense that is intelligible or available for the ends which lend attraction to it;—seeing that, on this supposition, it merely brings into prominence an apparent contradiction between certain purely abstract conclusions and the facts of moral experience.¹

¹ Some of the reasoning in one of Bishop Fitzgerald's Lectures on Moral Philosophy ably unfolds and illustrates the practical insignificance of this

M. Saisset, we suppose, would say that the natural and proved issue of Pantheism or Consubstantialism that is distinctly and practically held, is one or other of two possible modifications of the *former* of the alternatives already mentioned. This system, which proclaims the absolute conciliation of reason and religion, is logically forced to resolve *God* into an abstract name—a mere verbal generalization—on the one modification; and, on the other modification, it is forced to resolve *us*—finite persons—into God, and thus equally to dissolve our moral identity. The choice of one of these two modifications of belief is the perpetual dilemma of Pantheism; and Spinoza, M. Saisset seems to think, has, almost unconsciously, chosen the former. His ‘Deity,’ this critic would say, is an empty name—a mere synonyme for the ‘existence’ which we must predicate of every merely verbal and unpractical species of Consubstantialism. The following sentences are, in this connection, so well worthy of the attention of our readers, that we offer no apology for presenting them:—

‘Individual persons, it is said (by the speculative Pantheist) are not really distinct substances, but only modifications or states of the same absolute substance. Be it so. But then it is plain, notwithstanding that, *in point of fact*, the present state of things is *as if they were distinct* substances; that the relations between these things which we call *individual* agents are, *for all practical purposes*, real relations; that (whether men be only modifications of the same substance or not) men govern men by rewards and punishments; and that what we call the senses of duty, pleasure, and pain, are real motives to direct men’s conduct, whatever the true speculative idea may be. Viewed in the dry light of the pure reason, there may be an intelligible sense in which Regulus and his tormentors, the spikes which tore him, the body which they lacerated, the mind which felt the agony and would not yield to it,—nay, Rome and Carthage themselves, with all their angry feuds and contrary interests,—were essentially one and the same. But if the proposition be true in any sense, it must be one reconcilable with the known phenomena of life. It is therefore certain that, if this theory be true, it must be consistent with it in general, that certain modifications of the same substance should bear to each other the relations commonly expressed by the terms *governors* and *governed*; and that these modifications should differ from one another in various degrees of wisdom, power, and goodness.

‘Now, there is nothing in the greater or less of the degrees of such spheres of relations more inconsistent with the pantheistic scheme, than the subsistence of such relations and differences in general. It is no more inconsistent with that scheme that ONE modification should bear the relation of governor (or the relation correctly expressed, for all practical purposes, by that term) to ALL other modifications, than that one modification should bear that relation to twenty modifications. It is no more inconsistent that ONE should differ *infinitely* (meaning thereby that it should practically be what is denoted by such language in ordinary speech) from ALL other modifications, than that one should exceed, in those respects, twenty other modifications by any assignable degree.

‘It is plain, therefore, that, whatever objections may be drawn from the pantheistic theory against the *metaphysical* proofs of religion, no such objections can be consistently drawn from it against the *practical* proofs. Indeed, upon the pantheistic theory, we would be obliged to consider the Supreme Governor as a modification of the same substance as His creatures. But then, if the theory be reconcilable with the known phenomena of nature, this would not be at all inconsistent with His having absolute power over them (for all practical purposes), or with His actually exercising that power; and the whole argument, *a posteriori*, by which the existence and providence of a moral governor of the universe is commonly established, would stand, as you will readily perceive, absolutely untouched by the theory.’—*Fitzgerald’s Butler*, pp. 132, 133.

object we judge about. And it is towards this, the Spinozistic alternative of the dilemma by which consistent Consubstantialism is always met, that the nineteenth century, he thinks, is steadily moving from that less mature conception of the eternal consubstantiality of God and nature which was so much favoured in his youth. Europe, he proclaims, is now becoming atheistic. Unable, after all, to recognise human personality in an absolute Divine unity, and too active and energetic to surrender in consequence the human element, it is rapidly learning to regard the Divine as a mere abstraction—an empty, and therefore valueless, name. The diffused Deity of Pantheism is now, in short, *becoming absorbed in human persons, and in external matter*,—maintaining itself to appearance, but only as a symbol void of meaning. This French religious philosopher figures to himself the modern thought into which he awoke twenty years ago ‘steadily declining into Atheism all over Europe.’

‘We here see,’ he tells us, ‘the point at which we have arrived after half a century of labour. It is to attain only this miserable result that the great intellectual revival took place which so gloriously marked the beginning of the age in which we live. With what ardent enthusiasm did this 19th century spring forth upon its philosophical career! It accepted all the generous instincts which it inherited from the past. It only repudiated its materialism and its spirit of impiety. To the narrow and wretched ideology of Condillac succeeded a larger and loftier philosophy, which, prompted successively by Leibnitz, by Thomas Reid, and by Plato, revived the traditions of the highest metaphysics, and aspired to understand and reconcile the greatest results of human thought. . . . With such noble impulses as these—I appeal to all its recollections—our 19th century commenced. Is it possible that so much genius and enthusiasm—such profound speculations—such rare masterpieces—should end in an abortion; that our age, in the midst of its career, should give the lie to its past; and that of its two noblest undertakings—the revival of Spiritual Philosophy, and that of Christian Feeling—the former should end in a disguised return to atheistic materialism, and the second in a foolish fanaticism, the blind enemy of reason, which, exhausting the source of the religious sentiment, leaves room only for a senile docility, a superstitious credulity, a devotion without light and without love? And yet, to look things in the face, if God is only an unreal abstraction, if finite being is the only real existence, if the old opposition between the things of earth and the things of heaven is unmeaning, if all being is but the product of a blind unconscious necessity which gives birth to all the successive modes of life to absorb them for ever, the inevitable consequence is, that men have been slumbering on to the present hour in perfect infancy. In making two parts of their thought and of their soul—one for earth and man, the other for God and heaven—they have been losing one half of themselves. In the eyes of the enlightened

or philosophical man, heaven is nothing but the insatiable and immortal desire of perfecting and beautifying earth. Every ideal vanishes. The artist has nothing to do but to copy the divine reality with a servile pencil. The statesman's business is to ascertain and satisfy the strongest appetites of a country. The moralist must note the various proportions in which the benevolent and the selfish passions are united in life, in order to profit by the one and guard against the other.'

The loss of religion is the logical issue of this fascinating but unstable scheme for the conciliation of religion and science, in one at least of its downward inclines. As we look at life with the speculative eye of Spinoza or Hegel, we seem to find its deepest ground in a *blind necessity*, and not in *reasonable will*.¹ How does man resist the fascination, and so keep out of the range of this attraction downward? The mere reasoner is fascinated by the consistent unity of this Universal Necessity, and refuses to acknowledge the anomalous and unproved faith in a Supreme Father. But the fascination of the *mere reasoner* is dispelled by the broader and practically irresistible wants of the *complete man*. When we awake into consciousness in this world, we find ourselves on a narrow spot in space, and our 'experience' limited to a brief period in time. We seem to have scientific ground for belief only in this secular life. But if we do not let ourselves shrivel into pure reasoners, we find that, as a moral matter of fact, we are impelled to rise in faith above this dreary life, on pain of abandoning the end towards which we are moved by all our most generous aspirations. We cannot root out the tendencies which spontaneously encourage this faith. We cannot accept philosophy as the discovery that our noblest hopes are an

¹ It is not to be inferred that Spinoza practically recognises what seems to us to be the logical issue of a religion of abstract knowledge,—the theory of a universe ultimately regulated by a blind necessity, with which we are ourselves identified. Perhaps, as Coleridge remarks, 'he saw so clearly the *folly* and *absurdity* of wickedness, and felt so weakly and languidly the passions tempting to it, that he concluded that nothing was wanting to a course of well-doing, but clear conceptions, and the *fortitudo intellectualis*; while his very modesty, a prominent feature in his character, rendered him, as it did Hartley, less averse to the system of necessity.' Moreover, Spinoza's religion was more than a contemplation of absolute necessarian identity. While in his metaphysics he appears to present Deity to the speculative reason as a mere synonyme for existence, his writings abound in passages in which he presents Him very differently to the practical reason, which remind us of the ethical necessity of the great Calvinistic philosopher, Jonathan Edwards, with his disinterested love of virtue, and abstract love of Being or existence, in conjunction with absolute necessity. 'Does *he* cast off religion,' asks Spinoza, 'who rests all he has to say on the subject on the ground that God is to be acknowledged as the Supreme Good, that He is with entire singleness of soul to be loved as such, and that in loving God consists our highest bliss, our best privilege, our most perfect freedom—that the reward of virtue is virtue itself, and the punishment of meanness is baseness of spirit?' In another passage he thus meets the charge of Atheism: —'The grounds of which charge appear to be, that my critic thinks I take from God all freedom—that I subject the Supreme to fate. This is utterly false. I do nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I maintain that everything follows by inevitable necessity from the very nature of God. . . . The necessity of

illusion. When unstable Pantheism takes to the *atheistic* decline, it is repelled back by the faith that *God is more than an abstraction*. The universe is felt to be, in its heart, more than either a blind causal or an abstract logical necessity—more than the One Necessary Cause of Spinoza, or the Necessary Logical Evolution of Hegel.

But what shall we say when the scheme of unity inclines to the opposite pole—when, instead of proceeding to discard God for nature, the consubstantialist proceeds in a direction apparently opposite, and dissolves himself and the world in God? At the one pole the reasoner virtually says, there is no God—the only unity is a human and secular one. At the other pole he virtually says, there is no really finite person or thing—all is Divine. Does any obstacle stand in the way of our occupying this other resting-place?

If the consciousness of what we *need* repels us from the atheistic extreme, the consciousness of what we *are* repels us from this other. When all is absolutely One, there is either no real Deity, or no real finite persons. The former alternative is rejected by our wants and aspirations; the latter alternative is rejected by what we already find ourselves to be. Man finds, when he reflects, that *he* is not divine or perfect. His life is inconsistent with the supreme moral order which he acknowledges. God might be the only Power or Substance if man were excluded; but in himself man finds that which he cannot attribute to the perfectly good Being. The material world may be absorbed in God; that is to say, God may be conceived as the

things which I contend for abrogates neither divine nor human laws; the moral precepts, whether they have the shape of commands from God or not, are still divine and salutary; and the good that flows from virtue and godly love, whether it be derived from God as a Ruler and Lawgiver, or proceed from the constitution, that is, the necessity of the Divine Nature, is not on this account the less desirable. On the other hand, the evils that arise from wickedness, are not the less to be dreaded and deplored because they necessarily follow the actions done; and finally, whether we act with freedom or from necessity, we are still accompanied in all we do by hope or fear. . . . I declare expressly, that the sum of the Divine Law—the law that is written in our hearts and minds (Practical Reason) by the hand of God—consists in this, that we love God as our Supreme Good, not through fear of punishment—for love knows nothing of fear, and cannot flow from fear—not even from aught else that we might wish to enjoy, but wholly and solely from devotion to the Supreme; for were this not the rule, then we should love God less than the thing desired. I have further shown that this is the very law which God revealed to the prophets; and if I now maintain that this law receives its character of commandment from God, or if I comprehend it in the way I comprehend the other decrees of God as involving an *eternal* truth, an *eternal* necessity in itself, it still remains an ordinance of the Almighty, and is wholesome to mankind. Even so, whether I love God of my own free will, or by the necessity of the divine decree, I love the Creator and am blessed.' This and much more reminds us of Sir James MacIntosh's comparison of Jacobi to 'Hecla burning in Iceland—his moral and devotional enthusiasm resisting the freezing power of abstraction.'

cause from whence *it* has been eternally proceeding, and by whom it is eternally regulated. But in man there is a something of which God cannot be the soul. *Man at any rate, as a matter-of-fact experience, is not divine.* If it is revealed to him by the Divine Teacher Himself that he may *become* divine in Christ, it is also revealed to him in experience that all men are not thus sanctified in fact, and that none are perfectly sanctified. The fact, that men are not divine—that they are the creators of their own immoral actions—makes folly of the conception of Absolute Unity that is reached through the assumption that they are one in God.

In short, the reasoning which manifests the inherent unsteadiness of the consubstantial conception may be thus enounced :

If all that is must be One Power, Deity is either lost in men and matter, or men and matter are lost in Deity.

But the genuine sense of dependence in man forbids the one alternative ; and the fact that men are what they find themselves to be, forbids the other (*i.e.*, facts in human nature—in experience—forbid either of the only possible alternatives).

Therefore, all is not one Power or Substance.

Thus history, facts, in a word, experience, forbid any *comprehensible* conception of Absolute Unity. That unitarian interpretation of life which, when looked at away from the facts of our moral experience, and from the facts of external history, seems the most consistent and reasonable of all, has ever proved itself unable to withstand genuine human nature in its broad moral aspect. The logical victory of the Spinozist is made to recoil upon himself, by the energy of the moral reason and by our practical nature. And perhaps even Spinoza might be interpreted in consistency with this fact, though doubtless the practical and sentimental part of his nature was, in most of his moods, obscured by a too exclusively abstract thought.

We have now tried to feel the fascination of Consubstantialism, and we have also placed ourselves in front of that kind of experience which refuses to be accommodated under any pantheistic conception of the universe. It is the theological manifestation of the old dilemma, so emphatically expressed by Pascal, that Consubstantialism has to encounter. '*La nature confond les pyrrhoniens, et la raison confond les dogmatiques.*' The facts of our own nature, when we apply our thoughts to them, forbid demonstrations which require essential parts of that nature, as experienced by us, to be put aside. These facts convert the plausible scheme of systematic unity into a mere system of demonstrated relations among notions produced by our own arbitrary power of abstraction. We have to confess that there is another way to truth than reasoning from arbitrary defini-

tions, which yield a symmetrical scheme. 'Nous connaissons la vérité,' as Pascal elsewhere says, 'non seulement par la raison, mais encore par la cœur, c'est de cette dernière sorte que nous connaissons les premières principes, et c'est en vain que le raisonnement, qui n'y a point de part, essaye de les combattre.'

But is irreconcilability with our moral experience a sufficient reason for the rejection of a scientific conception? The kind and degree of weight they give to **EXPERIENCE** in metaphysical speculation is the characteristic point of difference among modern metaphysicians. Spinoza scorned experience in metaphysical speculation. Now, to what extent must reasoned thought be regulated by the facts that are given to us in external and internal perception? By what methods are our conceptions to be fitted in, or accommodated to experience? These are the central problems of modern philosophical, and, indeed, of all method. A criticism of Spinoza and Consubstantialism demands some answer to them.

That we may penetrate more deeply into the real signification and applicability of Spinoza's favourite uniting conception, let us here wander for a little amid the various climates of modern European thought. In this region M. Saisset has lived long, for the purpose of detecting by analysis any Spinozistic elements that may be latent in the atmosphere. In breathing the varieties of this atmosphere for a little, we may see better how to read Spinoza, and how to estimate our resources for encountering the influences which tend to assimilate the thought—theological and other—of this generation to the consubstantial system. Let us, with M. Saisset, look behind and before Spinoza himself, on the canvas of the history of modern speculation. Looking thus backwards, let us find, if possible, whether Spinoza's uniting conception was an accidental result of his own early training, aside and apart from the main current of contemporary opinion; or, on the contrary, an inherent tendency, deeply ingrained in the then rising modern European thought. Looking onwards, again, to modern speculative systems which have been produced in Britain and Germany subsequently to the shock caused by the appearance of Spinozism, let us find whether its seeds are still latent, ever and anon cropping forth—what the elements of resistance are which the most notable philosophers developed soon after Spinoza wrote—how these have fared in the hands of our own immediate predecessors and contemporaries—and what judgment we are to pass as to the efficacy of the best now vital belief of philosophers in Britain, France, and Germany, for resisting what is bad and for assimilating what is good in the great Spinozistic conception of

the seventeenth century. We should thus come nearer to a point at which we may—and with some reference to the Second Part of M. Saisset's '*Philosophie Religieuse*'—say what seems to us ought to be said about the speculative and practical upshot of the whole matter.

First, then, looking backwards chronologically from Spinoza, to what influence may we trace the ruling conception of his system?

That same country of Holland, afterwards the refuge of Locke and Bayle, was, about the very time of Spinoza's birth in 1632, the retreat of Rene Des Cartes, the son of a gentleman of Touraine, and heir of an easy fortune, who had quitted France and his friends in order that, without disturbance, he might meditate in the Netherlands on the deepest and truest meaning of this strange life in which he found himself. This votary of philosophy was a voluntary exile there, in the cause of metaphysical speculation, for twenty years. The traditional studies of the universities in his youth had repelled Des Cartes from the old philosophy of the schools. He was dissatisfied with the common foundations of current opinion, and the common methods of constructing science. His mind revolted against authority. The spirit of the age was favourable to his project of conducting an Intellectual Reformation; and when his '*Methode*,' '*Meditations*,' and '*Principia*' were successively discharged upon the world, during the boyhood of Spinoza, they produced a profound sensation, and were chief causes of the favourite modes of thought at the time when the young Jew was passing into manhood. There would be no end of illustrations if we were to mention all the instances of men, and women too, in the seventeenth century who were introduced to a new world by those revelations of his reflective discoveries, which Des Cartes issued from Holland. For instance, one of his books, soon after its appearance, fell into the hands of Nicole Malebranche, then a youth not known to himself or others for speculative genius, though he became the greatest intellectual light of France in the last part of that century. To Malebranche, Des Cartes opened a new world, awakening in him so great an enthusiasm, that he was obliged from time to time to lay the book aside, on account of the nervous agitation and palpitation which it induced. Queen Christina of Sweden was another intellectual conquest of the illustrious Frenchman. She allured him from Holland to Stockholm, that she might enjoy the light of his personal presence—a movement fatal to Des Cartes, whose constitution was unfitted for the cold air of Scandinavia, in which he died a few months after.¹ It was under the inspiration of Des Cartes that Spinoza

¹ See some interesting particulars, *inter alia*, in the '*Memoirs of the Princess Palatine of Bohemia*,' by the Baroness Blaze de Burg.

became absorbed in philosophical study, being charmed by the manner in which he claimed scientific insight, instead of blind deference to traditional authority, as the only ground for reasonable belief.

M. Saisset finds the seeds of unconscious Spinozism in Des Cartes. The intrepid Frenchman, after denuding himself of all his beliefs except one,—for the sake of the intellectual discipline implied in doing so, and as the means of eliminating the errors which had grown up in his education,—professed to reconstruct his knowledge, by means of demonstration, in a system of necessary truth. Now, an intellectual construction by absolute demonstration must be a scheme of purely abstract notions, manufactured by the mind out of its own resources, and is not a systematic apprehension of real facts. The relations of abstract notions only can be *demonstrated*; those of facts we are *induced* by probable reasons to believe. Cartesianism represented a shadowy universe—a universe of extension and thought, void of finite powers and substances, and was thus a scheme of fatalism in germ. It put the human mind on that weary, endless round of reflex demonstration, in which so many have since followed, always busy in fruitless toil. The agency of secondary causes, in things and persons, is hardly recognisable in the Cartesian manner of conceiving things; and an easy and almost inevitable step, M. Saisset would say, must conduct an ardent disciple of the French master to the conception of *a universe consisting of only one substance and power*.

That step was virtually taken by his greatest disciple—Malebranche, who combined essential Spinozism in thought with deep mystical Christianity in heart. Malebranche could find no resting-place for his beliefs, as long as the objects of consciousness were viewed either as representations emanating from without, or as merely transient states of consciousness within; and he sought, by attributing ideas to God Himself, the ‘place of spirits,’ to find a sure ground for science. In this Divine Ideal or Intellectual World, he seemed to himself to discern the true meaning of things; and his piety was gratified by the conviction, that in so doing he was holding communion with God, in complete abstraction from the misleading appearances of sense and imagination. It was in this way that reason and religion were reconciled by Malebranche. Deity, to whom all real causation is referred on his system, is thus revealed in the Universal Reason, and constitutes science. He anticipates Berkeley in his philosophical annihilation of matter, and Spinoza in his resolution of all causes in the Infinite. Science, with Malebranche, is seeing in God; willing is God acting in us. Many readers must recollect the tragical end of this great spiritual philosopher of France. In 1715, Berkeley, then becoming famous for his system of imma-

terialism which he had given to the world a few years before, visited Malebranche at Paris. He found the aged father in his cell, cooking in a pipkin a medicine for an inflammation of the lungs, from which he was suffering. The conversation naturally turned on the new system. The issue was fatal to poor Malebranche. In the heat of debate he raised his voice so high, and gave way so freely to the 'natural impetuosity of a man of genius and a Frenchman,' that he brought on a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off a few days after.

Spinoza looked at the universe through an atmosphere charged with the Cartesianism which thus educated Malebranche. M. Saisset says that this is the explanation of his determination to conceive all that is as One Substance or Cause. He saw what was apparent at the Cartesian view-point more distinctly than Des Cartes himself did, and he was not afraid to tell what he saw. M. Cousin, on the other hand, finds a different origin for the thought of Spinoza, which he attributes to Maimonides, the famous Jew of Cordova in the twelfth century, and Averroes, the Arabian logician. With him, Spinozism is not the genuine child of modern Europe and of French reflection, but a whimsical paradox, accidentally generated by a cabbalistic mediæval philosopher, in the mind of one who was educated among the Jews of Amsterdam.

This question is the subject of the interesting chapter in M. Saisset's '*Precurseurs et Disciples de Des Cartes*,' entitled, '*Les Origines du Pantheisme de Spinoza*.' On this question, he avoids two extremes. Leibnitz, among others, had fathered Spinozism upon Des Cartes. M. Cousin, jealous of the honour of his illustrious countryman, transferred the parentage to the rationalist Jew of Cordova.¹ M. Saisset sees something in both opinions. He connects one part of what Spinoza teaches in his writings with Hebrew Rationalism in the Middle Ages, and the other part with the seventeenth century leader of intellectual revolution in France. Spinoza, as we have seen, was conspicuous in two departments. In his lifetime he was a critic and interpreter of the sacred books, on principles and with results which have left to the purely reasoned Christianity of our time room for little more than the elaboration of details. Immediately after his death, his 'demonstrated' system of theological science appeared,—the substitute, or rather complement, of the mixture of moral and religious ideas with illusions of sense and imagination, which was all he could find in Holy Scripture. Now, Spinoza the biblical critic, M. Saisset regards as the disciple of Maimonides; Spinoza the systematic theologian, who demon-

¹ On this question the most opposite opinions have been maintained. Thus we have the '*Cartesius versus Spinozismi architectus*,' of Regius, and the '*Cartesius versus Spinozismi eversor*,' of Andala.

strates what God and the universe must be on the principles of pure reason, is the logical disciple of Des Cartes.

‘Pour ne pas s’égarer dans cette question tres-compiquée et très délicate,’ says M. Saisset, ‘il importe avant tout de considérer qu’il y a deux parties distinctes dans l’œuvre de Spinoza ; d’un côté l’exegese biblique, de l’autre la philosophie proprement dite, c’est-a-dire la metaphysique avec toutes ses applications a la psychologie, a la morale, a la religion. Spinoza nous developpe son systeme d’exégèse dans un traité, qui a fait en Europe, au dix-septième siecle, un scandale immense, le *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* ; c’est dans d’autres ouvrages publiés apres sa mort, c’est surtout dans l’obscur et fameuse *Ethica* que Spinoza a déroulé, selon l’ordre des geometres, la suite de ses speculations proprement philosophiques. . . . Ou peut fort bien admettre l’exegese rationaliste de Spinoza sans etre obligé d’accepter sa metaphysique. . . . L’auteur du *Theologico-politicus* est a beaucoup d’egards le continuateur de Mäimonide, de Moïse de Narbonne, et de Levi Ben Gerson ; l’auteur d’*Ethica* est avant tout le disciple de Des Cartes.’—(*Les Origines, du Pantheisme de Spinoza*, pp. 300, 301.)

M. Saisset has produced many curious links of connection between Spinoza the biblical critic, and the mediæval Jew, and between Spinoza the systematic and reasoning divine, and Des Cartes. He perhaps exaggerates the difference between these two parts of the Spinozistic doctrine. After all that has been said, we cannot but attribute the characteristic education of the genius of Spinoza to his early absorbing study of the self-introverting reasoner of Touraine.¹ The doctrine of the ‘Ethics’ is the *scientific* side of that eternal religion of Love which, on its *practical* or *devotional* side, Spinoza traces in the ‘Tractus,’ as a golden thread, all through the marvels of sense and imagination with which he thought he found it blended in the sacred books of the Jews and of Christians. Perennial religion is, with him, simply love to God and man, and love to man through the love of God. This is the teaching of Spinoza the biblical critic and interpreter, who finds in the biblical records, as it seems to him, the forces that excite this love, in their most potent state, but blended with those other elements through which they assimilated themselves to Jewish and Christian humanity. In Himself, God is darkness—the absolute negation of knowledge, with Mäimonides. But love is the growth of knowledge, and, in its highest form, the reflex accompaniment of intelligence, according to Spinoza. The Cordova religion is incomplete when measured

¹ Spinoza in many passages repudiates Mäimonides. For example, in one of his ‘Epistolæ’ we find him saying, ‘Non enim video, Cur dicat, me existimare omnes eos pedibus in meam sententiam ituros, qui negant rationem et philosophiam esse Scripturæ interpretem quum ego tam horum, quam Mäimonida sententiam regulationum’ (Epist. xlix.)—the exegesis of Mäimonides consisting in a philosophical accommodation of the text.—See also, ‘Trac. Theol. Polit.’ cap. vii., etc.

by his ideal, unless the intelligence which is needed to sustain the love is brought out into science. The religion must be exhibited *as Science*, and not merely felt and enjoyed *as a Life*. The 'Ethics' contain the science. Spinoza, the alleged son of Des Cartes, is describing the scientific side of that very religion which Spinoza, the alleged son of Mäimonides, had been disentangling from its traditional and poetical accompaniments in the Pentateuch and Isaiah. Des Cartes' injunction of clear and distinct intellectual vision, as the one condition of all reasonable belief, made Spinoza dissatisfied with a religion like that of Mäimonides, grounded in ignorance of God.

M. Saisset himself thus contrasts the theological *nescience* of Mäimonides with the theological *science* of Spinoza :—

'La verite est que, dans ce commun degout pour les superstitions religieuses, on voit fort nettement que Mäimonide et Spinoza s'inspirent de deux systemes de philosophie profondement differents. Mäimonide combat *l'anthropomorphisme* avec les armes que lui fournit Avicenne, Spinoza avec celles qu'il trouve dans Des Cartes et dans ses propres speculations. Au nom de quelle theorie Mäimonide repousse-t-il les attributs de Dieu ? au nom de *la theorie du Dieu ineffable et indivisible*, theorie mystique et alexandrine. Spinoza est a mille lieues de cette doctrine. Tandis que Mäimonide, a l'exemple de tous les philosophes Arabes secretement inspires par Plotin, regarde comme l'effort le plus sublime de la libre speculation philosophique *de s'elever a un Dieu ineffable, incomprehensible, sans attributes d'aucune, sorte, pas meme l'existence et l'unité*, Spinoza enseigne la doctrine diametralement contraire. La nature divine est a ses yeux si peu obscure et inconceivable qu'elle est, au contraire ce qu'il y a de plus intelligible et de plus lumineux. Que c'est ce en effet que Dieu ? c' l'etre ou la substance, definition capitale qui est le point de depart de tout le systeme de Spinoza. Connaissans-nous l'essence de Dieu ? Oui, certes, repond l'auteur de *l'Ethique*, et dans son rationalisme effrene il va jusque a poser cet audacieux theoreme, repris de nous jours par Hegel—*L'ame humaine a une connaissance adéquate de l'infinite et eternelle essence de Dieu.*'—(*Les Origines, etc.*, pp. 311, 12.)

M. Saisset finds the seeds of Spinozism thickly sown in the best French (that is, Cartesian) thought of the seventeenth century. Dissatisfied with Cartesianism, he then looked in other directions—across the Channel to England, and across the Rhine to Germany. In both countries, he thinks he discovers, in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, the dominant modes of thought to be anti-Spinozistic, and not at all Cartesian. In England he found himself in an atmosphere very different indeed from France—'a new world of ideas.' The Royal Society, and Sir Isaac Newton, and Locke were moulding and manufacturing the English mind. It was no longer a Theism of 'perfectly clear and demonstrable abstractions,' but of well-tried, though imperfectly comprehensible

facts. Philosophy was not the endless circle of thought within, but an interrupted, yet progressive, experience of facts without. With Des Cartes, God is the first principle of Natural Philosophy; with Newton, He is the last conclusion. In physics, the method of Des Cartes was not the tentative, experimental method which rises gradually, because with hesitation, from the observation of phenomena to the apprehension of their laws. Cartesianism roundly boasted that it could explain effects by their causes, and not merely causes in their effects. But how, asks M. Saisset, are we to grasp causes? Is it by framing hypotheses? Des Cartes does not admit this. He persuades himself that his reasonings are founded upon the nature of things, and refuses to look at them as tentative efforts to interpret facts. He proceeds as a geometer, not as a physical philosopher. He constructs and fashions an ideal in oblivion of the real world. It was not thus in the England of Locke and Newton.

The Anglican school of philosophers of experience—tentative philosophers as we may call them—resisted what they counted the ‘Atheism’ of Spinoza. But, curiously, their principal weapon, as M. Saisset describes it at least, was a ‘Demonstration,’ and not a tentative or experimental refutation. The ‘Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, in answer to Spinoza,’ etc., by Dr Samuel Clarke, is widely known among theological students. The theological thought of England at this time is to be found, in one of its phases, in that book, and in the remarkable ‘Correspondence’ of its author, at one time with the author of the ‘Analogy,’ and afterwards with Leibnitz; and in another phase, some years later, in the ‘Analogy’ itself, in the ‘Divine Analogy’ of Bishop Brown, and in the ‘Dialogues’ of Bishop Berkeley. Of all this we have only a faint glimpse given to us by M. Saisset.

Newton and Clarke only are put before us in these volumes as the representatives of the Anglican Theism of that metaphysical epoch. They tried to manifest God to reason by means of space and time. According to Newton, Nature is a finite whole in the ocean of immensity. The Cartesians confounded together matter and space, and logically denied a *vacuum*. Newton broadly distinguished them, and logically presumed a *vacuum*. But what is this infinite receptacle? It occurred to Newton that it might be an attribute of God, who thus becomes conceived as a mathematical quantity, and theology is converted into a species of mathematical reasoning. The age of the ‘Principia’ was the age of mathematics; and by this means theology was assimilated with the favourite study. A God who could be thought and reasoned about as a quantity, was suited to the conception of the Royal Society. Here, M. Saisset thinks

he finds seeds of Spinozism upon English soil, not less fitted to be prolific than those he had left behind in France, though very different in appearance. 'Clarke,' he says, 'may inscribe the name of Spinoza beside that of Hobbes and the most notorious atheists. Yet the simplest logic imposes on him the very theory for which he reproves the author of the *Ethica*: *Deus est res extensa*. For if the immensity of God is, as Clarke says, only infinite extension, it follows that God has length, breadth, and depth, and that He is divisible *ad infinitum*, and other monstrous consequences. Clarke would indeed reply, the extension of God is infinite. But this is just Spinoza's answer, and it is vain; for extension, be it finite or infinite, has always the same properties and the same essence.'

But, in fact, the Deity of Clarke is a very different conception from the Deity of Spinoza. Clarke was the most conspicuous defender of human liberty, and of the possible *antagonism* of men to God, in the age in which he lived. Spinoza, on the other hand, absorbed men and things in a Divine Necessity. This single fact places them at the opposite poles of theological thought. The mathematical theology of the 'Demonstration,' so far as it failed to accommodate itself to the 'argument from design'—the theistic basis congenial to Englishmen—was the conceit of an individual divine, educated in mathematical ideas, and is hardly to be taken as representing the main current of theological thought at that time in England. In certain other contemporary minds, not referred to at all by M. Saisset, more affinity for the Cartesian Spinozism may be found. In John Norris, Rector of Bemerton, for example, we have an English Malebranche—wanting the genius of his French prototype. And the 'Pantheisticon' of Toland is perhaps the only book (since Baconianism took possession of us) emanating from a British mind prior to the present century, which professes to express the consubstantial conception of the Pantheist.

Our author, when he turned his eye to the England of the Lockean epoch, to estimate its relations to Spinoza, missed one remarkable system, proclaimed by its author to be the simple teaching of facts or experience about God, as contrasted with the elaborate and misleading abstractions of the metaphysicians. The metaphysical philosophy of Bishop Berkeley is professedly a system of experimental theology, in which, by the elimination of the material world, as a secondary cause hypothetically assumed without warrant from facts, the presence and agency of God is alleged to be brought as near to us as the presence and power of our fellow-men. At the Berkeleian point of view, we all find ourselves continually in the very presence of God, who gives reality to the world of sense, of which He is the Cause and Substance, and in a manner the Soul; while we are not ourselves

lost in Deity, as we seem to be, when we keep company with Spinoza, or even with Malebranche. We live and move and have our being in God, who is the animating Spirit of matter, and whose mind and meaning are expressed throughout the cosmical order; but we are not ourselves essentially Divine. Berkeleyanism, in the deep intention of its author, is not the paradox of an idle hour, but a system of practical theological thought, professedly founded on common sense. In its largest view, it is a science of religion, based on what its author supposed to be the true metaphysical interpretation of what we experience in sense.

If the logical and natural issue of the rise of modern thought in France was the absorption of all that is in Divine Power, and in England (so far as M. Saisset embraced it in his view) the substitution of a Deity measurable and changing for the spiritual Life and Father of the universe, what shall we say of Germany, represented by Leibnitz, the modern founder of *Theodicea*, the professed antagonist of Spinoza, and of Cartesianism as undeveloped Spinozism? The chapter on Leibnitz is perhaps the most elaborate in M. Saisset's book. The following is a salient passage in which Spinoza and Leibnitz are distinctly compared and contrasted:—

‘What was the first question which Leibnitz (as the author of the modern *Theodicea*) had to answer? Evidently this: Whether God should be conceived as a force which enters upon action *by the very necessity of its essence, in such sort that it can neither be conceived nor exist without a universe, where it is developed and realized*; or whether He should be conceived as a *free activity, eternally self-contained, living with His own proper and independent life, and consequently at liberty not to go forth from Himself*. If God is conceived as the *free* Creator of the universe, we are tempted to ask why He has created it, rather than not; why He has created such a universe, at such a time, in such a place? Then, how is it possible that this universe should contain free creatures, being the work of a God who foresees and governs all; and imperfect, sinful, and unhappy creatures, being the work of a God who is all-wise and all-good? . . .

‘We know how Spinoza had solved this problem of the relation of God to the universe. According to him, God is the Infinite Substance, of which bodies and souls are merely the necessary modes. In this system there is no *real and practical* distinction between God and the universe; it is but an artifice of abstraction through which they are *conceived or named* separately. God, without the universe, is not a being who possesses a determinate existence, and lives with His own proper life. He is but a substance without its modes, without the determinations which make His very reality and His very life. The universe is thus as necessary as God. It is not a manifestation of God; it is God Himself. Why should we henceforth

speak of the creature and the Creator? The Creator is a God who is independent of His creatures, who is manifested by and reflected in them, but who is distinct from them. The God of Spinoza, on the contrary, is a cause absolutely incapable of going out of itself, since it comprehends every possible existence as part of itself. Spinoza used language which was in perfect accordance with his conception, when he substituted for the names of the Creator and the creature, those of *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. These terms powerfully express the identity of one and the same existence, decomposed by abstraction only, and alternately regarded by us as Substance and mode, Infinite and finite, fundamentally undetermined and determined in necessary forms.

‘In opposition to this Spinozistic solution of the problem of the relations of God with the universe, Leibnitz substituted the conception of God the *Creator*. . . . According to him, the theory of Spinoza has a radical fault, which is, to have entirely forgotten, not exactly the notion of *activity* (for the God of the *Ethica* is a cause, whose essence is to develop itself necessarily), but the notion of *the sort of individual activity which has consciousness and power over itself, of which the human Ego is the living type*. Individuality, in the system of Spinoza, is not in the *material* universe, since bodies, in his eyes, are only the infinitely diversified aggregate of modes of extension. It is not in the *spiritual* universe, since souls are only collections of modes, without true unity. It is not in *God*, since Spinoza’s God is only undetermined substance, having neither understanding, nor consciousness, nor will, nor any of the attributes of moral personality. It follows, that, from top to bottom, Spinozism is only a regular system of abstractions—a system of words.

‘For all this Leibnitz substituted realities. The type of reality is the human Ego, one and active. Unity and activity united constitute what he calls the MONAD. This is the last term in the analysis of all the components of the universe, and the harmonious total of monads is the universe itself.’

‘It is by means of *monads*,’ says Leibnitz, ‘that Spinozism is destroyed. For there are as many real substances (*i.e.*, living mirrors of the universe) as there are monads; while according to Spinoza there is One Substance only. Spinoza would be quite right if there were no monads. In that case, all outside God would be evanescent, and dissipated into simple accidents or modifications, since there would not be the basis for substances in things, which is found in the existence of monads.’ On the whole, according to Leibnitz, one of two conceptions must be accepted:—

Either, we must admit a nature reduced to *shadows* of existence, and then we must postulate the Undetermined Substance of Spinoza to give these a factitious and abstract unity;

Or, we must admit a *real* nature, and thus believe in GOD THE CREATOR to explain its existence.

Such is the alternative proposed by Leibnitz. As M. Saisset says, '*Experience* is evidently the only arbiter which can decide here;' and if she assures us that *Nature is not a series of shadows, but a universe of monads*, she answers our appeal, and proclaims to us the existence of God the Creator.

The mind of Leibnitz is among the grandest of modern times. Its self-imposed mission was to correct that 'exaggeration' of Cartesianism to which Spinoza had given circulation. The very strength and grandeur of his intellect was in part the cause why he failed to mark the limit imposed upon a human science of things. He characteristically held by the demonstrative method of construction which Des Cartes had taught to continental Europe, and despised the experimental gropings in the dark of the philosophers of this island. His splendid dream of the established harmony of monads, into which the whole universe resolves itself in the Leibnitzian philosophical conception of it, wanted the weight which *facts* alone could give to any re-adjustment of the Spinozistic conception of a consubstantial universe that should be satisfactory. What evidence have we that this is a universe of unconscious and conscious forces? We find in consciousness that we are ourselves conscious agents; and we seem to find, through experience, that we are surrounded by other conscious agents, human and divine—an external world of conscious beings. But how could we know this without the experience which Leibnitz despises; and what evidence have we, either inductive or demonstrative, that the material world of sensible objects is a world of unconscious forces? Do we really know, or can we reasonably believe, so much as this?

The writings of Leibnitz are more prolific in the germs of fruitful thought than perhaps those of any other modern. The century and a half that has elapsed since his death is only now beginning to reap the fruit. He was by far the most eclectic spirit of his age. Truth, he was wont to say, is much more widely spread than men commonly suppose; but it is masked and mutilated, and often combined with dangerous errors. The deeper, however, we go towards the heart of things, the more truth we discover in the teaching of the greater number of sects of philosophy. A good interpretation can be put upon them all, in as far as all of them are genuine emanations of the human mind, striving to interpret the life in which it finds itself. The want of substantial reality in the objects of the five senses, alleged by the Sceptics—the harmonies or numbers, and the ideas, to which the Pythagoreans and Platonists at last reduced all that is—the One and All of Parmeides and Plotinus—the Stoical doctrine that all things are necessarily connected—the vital philosophy of the Cabbalists, who believed that all

things are sentient—the substantial forms of Aristotle and the Schoolmen—the mechanical philosophy of Democritus and his contemporary English philosophers—these and other systems might, he conceived, be all reconciled from one central point of intellectual vision. The spirit of sectarianism has been the chief foe to philosophy, he thought, inasmuch as it has spoiled every newly suggested conception by the lines which the inventor has drawn round it to exclude the conceptions of others.

The man who thought in this fashion, whatever he might say about experience, was opening the way to the truest interpretation of that best sort of experience, which has for its object the intellectual and moral workings of the human mind. He was preparing the way for that criticism of what man, in his present circumstances, is capable of knowing about the life in which he finds himself, which was commenced by Bacon and Locke, carried onwards by Kant, and is the special task of this generation. Leibnitz the speculator raised more abstractions than he was able to lay. Leibnitz the eclectic critic of philosophical systems, naturally conducted men to an experimental scrutiny of human intelligence, in which these systems or microcosms are all partial representations of the macrocosm beyond. Men, with their finite minds, had been trying to represent the Infinite. From Des Cartes downwards, they had been constructing their theological science. But is any science of the sort capable of being constructed? This is the question which Immanuel Kant virtually puts to Spinoza and all who like him devote a life of constant meditation and intellectual pursuit to the comprehension of all things in God. Can reason, they ask, really compass this problem at all?

And for his negative answer, Kant is by M. Saisset ranked among the Sceptics. The critical school he describes as the sceptical school, and adduces it as one of several instances in proof that contemporary philosophy is drifting towards Atheism. 'Of these critical or sceptical philosophers, some,' he says, 'draw their inspiration from Scotland, and accept the teaching of Hamilton. Others prefer to attach themselves to Germany, and to Kant.'

This is a very common account of what is the most powerful intellectual tendency of the present day—for Kantism has changed the intellectual habit of thought in Europe; and Kantism, in its Scottish and Oxonian as well as German modifications, is very often pronounced to be scepticism. Now, is this sentence just? Because these critics of human reason deny that the Infinite is comprehensible by man, do they deny that man may be intelligently religious? Is it impossible to find

sufficient rational support and light for our supernatural life in the common physical and moral experience of man, and in what may be legitimately inferred from that?

Let us here attempt a word of explanation. We discover in the history of opinion three great types of philosophical teaching:—

I. The *sensuous* or *secular*, which finds its bond of cohesion for all beliefs in the laws of mental association, and the limit of all legitimate belief in the physical experience of this earthly life. This is the properly sceptical, because non-metaphysical or non-theological school, which consistently proclaims as its creed—speculative and practical Atheism—ignorance about all beyond this temporal life of sensuous experience.

II. The *speculatively* or *scientifically rational* philosophy or science, which professes, as Spinoza and Hegel do, to comprehend the solution of the metaphysical or theological problem of this existence in which we find ourselves when we awaken into conscious light on earth, and, with Spinoza, to evolve a science of theology that, in fact, either resolves God into an abstraction, or us human beings into Deity.

III. The *practically rational* philosophy, which proves the scientific impossibility of speculative theology, while it fully acknowledges the facts in human nature that can be explained, and the desires that can be satisfied only in a religiously conducted and Christian life, and in the knowledge needed for its regulation.

Now, of these two last schemes of thought, experience proves that the second naturally conducts to the first, while the third practically turns away from it. The second claims for man what man can accomplish only in the shape of a system of abstract words; and when he becomes conscious of the failure, he relapses into sensuous and secular scepticism. The third, content with what man finds in his moral and spiritual springs of action, accepts these as its legitimate data; and submits to be called sceptical, if by that is meant naturally ignorant of the existence in which we find ourselves, except so far as it is revealed in the moral and practical experience common to all good men.

It is, speaking generally, this third scheme of thought that Kant represents, although, along with his British and German admirers, he gives greater prominence to his negation of *speculative*, than to his affirmation of *practical and moral* rationalism. It is true that the conspicuous part of Kantism is destructive—not less so than Hume's philosophy; but all destructive philosophy is really conservative, if it is destructive only of a claim on the part of man to construct a speculative and systematic

science of theology or metaphysics. Kantism is, in fact, only the appropriate complement to the philosophy of Bacon. Bacon *assumed* that all real science in man is grounded on and nourished by experiment or trial. *Kant proved, that from the very nature of human intelligence, this must be so.* In the analytical or destructive part of his philosophy, he exhibits the theological paralysis of speculative reason; in its constructive part, he reveals a positive stay of belief in God, in man's moral and spiritual nature. Speculative reason is able to prove that religion is not unreasonable; we accept religion, however, on the ground of practical reason or moral experience. When David Hume affirmed that 'our most holy religion is founded on faith, not on reason,' whatever his intention may have been, he affirmed a principle held in common by St Augustin, Pascal, Kant, and the profoundest religious thinkers of every age. It is a favourite employment of Pascal, Hume, Kant, and Hamilton, to illustrate the weakness and ignorance of man,—when he applies his thought to things, in abstraction from the regulative tendencies which he experiences when the moral and spiritual part of his nature is in a healthy state. But there is nothing in this to contradict an explicit recognition of that sort of experience, or to discredit the Divine Power to whom moral and spiritual health is due. This philosophy opens the way for a *relative* revelation of God, and enforces submission to *all* that is relatively revealed in practical reason and in Scripture,—by clipping the wings of abstract thought. It thus vindicates the independence of religion, which is essentially practical, of many debated questions in physical and metaphysical science—a vindication of which M. Saisset might avail himself, in defence of some of his answers to questions which his all too timid translator and editor hesitates to recognise and appreciate.

Take a class of questions which illustrate what this so-called sceptical philosophy really teaches about our absolute ignorance, and limited relative knowledge of God,—of whom we can know enough for the regulation of our moral and religious life, but not enough for the determination, or even the positive conception of questions which involve the Infinite in space or time. Here are specimens of them:—Is there any essential difference, of which we can be cognizant, between Creation and Providence? May we not conceive creation as a perpetual act, now proceeding, and without beginning or ending? Are its results or manifestations limited to any finite portion of space or period of time? These, and such as these, physical and metaphysical questions, have been differently answered—by some affirmatively, by others negatively, and by

a third class with a confession of ignorance. But does our moral faith in the God in whom,—when we pass out of darkness into the light of consciousness,—we find ourselves living and moving and having our being—does our moral faith in this God at all depend on the assumption that at a given era in His unbeginning duration He *began to create*—that at a coming era He is to *cease creating*—and that His creative activity, thus finite in duration, is also finite in regard to the extent of the space which it covers? Perhaps this class of questions cannot be adequately expressed by the human mind. Anyhow, is not that the true religious philosophy which vindicates for man all his moral and religious relations to God, under any of the answers, physical and metaphysical, which are given to them, or any of the modes in which they may be put,—thus recognising the fact that the springs of our moral and religious life can be in no way affected by complete freedom of philosophical speculation concerning the origin or the unbeginningness, the finitude or the infinitude, in space and time, of the universe in which we find ourselves? ‘What,’ as Pascal asks, ‘is man in nature? A nothing with regard to Infinity, a whole with regard to nothing, a medium between nothing and all. Infinitely far from comprehending extremes, the end of things and their beginning are to him invincibly hidden in an impenetrable secrecy. He is equally incapable of discerning the nothing whence he is taken, and the Infinite where he is swallowed up. What must he do, then, but observe *some shadow of the middle of things*, in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end?’

It is in this spirit that we would ponder, for example, the sublime speculation which occupies M. Saisset’s Fifth Meditation—‘Is the *World* Eternal and Infinite?’—We find that *we* are moral and responsible persons. But we cannot tell how the material world in which we make this discovery is related to the Supreme—whether or not it is an emanation of the Creator, of which He is ever the animating soul, revealing Himself in the order of those changes which observation recognises, in which thought finds materials for scientific conjectures, often with the result that the conjectural anticipations of its microcosm are dissipated by the disclosure of fresh facts in our experience of the macrocosm of God. We may not take for granted that the Divine Source of the life in which we now are, is not eternally the Source of light and life to intelligences, active and responsible for their actions, like ourselves. In this ignorance, we are bound to proclaim freedom to these speculations of M. Saisset; not to speak of analogous ones in Leibnitz, and Pascal, and Malebranche, and in our own day in Germany. This principle is of wide application. We are what

we find ourselves to be, in our moral relations to Supreme Being and to one another; and these relations, thus disclosed as matter of fact, cannot be annulled, either by an ampler recognition of our metaphysical ignorance of what Supreme Being is *absolutely*, or by any positive discoveries of physical science, with respect to the origin and early history of the human species, and of the world by which human agents are environed. While all progress of 'philosophy of the natural kind only,' in the words of Hume, 'staves off our ignorance a little longer,' and progress of 'philosophy of the moral or metaphysical kind serves only to discover larger portions of it,' we may still, in the regulation of our lives, be true to what Maine de Biran calls 'the two poles of all human science—the personal I, with whom all begins, and the personal GOD, in whom all ends.' We shall continue to believe, with M. Saisset, that 'faith in God's presence and providence is independent of the diversity and contradictions of systems and science. Systems change and clash, because they represent the unequal efforts of man to grasp the often mysterious economy of the Divine Plan; but in proportion as some of the great lines of this plan are more clearly discovered, the world appears to us more harmonious, vaster, more simple, more beautiful, and the eye of man beholds in more visible characters the free and intelligent Principle which it reflects.'

But our limits are reached, and we cannot pursue these speculations. A similar lesson may be learned from Hegel, who constructs an absolute system of existence identified with intelligence, upon an avowed basis of contradiction. We have room only to recommend to our readers the beautiful and instructive 'Meditations' which form the Second, and what many will regard as the most interesting Part of M. Saisset's Essay. He has completed his voyage over the troubled sea of modern thought. He thinks he has found Scepticism and Consubstantialism leagued together in the endeavour to put the 'undetermined substance of Being' in place of the Personal God—the God of common sense and of spiritual philosophy. His historical researches have not, he thinks, afforded him any system of metaphysics able to resist this tendency. He sets aside books and the philosophical speculations of others. He resolves to pursue his own reflections. The result of this resolution is contained in a series of meditations, entitled, 'Is there a God?'—'Is God accessible to reason?'—'Can there be anything but God?'—'God the Creator'—'Is the world infinite?'—'Providence in the Universe'—'Providence in man'—'The mystery of Suffering'—'Religion.' In some opinions expressed in these 'Meditations' we cannot coincide; but these are subjects on

which it is better to say nothing, than to say the little we have space for here. We find much that is worthy of admiration in their general tone, and in the reverence for the *facts* of human life and human nature which pervades them all. Many passages remind us of Pascal and his two favourite lessons: 'Nous avons une impuissance de prouver, invincible à tout le dogmatisme. Nous avons une idée de la vérité invincible à tout le pyrrhonisme.' But while the 'impuissance' is the favourite theme of Pascal, the 'idée de la vérité' is put more in front by M. Saisset, along with that knowledge of truth 'non seulement par la raison, *mais encore par le cœur*,' in which he seems to find the relief and satisfaction that his survey of past and present European constructions of intellect has failed to afford.

These religious thoughts, as well as M. Saisset's example in meeting the doubtful results of free inquiry by other free inquiry, pursued in that spirit of love for truth which seeks really to understand what it criticises, will be read with more than usual interest in the present state of British opinion, amid the 'inquiet endeavours' of these years to interpret the biblical records, and to pursue the metaphysical interpretation of the universe which rises out of and blends with any profound biblical exegesis. Dogmatists of all systems may with advantage draw a lesson from his generous and confiding policy. Truth is not to be vindicated or attained by repressing any of the elements of the philosophical spirit—its candour—its doubt in order that it may know—its faith amid many doubts—and its deep conviction of the metaphysical ignorance that underlies all our practical knowledge. Faith and patience are needed amid the variety and discord which are the natural issue of all inquiry by intelligent beings who are in the circumstances and endowed with the limited faculties of man. This variety and discord necessarily accompany those approximations to truth, at opposite angles, by individuals, which seem to be the divinely appointed means for its gradual disclosure to society. The orthodoxy that is true cannot lose, but must gain by this trustful patience; and by a recognition of the plain historical fact that, in like manner as civil governments, recognising that the period of compulsory obedience to the rational instincts is of the past, have gradually been relaxing their central authority over individuals, encouraging personal energy, and the activity of voluntary associations, and supplying the conditions for their free development, so, an analogous gradual relaxation in matters of opinion on which good and wise men differ, may be required in the regulation of opinion, on the part of those various communions of the Church Catholic, which seek to pervade with Christian life the active and educated mind of these times.

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Few Words on Non-Intervention.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Fraser's Magazine, Dec. 1859.
2. *An Inaugural Lecture on the Law of Nature and Nations.* Delivered in the University of Edinburgh, January 6, 1863. By JAMES LORIMER, M.A., F.R.S.E., Advocate, Professor of Public Law, and of the Law of Nature and Nations.
3. *Speeches of Viscount Palmerston in the House of Commons on the Polish Question.* March 1863.

FOR two things the British nation has of late neglected all other cares. On two things its thoughts have been concentrated, its heart has been set. Causes, at other times dear to it, have beside these overmastering interests become indifferent; and under the levelling influence of this common sympathy, party struggles and class distinctions have been soothed into unanimity. Nor have the themes of this ardent desire been objects of solid material advantage, proffering the gross lure of wealth and physical ease to a people hasting only to grow rich. They have been, on the contrary, mere ideas,—sentiments impalpable, ethereal,—things capable of no money appreciation of profit, yielding no corporeal comfort or delight, precious only to the free souls of a Christian nation. The one, indeed, may be called in a sense merely selfish, but it is the noblest selfishness of which human nature is capable. The other is not open even to this reproach; for it is the purest and most disinterested sympathy which man has ever felt for the highest interests of his fellow-man. These two things, thus contrasted in character, but united in our earnest aspiration and exclusive interest, are—the security and strength of the realm, and the resurrection of liberty abroad.

There is no need to multiply proof in support of propositions which lie within the recognition of all. The debates on fortifications, the rivalry between Armstrong and Whitworth, the race for superiority between iron plates and heavy guns, the powers of cupola ships and of steam rams, the organization of the military force, the development of the great reserve of civilians which constitute the Volunteer Army,—these are, beyond dispute, the domestic questions to which, even with famine in our land, and the destruction of our chief manufactures in imminent prospect, we have of late given our deepest attention. Side by side with these, in the profound interest which they have stirred, can be set the progress of affairs in Italy, and still more recently in Poland. The whole nation followed each campaign in the Southern Peninsula with straining eyes; the bulletins of a general's health were read in every parish with an eager anxiety;

and not content with words, we sent great sums of money, and a picked body of the flower of English and Scottish youth, to support the cause of revolt or freedom in the land which for ages has been the prey of hirelings and the victim of foreign violence. What we have thus expressed and done for Italy, we have been eager to do for other oppressed nationalities. Hungary gained all our sympathies, and all but our active support. Poland now fills the same place; and from day to day may become a cause from which our actual intervention can be no longer withheld. If anywhere we have hesitated, it has been only because the peoples concerned have themselves seemed to hesitate. We are less ardent in favour of the shreds of liberty still left in France, or less moved by the constitutional struggles of the Prussian Parliament, only because we are not yet made certain, by the sacrifices undergone, that either nation is thoroughly in earnest, or ready as a body for those rights which its leading spirits would vindicate. But it is not the less true that our sympathies are awake, and ready to spring into vivid and burning interest, in whatever struggles a foreign people may dare for recovery of lost freedom, or in pursuit of the higher privileges of freemen which till now have been denied to them.

There is, indeed, one phenomenon, growing out of this state of public opinion, which, as at once a consequence and a demonstration of its existence, is too remarkable to be passed without notice. The all but universal popularity of Lord Palmerston is one of the most striking symptoms of the public mind at the present day. To what is it attributable? It is shallow silliness to suggest, as some self-styled organs of opinion are fond of doing, that the general favour accorded to this statesman arises only out of admiration for the well-preserved faculties and fresh animal spirits of a green old age; it is a dangerous error to suppose, as some of his new supporters would persuade us, that it is due to the fact that he stands as chief obstructionist in the way of the extension of popular rights at home. In this country we indeed honour age, but we are not in use to surrender the direction of our affairs to one having no better claim to our confidence than age adorned only with lively manners and personal tact. We may for a time desire to lay aside the consideration of internal changes in our government; but if that were all, we should scarce unite in loud applause of the man who merely chimed in with our humour of doing nothing. Far deeper causes lie at the root of the spectacle we behold. We join in supporting Lord Palmerston because he is the supposed representative of a positive policy, not because he is a graceful incarnation of the non-existence of principle. We keep him in power because he maintains our fleet and army in efficiency, and

expresses correctly the sympathies of the nation in foreign affairs. These are the reasons why a hostile majority in the House of Commons dares not attack their political rival; and why the fierce democrats of Sheffield crowd round to shake hands with the man who, they believe, has cheated them out of their electoral rights. For these two objects are in our view so pre-eminently important, that, to secure them, we are ready to sacrifice all other differences; and to carry them out most effectually, becomes the passport by which a statesman most certainly wins and holds our suffrages.

It cannot, however, be doubted, that between these two themes of absorbing interest to the nation, there is in its secret mind some close connection. Proverbially, Englishmen are unable to care for two things at once. Our anxiety about home defence is held sufficient explanation for our indifference about home progress. If, then, it does not make us equally indifferent about foreign progress, there must be some instinctive sense that the questions are somehow allied. Nor is it sufficient explanation to tell us, that we arm because we have now for neighbour no longer a constitutional sovereign, but a despot and a plotter. No doubt the fact is true, and it is one reason why we arm. But it does not explain why, at the same time, we take such profound interest in the affairs of Italy and of Poland; and why we content ourselves not with the armament merely sufficient for home defence, but maintain without a grumble a military force far beyond the requirements of home defence. For it is the fact, that we have now within these islands an army of regular troops exceeding by 20,000 men what we had when invasion was threatened in 1804; while in *matériel*, in the means of forbidding the transport of troops to our shores, and in the means of preventing their landing, our superiority over the resources available to our ancestors is still more marked. All these facts, however, are no longer presented to us by politicians; or if so presented by some veterans who still, like Mr Cobden, preserve the traditions of the Hume school, they are passed over as indifferent by the mass of the public. Where then shall we look for the secret, and perhaps unconscious link which, in the national soul, binds together the desire to be powerful abroad as well as strong at home, with the deep interest which foreign politics, rather than domestic cares, excites in our minds?

There can be no doubt that such a link is to be found only in the conviction, though yet unexpressed in words, that sooner or later it may be forced upon us to cast our sword into the scale with our wishes and our hopes. The nation is indeed very patient and very puzzled. On every side its statesmen repeat the cry, that non-intervention is now the national policy, never

to be departed from. On every side the public echoes back that non-intervention is our only safe and our only dignified course. But who can dispute that its heart would nevertheless have leaped with joy, if our leading statesmen had declared that we ought to forbid the entrance of Russian troops into Hungary in 1849, or if now we were to intimate an intention of backing, with our Maltese fleet at Civita Vecchia, the Italians in their request that the French would evacuate Rome? There are feelings and aspirations to which we are as a nation slow, and perhaps somewhat ashamed to give expression; for above all nations we pride ourselves upon being practical and unromantic. Yet our actions belie in this our words, for no nation in the world has more often shaped its course by the beacon of romantic motive. And though we are apt to turn a cold ear to the first who suggests such a course, yet no sooner does it seem to be not universally condemned, no sooner does it attract the support of one or two of those on whose judgment we are accustomed to lean, than with eager and united ardour we follow it, and suffer no check in the pursuit, no difficulty in the attainment, to damp our energy, or to withhold us from the sacrifices which we are ready to make to bring our hope to fruition. The spirit which sent army after army into Spain to back what we felt to be a patriot struggle—which carried the eyes of the nation in eager gaze after that English nobleman who gave his life and his fame to the cause of the Greeks—which rejoiced over Navarino, and, by the strange revulsion of opinion, was thirty years later stung to frenzy by Sinope—which gave English gold to purchase West Indian manumission, and has since a dozen times approached the verge of war with the most powerful peoples on the earth in the effort to annihilate the slave trade, is undeniable evidence of the deep hold which an ‘idea,’ and a purely ‘romantic sentiment,’ may take in our Northern Blood.

Inspired by such feelings, while yet restrained by its professed principles, it is impossible that there should not be a frequent and painful discord between the wishes and the acts of the nation. Its sympathies with all that tends to progress lead it to applaud and encourage every expression of the spirit of liberty abroad; its rule of non-intervention bids it hold its hands from all but applause. Hence springs that tendency to advise which is so often observed among our statesmen, and hence that failure to support advice by action which is so often made a reproach to our name. In proffering counsel, warnings, or moral support, our statesmen are but obeying the popular instinct. We may smile or blush at the awkward persistence with which, in season or out of season, it is done; but we must admit that it is a system not chargeable in especial to any one minister, or to

any one party; and in truth that minister would run a serious danger of losing public confidence who should bid the voice of England remain mute when a crime is perpetrated or a triumph of principle achieved. But, on the other hand, it is wholly impossible for foreign nations to understand in what manner we can reconcile it to our consciences to give only barren sympathy or ineffectual reprobation. They cannot conceive how, holding the opinions we so strongly express, we can be content to stand still when the time has come that, by a blow, or even a threat, we could ensure their triumph. Nor can we ourselves submit very patiently to the taunts which our conduct draws on us, or to that which is worse to bear, the knowledge that the charge of failing to back by action the cause we espouse in words has been the source of its disastrous failure. So there arises on all matters of foreign policy a deep sense of uneasy trouble, a mental swaying backwards and forwards between the generous desire to act and the prudent remembrance that our supposed principles require us never to act; a mixed sentiment of shame and haughtiness, of real ardour and assumed indifference, which makes us feel, we know not why, at enmity with ourselves, and dissatisfied with the position in which we feel forced to stand.

Such feelings as these are the inevitable consequence, therefore, and decisive proof, of our standing somehow in a false position. They are evidence of conscience and reason at internal war; they show that we cannot justify to ourselves our real desires, and yet that our conduct is regulated by principles in which we have no real faith. It becomes us, then, to make every effort to discover wherein the error or the falsehood lies which thus seduces or deceives us. It becomes us to apply the most rigorous and searching analysis to our inclinations, and to our reasonings, that we may restore to them the harmony which always exists between moral approbation and truth. And, as always the first step towards discovering what we really ought to do, is to discover what is our actual position, and how we got into it; and the first step towards discovering the meaning of any plausible phrase is to find what ideas originally gave it birth, let us cast a backward glance over European history, so as to ascertain the nature of that species of foreign intervention to which it has heretofore been witness, and under what circumstances arose the present cry for 'non-intervention.'

Used in its modern sense, intervention is of modern date. We understand by it an interposition supported by armed force, with a view to compel submission to a certain form of government or dynasty, or to aid in the overthrow of the established rule and the setting up of a new rule. It is, therefore, something quite distinct from any species of conquest for the purpose of coloniza-

tion. It is not a transfer of population ; it is only the repression or the support of the existing population by a force which continues to be foreign. Therefore the wars of the dark ages, when tribe after tribe overran and settled in fresh districts of Europe, either exterminating or amalgamating with the aboriginal inhabitants, were not instances of intervention proper. Each nation took what extent of land it required and could hold ; if it attempted oppression on its neighbours, they migrated ; nor could it long spare from tillage and hunting a body of men sufficient to retain any foreign people in permanent subjection, unless it actually occupied the territory. While either the patriarchal, or the purely feudal systems of warfare prevailed, it was therefore impossible that foreign war could be persistently waged, except by way of settlement. As the Highland armies of the Jacobite leaders used to melt away after a short campaign, because the soldiers were compelled to return home by the exigencies of seed-time or harvest, so, while military service was personal, it was impossible that there should be any prolonged interference with the rights of other nations. But when wealth gradually accumulated, and advancing skill enabled each cultivator to extract from the soil more than enough for his individual support, and so to set a certain proportion of the population at liberty to devote themselves solely to war and other non-productive pursuits, a new danger dawned upon Europe. Taxation of the cultivator now supplied pay for the mercenary. So it was possible to maintain armies at a distance from their homes, and to subdue, without colonizing, a foreign territory. Then taxation could be extended to this new acquisition, and the elements of farther conquest acquired. Thus each extension of the bounds of the nation became a source (within certain limits) of increased strength ; and as there was once more danger of universal empire, the independent spirit of modern Europe invented for its safeguard the theory of the 'balance of power.'¹

From this moment intervention, in its modern sense, became inevitable. As it was the danger to be feared, it was the weapon to be used in defence. As it was now possible for one nation to conquer another, it became necessary to forbid, or to regulate, conquest, by the interposition of a third nation. And thus, for one reason or other, most nations came to be held in subjection,

¹ It is necessary not to confound the introduction of the principle of paying troops in time of war with the institution of standing armies kept up in time of peace. The latter did not take place, in this country, till the period of Charles II. ; but the former practice was in force in the invasions of France by Edward III. See Hallam, *Middle Ages*, vol. i., pp. 315, 492. Although the establishment of standing armies increased the probabilities of intervention, yet it had become possible, in the sense explained in the text, so soon as the progress of wealth permitted soldiers to be hired and kept steadily on foot during the period of war.

not, as under the old Germanic rule, by the frank submission of freemen, but by the domination of an external force, which was able to wring from their industry the means of its own perpetuation. So now also dynastic inheritance became a method of transmitting authority as irresistible as conquest itself, because it was supported by the very same method. Hence, to prevent the accumulation of power in one man's hands, it became necessary to oppose it by the same principles. Territories were parcelled out, under the authority of Europe itself, so as to give an equality to the strength of the leading states; and a gain made by any one in one direction was redressed by an abstraction of territory on the other side. The effects of family alliances were counteracted in some cases by treaty, in some by force, in some by other alliances of a similar nature. But throughout all these changes no regard was longer had to the inclination of the people who were dealt with. They had become as so many pawns on the chess-board—base pieces that were little worth counting, save as an addition to the aggregate strength of the players—valuable chiefly in that, if skilfully played, they might, after infinite loss of their own number, furnish a force of a higher character, fitted to carry the sphere of conquest over wider and more ambitious fields. So through long generations men saw successively strange and unnatural unions effected—sometimes between England and large provinces of France, sometimes between Spain and the Netherlands or Germany, sometimes between Austria and Italy, sometimes between France and Naples, or the Germanic provinces of the Rhine, sometimes between the Russian and the non-Slave populations on her borders, sometimes between Prussia and a Swiss canton. No slice of territory was ever too remote to be thrown into the balance of power, for every scrap yielded money, and all money bought soldiers.

Nature, indeed, was for ever at work sapping the foundations of these proud edifices of man's construction. The inextinguishable vitality of the principle of race ever and anon broke out, and wrested from alien governors and soldiers the provinces which they oppressed. So, after many ages of conflict and bloodshed, it resulted at last that the several great European nations were confined pretty much within their natural limits, and that the accessions of strength which, by treaty, marriage, or force, any among them had striven to win, were reft away. Then came the French Revolution to explode whatever dangerous combinations had yet been left. First gathering up the whole French race in one overwhelming and all-embracing sentiment of unity, it broke its proper bounds, and spread the infection of freedom over every oppressed people in Europe. At the call to throw off their yoke, to assert their nationality,

rose Pole, and Italian, and Fleming. The spirit so evoked was even able to triumph over its own recoil. When France, from being a liberator, turned to be a subjugator, the nations whom the electric shock of her example had fired were not slow to league together for her overthrow. Spaniard and Portuguese, Prussian, Austrian, and Russian, flung back her conquering armies, and, reducing her once again to her old limits, proclaimed once again the sacred principle of national independence. Old traditions, however, still survived. In the new partition of Europe, the claims of dynasties, and the persistent theory of the balance of power, had more regard than the rights of peoples, or the recent proof of the vanity of all artificial arrangements. But, in the interval since then, these family and political pretensions have one after another faded away. Holland and Belgium have separated—Greece has successfully rebelled—Prussia has lost Neufchatel—Italy has become united—Poland and Hungary, though not yet successful, have shaken Europe by their convulsive struggles.

In all these chances and changes England bore her full share. Her early wars with France were struggles for conquest by the help of mercenary armies; her final defeat and expulsion were the triumphs of nationality. Under the Tudors and the Stuarts she took a regular part in those alliances by which it was supposed that the peace and stability of Europe could alone be preserved. But when William III. brought the continental ideas into closer contact with the English nation, it hesitated not to throw the whole weight of its power into one or other of the scales of European equilibrium. All those territorial arrangements by which opposing forces were expected to be neutralized, without reference to national rights, were, through the eighteenth century, sealed with English blood and ratified by English diplomacy. The traditions of such a policy prevailed after the French Revolution had given it its death-blow. Regardless of the will of the French people, it seemed natural that English statesmen should send fleets and armies to support a war avowedly undertaken by the Continental Powers in the interest of a dethroned dynasty. The mad ambition of the French victor soon, indeed, changed the issue. When he abandoned a policy of liberation for one of annexation, the opposition of Great Britain, already declared, was placed on a different, and now a just and sound basis. She now became in the Mediterranean and the Baltic the succour and friend of oppressed nations. But because she was guided in this by her spirit of hostility to one people, even more than by her sympathy with others, and influenced by the accident which had turned her enemies into traitors to their own principles, rather than by a hearty recogni-

tion of the principles themselves, which, when thus abandoned, Great Britain made her own, she failed, when her gigantic efforts were at last crowned with peace, to secure for them that respect and observance which alone could make peace perpetual. So the great war of the nineteenth century, though it really was waged for, and brought to an ultimate triumph, the independence of nationalities, left the map of Europe still blotted with many a stain to mark the spots in which the rights of nations were utterly violated.

But since that time public opinion has greatly advanced. Even during the intoxication of the war with France, there was a large party that, with more or less of clearness, denounced any attempt to interfere with another people for merely artificial objects. Though silenced by the din of battle, and glad to welcome home again distracted peace without too critical an inquiry into the doctrines which it embodied, this party ceased not to have influence with the nation. The terms of the peace, indeed, in so far as they were adverse to its principles, were rather forced on the public by our diplomatists than carried by the force of their intrinsic popularity. Then, as now, there was a strong sentiment among the bulk of the people against the forcible cession of Lombardy and Venice to Austria, and against the perpetuation of the crime of dismembering Poland. But the sentiment has gained prodigiously in intensity by the events which have since occurred. All the successes achieved by the principle of nationality in Europe have met the hearty support of the English people. More and more they have grown to ally themselves in feeling with whatever nation may raise the standard of revolt against foreign masters. A unanimity, such as internal political questions have never known, has, as to its foreign policy, animated of late years the English public, and that unanimous opinion has been invariably ranged on the side of the assertion of national independence and popular rights.

But though such is the unquestionable tendency of opinion, the accident of events has given a singular turn to the phrase in which it most commonly finds expression. Because the interference of our statesmen in foreign affairs has generally been regardless of the principle which we have now chiefly at heart, we have come to demand most earnestly the simple policy of non-interference. And because a small knot among our leading public men, and a small section of that wealthiest and highest-born portion of the community which naturally furnishes most of our statesmen, are believed to retain still the traditional respect for dynasties, and aristocratic indifference to the rights of subjects, which once animated our policy, we have united in the aspiration that they should not meddle or make in the

arrangements between foreign rulers and subjects, and have declared strenuously that the policy of this country is henceforth to be 'non-intervention.' And finally, because that same aristocratic section of the community sees for itself that it can no longer commit England to connivance in a system of repression or misgovernment, and that if England strikes at all, it will for the future be with all her might upon the side of so-called rebels, therefore that section has adopted, as the closest attainable approximation to its own desires, the policy of holding England aloof, and it echoes with cunning vehemence the cry, that England is now committed to the policy of 'non-intervention.' Thus is swelled the cry which none truly mean, save that very small party of comfortable traders, wholesale and retail, who actually do object to every step that is not directly in the interest of trade, and who, to save trade a shock, would yield to every nation but ourselves the right of intervention. And so it strangely happens that there is in sound a unanimity, where there is utter discordance in sense, and that from opposite motives, from mere mutual dread and distrust, Tory and Whig, Catholic and Protestant, the men of the past and the men of the hour, all unite in proclaiming the formula of 'non-intervention.' Only, being a formula adopted not from conviction, but to attain a limited and special purpose, it is in reality believed in by none, and it is set at nought by the acts of the very men who, for the protection of their own principles, were the first to invent it.

Such is the origin, and such the meaning—or the want of meaning—of this universal cry. But there can be no doubt that it is now kept up chiefly by mere force of authority, in despite of conviction. The people of this country have beyond all others a reverence for the authority of their own statesmen. It is a great and admirable quality of the national mind—it contributes stability to a democracy, and forms the check that keeps popular impulse from infecting the counsels of the State with sudden and causeless change. But it has also its disadvantages. When our statesmen, who have through a generation secured our respect, are for the most part old men, with the stereotyped ideas of a former period, our respect for them is apt to make us untrue to the newer principles which they cannot understand, but which are the faith and the hope of the present generation. Age is prudent, but prudence is not always wisdom, or justice, or honour; and as in the operations of active war we generally find that the prudence which well and carefully guided us through the routine of peace must give way to the energy, and daring, and enthusiasm of younger men, so in politics, the prudence which is suitable for a period of quiet and of smoothness may not be the safest guide when new combinations arise,

and new human problems press for instant solution. Just such is the present position of the nation in regard to its foreign policy. It is guided by Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Lord Derby. These men have all in some degree liberal sympathies. But they were all educated in the school which taught that the 'balance of power' was the sole object worthy our fighting for, and that the balance of power was to be maintained by maintaining the rights of dynasties and the territorial equality of states, without any reference to the tendencies of the populations. So these great statesmen, while readily professing every sympathy with foreign liberalism, declare plainly and positively that we must not aid it by arms.¹ And thus, though the great bulk of the British nation is impressed by an opposite desire, though it would eagerly respond to a call to arms, and though it would lift into the highest popularity the statesman who should venture to utter such a call, yet it is so much more deeply impressed with reverence for its ancient counsellors, and so accustomed to mistrust its own judgment when opposed to a unanimity among its statesmen, that it falters, looks back, and, in sheer doubt what to do, does nothing.

This spectacle of a whole people held in voluntary restraint by the opinions of those whom it respects is, in one view, a very great and noble one. But it may also have a different aspect. Diffidence is praiseworthy, but utter sacrifice of principle is base. To pause in forming a resolution, to weigh with anxious care the arguments on the other side, to ascribe more even than their apparent value to the opinions of men whom we honour, is true wisdom. But to give way utterly to the decision of another, to renounce the privilege of private judgment out of mere deference, or to hand over to another, out of mere idleness and lassitude, the duty of forming our convictions and carrying them into action, is to fail in our highest duty as citizens of a free state. No man can thus throw off the responsibility which

¹ A nominal exception to this proposition ought, perhaps, to be made in favour of Lord Russell. In the debate on the question of recognition of the Confederate States, on 23d March 1863, Lord Russell declared his abhorrence of the idea of intervening in favour of a Slave State, and in very noble words recalled the fact, that we intervened in favour of Holland to rescue it from the tyranny of Philip II., in favour of Portugal to deliver it from Spain, in favour of Greece and of Belgium; and he added, that all these were just and laudable interventions, because 'they were in behalf of the independence, freedom, and welfare of a great portion of mankind.' He then expressed his hope that nothing would ever induce us to set an example different from that of our ancestors, but that any interference we may hereafter be bound to make, should be 'in the cause of liberty, and to promote the freedom of mankind, as we have hitherto done in such cases.' But the examples Lord Russell cites are brilliant exceptions to the rule of general indifference; and it is to be feared his words rather express his historical theory, than his practical purpose and fixed principle of action.

attaches to him. No man can divest himself of influence in the progress of events; for even his self-seclusion strengthens one side or other. He who withholds himself from active interference in the affairs of the nation, flings the weight of his support into the hands of those by whom they are actually conducted. If even the inclination of his opinion be on their side, it may well be doubted whether he is justified in abstaining from a close investigation into the reasons by which they support their policy. But if the inclination of his opinion be against them, terrible indeed is the responsibility belonging to a weak or lazy acquiescence. Dare we think what this responsibility actually means? Dare we picture to ourselves that England's foreign policy means, to many a human being, life or death; prosperity or famine; peace and happiness, or a country desolated, towns sacked, savage murder of innocent men, brutal violence to women, eternal perdition, as far as our human sight can reach, to human souls? Can we free ourselves of these things because we see them not—or will turning away our eyes wash the spurts of blood from off our garments? Or will it, to our consciences at the moment of final trial, prove any solace that we can say, *we* did not murder, nor spoil, nor violate? Are we not taught by the Judge Himself, that the demand on that day will not be, What did ye? but, What failed ye to do? And shall we now lay unction to our souls with the thought, that though men and women elsewhere are dying, are captives, are tortured, are sick and in prison, yet it is no concern of ours, for they are of another race and are beyond our range of vision, and we have handed over to some one else the duty of thinking whether we could conveniently, and without too much cost of comfort, feed the hungry, or clothe the naked, or give so much as a glass of cold water to those who are writhing in agony?

Vain indeed is such delegation of responsibility. As free citizens, as intelligent beings, we *must* think for ourselves. Our statesmen may have the excuse of the prejudices of an olden time, of an early education under a different state of European society. The mind grows rigid as the limbs stiffen, and it were as idle to expect the ideas of a life to change at seventy, as it would be to look for the lithe activity of the lad in the bent frame of the greybeard. But we who are of the time must try ourselves by the tests appropriate to the time. We must seek by our utmost endeavour to find what it is that is demanded of us by our brethren now living. We must measure our responsibility by our own power, not by our fathers' power. We must examine for ourselves what is the nature of the struggles of which, in this middle of the nineteenth century, this world is the scene; we must discriminate the evil from the good; we must

demand what are our means to help the one, to abate the other ; and then, when we have satisfied our minds, we must be prepared, under the awful penalty attaching to him who knows what is required of him and who does it not, to affirm our convictions with our deeds.

But in thus seeking to know, in order that we may do, our duty as members of the great family of mankind, where shall we turn for instruction and direction ? There are men who tell us that law, and politics, and international right are sciences apart, resting on their own basis of reason, and having principles discoverable only from the common consent of civilisation. If they admit that such principles ought at least to be consistent with morality, they affirm that it is sufficient if they are merely not opposed to morality. But those who thus argue would, in truth, build their house on the shifting sand of the sea-shore. If there be no other standard of public right and wrong than common consent, it is a standard varying in every continent, and in every generation. True, there is much of law, which, being concerned only with the convenience of the regulations which give uniformity to our social life, is referable to no higher principle. But can it be said with truth, that because the forms of law are determined merely by convenience and consent, the fundamental principles of law are subject to the same fluctuating rule ? Consent properly regulates the manner of transmitting property from one owner to another ; but does it follow that the right of holding property rests upon no higher principle ? Consent of the nation directs the most suitable local forms of contracting marriage, and the period during which parents shall be liable to support their children ; but does it follow that we have nothing to quote but general convenience in declaring the sanctity of the nuptial tie and the doctrine of parental obligation ? Are not these great rules of conduct fixed for us in our consciences and by our religion—do we not instinctively appeal to these judges to try our conduct, and to approve or condemn our legislation ? For when we come to be actual legislators, or in any way to recognise that we have an influence in legislation, the fact itself sweeps away all sophisms respecting the origin of law. Then we feel that in acting we must perforce take our own consciences into council, and that we inevitably subject them to responsibility if we wilfully do what we know to be contrary to the precepts by which they are enlightened. And so, individually, we do reduce law to the test of religion, and do, because we must, endeavour to accommodate every enactment to the dictates of Christianity, in so far as Christianity furnishes direction for the case.

Nor is it otherwise with International law and policy. All its

forms, modes, special rules, are ascertained by the consent of nations, and delivered to us in the writings of its great jurists. But we cannot be content to refer the principles which should animate nation in its dealings with nation to nothing more than conventional convenience. We cannot, in bearing our share in the direction of national policy, divest ourselves of our individual consciences, or free ourselves from the obligations by which our consciences are governed. So, then, when we are in doubt, not about questions of convenience, but about what, if they arose between individuals, would be felt to be questions of justice or injustice, of right or wrong, we must, when acting as component parts of a nation, seek to solve them in no different way. We must bring them to be judged by that Book to which Christendom appeals when it would determine what is commanded or forbidden. True, we shall not find there aught to supersede human research and reason. Its purpose is not to supersede, but to guide. It lays not down definite rules for every act, but its spirit may inform every act. It lifts up before our eyes, in whatever transaction of life we may be occupied, a banner, whereon are inscribed in no doubtful characters the principles for which we must contend, and to which we must conform. The application of these it leaves to human discrimination. But first let us humbly seek for the principles, and then, with what clearness of judgment and strength of will we can, strive to apply them to the eventualities which present themselves, or to give them effect in action.¹

¹ A recent writer in the *Times*, who, under the signature of 'Historicus,' has from temporary circumstances attracted some attention, and whose letters have been republished in a separate form, dwells on the absurdity of the idea of founding international law upon 'a primary divine law.' Whether M. Hautefeuille, who is the author whom 'Historicus' has in view, has well or ill succeeded in his attempt to establish such a basis for international law, is a question we shall not discuss. But the shallow sophistry of the argument of 'Historicus,' that such a basis is impossible, will appear from the two instances by which he supports his proposition. It is, he says, a necessary element of war, that the belligerents may injure each other 'to any extent they can, within certain limits, which the habits of the civilised world have agreed upon,'—but that 'to found this right upon some law directly emanating from God, would be preposterous, not to say profane.' But surely, if war, defensive or protective, is ever justifiable by divine law (and if it be not, what means the command, 'But now, he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one?'), we are right to take every means by which its end may be attained, and its horrors may be most speedily abated; and, therefore, even the *modes* of warfare may, without profanity, be tried by the spirit of divine law. 'Historicus' next asserts that this principle would apply to even municipal law 'a standard to which law is not amenable.' It is morally right, he tells us, to keep our promises, but the law only compels us to keep those which are made for a valuable consideration; 'yet the law is not therefore unjust, it only shows that the provinces of law and morality are not co-extensive.' The illustration is accurate, if we regard only the law of heathen Rome and of modern England; but 'Historicus' being only an English barrister, is ignorant that the Canon Law, expressly on Christian grounds, disavows the distinction between promises, and makes all pacts

Now, it certainly cannot be pretended that Christianity has nothing to do in regulation of our transactions as individuals with men of another race, and subject to a different government. Between Jew and Gentile it knows no distinction. All the tribes of earth are in its view as one people. All mankind without exception are embraced within the all-pervading maxim, Love thy brethren. When a Jew had fallen among thieves, the Levite who passed him by was condemned, the Samaritan who succoured him was commended. Though of hostile race, of different faith, set apart from each other by the wide chasm of religious intolerance and of political rivalry, we are bidden to recognise that each was to the other in the eye of duty as 'a neighbour.' Now, the command to love our neighbour, when translated from mental disposition into practical rule of action, means no less than this, that we shall do such good to our neighbours as may be in our power. We are bound, then, to succour and comfort them without distinction of people; we are bound, in so far as we can, to advance their temporal and spiritual interests, if by any means it be in our power. Nor, if this be our unquestionable duty as individuals to individuals, is it affected by the circumstance that our act must be done in a corporate capacity in unison with others, and in favour of a large class of persons. In practice, our duty may be affected by this wider range—in principle, it certainly cannot be. It is possible that what one individual might rightly and beneficially do for a portion of his fellow-creatures might fail to have a beneficial, might even have an injurious, effect upon them if done by a larger body. It might in such a case 'o'erleap itself' by the very additional vigour with which it was performed; it might, from help, grow into oppression; or it might raise an opposition which would not have been excited by humbler aid. All these are practical questions relative to the application of the principle. But as to the principle itself being sound, there can be little hesitation. To do such good as we can, is obviously an even more imperative duty if it can be done at once to many. It is as evidently a duty if it can be effected only by uniting with others to effect it. So then, if we, as a nation, see unanimously how we can do good to another nation, there cannot be a question that Christianity binds us to make the effort. Our effort must be guided by prudence; it must be preceded by careful and anxious investigation as to whether the object we propose is really beneficial, and is really greater in advantage than the drawbacks which equally binding, whether for or without consideration, and that this law has been adopted in most of the States of Europe, including Scotland. His demonstration then is unimpeachable, that English law is not co-extensive with morality; but it ludicrously fails to establish that law *cannot* be co-extensive with morality, or consistent with 'a primary divine law.'

attend it, as they do every human good ; but, when we are satisfied on these points, our duty is clear, and we are bound to spend fortune and life, if need be, in carrying it out.

All these are propositions little open to controversy. But it will be answered, that they fail to carry us to any conclusion on the point really at issue. For it will be urged, that they settle only the course of conduct proper to bodies incorporated and established for the special object of rendering such benevolent services as are here in question. Now nations and governments are established not for mere benevolent purposes, but for strictly useful and necessary purposes. They are social leagues, primarily for defence of the whole body, secondarily for protection of the individuals composing them. To use the power acquired by association for these limited purposes, to effect other external purposes, however laudable and lofty in themselves, is to assume, it will be maintained, a false position, to employ a weapon for a purpose for which it was not designed, and in a manner which consequently can result only in mischief. Moreover, it will follow that a breach of these principles of government must necessarily work a vast amount of positive evil for the sake of a doubtful good. It can scarcely ever happen that the nation is unanimous in desiring to interfere in foreign affairs ; and therefore, if it does interfere, it will be by the exercise of a tyrannical power on the part of the majority over the minority. This is objectionable in all cases in principle ; in the present instance, it is fruitful of evil and suffering. The minority cannot escape the miseries of a war into which it is thus forced against its will. War, however holy and just, is an agent of uncountable suffering. To compel soldiers to die on a battlefield, to perish of the wounds and diseases of a campaign, or to drag out as cripples a maimed and wretched existence,—all in a cause which they personally disapprove, and in which they are forced against their will to fight,—is, it may be argued, an indefensible infliction, unless justified by the immediate objects of national existence. But a wider injury is done by war than any to which the actual combatants are exposed. There is inevitable dislocation of industry, and this means infinite private suffering from which there is no possibility of escape. It means loss of capital to the rich, starvation to the poor,—words which find their plainest equivalents in robbery and slaughter. All these, we have been told, are the consequences of departing from the fundamental principles of national existence, and taking part in sentimental foreign conflicts in behalf of races with whom we have no personal interest.

Such is a fair statement of the arguments urged against national interference on behalf of foreign freedom. A very

brief examination will suffice to show their sophistry. It partly exists in the assumption, as proved, of the very points in dispute, partly in a perversion of the opposing propositions, so as to educe from them conclusions to which they do not truly lead.

Firstly, then, the argument above stated, while correctly limiting the functions of the nation to those required for defence or protection, errs in assuming that foreign intervention can never fall under either of these heads. If this were to be granted, it must follow that all treaties of alliance with foreign states are indefensible. For treaties of alliance cannot be one-sided: if they are to ensure to us support in the event of attack, they must promise our support in the event of attack made on our allies. Here, then, is a case of possible intervention resulting in war, in which, nevertheless, it may happen that a large minority of the nation are unconvinced of its propriety. Nor can this dilemma be eluded by maintaining, with Bentham (who wrote, however, on this head before the experience of the wars and combinations which followed the French Revolution), that we need no alliances of any kind. All experience is against such a doctrine. Were it indeed possible that over the whole globe alliances and conquests could be simultaneously abolished, we might allow ours to go with the rest. For then we should have reached the point to which all just alliances are instruments to bring us—the complete independence of nations. But, till that millennium arrives, what would be our position if we were alone to renounce alliances? We could not prevent their being formed against us, and we should speedily be left alone against a world for our foe. Who would stand on our side after we had explicitly announced that we should never stand by any one? What motive would remain to attract to us help, after we had declared that we should never give help again? Who would not look upon us then as the common enemy and the common spoil of mankind? Who would not join in extirpation of a state whose utter and avowed selfishness held her aloof from every interest but that immediately her own? and who would not join in seeking a share of the rich booty which the combination of all other powers against her would speedily hold out for a certain prize? Against such a combination we have never yet had to struggle. In the darkest hour of the war with Napoleon, we had always at least one European power on our side. Austria drew off from us, in 1805, the troops destined for our invasion; Spain and Portugal made the next diversion in our favour; Prussia, Sweden, and Russia took up by turns our support. When, finally, Europe combined on our side, even the genius of Napoleon wielding the mighty warlike power of France could not resist its overwhelming approach. Would

our single strength prove greater than his, if we should isolate ourselves as completely?

So, then, it is obvious, that on the straitest theory of the functions of government, there must be alliances between us and other states; and such alliances, as a necessary condition, involve us in an obligation, under certain circumstances, to go to war, subject to all its terrible results to ourselves, in behalf of interests not immediately our own. Therefore, now, the only gap yet existing between the conclusions to which Christian principles and political principles lead is this, that while both sanction foreign intervention, the former bid us compute the benefit to others as well as to ourselves, the latter take account, so far as we have yet seen, only of the benefit to be wrought to ourselves by means of the benefits done to others.

But does this make any real discrepancy in our course of action under both? It does not, unless we grant the second sophism to which the opponents of intervention have recourse. When they say that the supporters of the Christian theory would have us fight for a merely sentimental object, they use a phrase of double meaning in the sense in which it is untrue. All objects are in one sense sentimental, for the opinion of their value to us is merely a sentiment. But when by sentimental is meant futile, or unworthy, or unattainable, we flatly deny that Christian principles lead us to struggle, or to help in a struggle, for anything of the sort. That freedom which alone ensures the physical and moral well-being of a people is not futile or unworthy; that national independence which is an instinctive desire in every people is not always, nor often, unattainable. Where freedom would yet be unsuitable, because civilisation has made too little progress to permit its real development, or where national independence would be impracticable, because the people aspiring to it are too few, too weak, or too divided to be able to profit by it, there were no kindness in forcing these boons upon any community; and Christianity nowhere bids us to act, where by acting we cannot effect any good. Therefore Christianity never does require us to interpose on behalf of a merely sentimental desire. It is most thoroughly practical in the ends it proposes, and in the cautions it enjoins. Therefore it goes hand in hand with the strict doctrines of selfishness, at least thus far, that both recommend such alliances only as are positively feasible, and such as will, to one or other of the contracting parties, work definitely an unquestionable degree of benefit.

And, therefore, we now come only to ask, whether the alliances so recommended are different, or are not in truth the very same? To answer this question, we must advance a step further than we have yet gone. We have determined that

Christianity bids us to do the largest amount of good to foreign nations which it is in our power to do. We have determined also, that policy bids us make to ourselves friends of those who are able to do us most good. Let us see what course each line of motive would lead us practically to take.

And first of the two, let us see what is the most good we can do. Here we exclude at once—taught by a bitter experience—all question of forcing a hypothetical good, according to our own notions, upon a reluctant or indifferent people. This course is not to benefit, it is to tyrannize. We cannot make men happy, any more than we can make them virtuous or religious, by compulsion. They must teach themselves by their own experience, advance by their own efforts, adopt their own systems, and carry into action their own ideas. Foreign interference with natural development is never other than disastrous. Therefore no such interference falls within the scope of Christian precept. On this head it is at one with the maxims of the most ardent preacher of ‘non-intervention.’

But in this exclusion, it must be kept clearly in view that we are supposing the case of a people free to follow the bent of its own inclinations. If there be a nation not free to this extent, but held in subjection by a foreign power, which prescribes to it rules not of native growth, and imposes on it restraints against which it rebels, then intervention against the conqueror and in favour of the subdued becomes of a totally different character. It is in such case no longer an interference with the laws of nature, but an effort to procure them free play. It is not a forcing of alien ideas upon an unwilling population, but a procuring of liberty to them to follow their own ideas. Therefore it is conferring upon them the highest benefit which man can bestow on man. It is giving them opportunity and means to elevate themselves, socially, morally, and intellectually, to the utmost extent to which the faculties bestowed upon them may reach,—so fulfilling in the highest degree the destiny which has been laid out as possible for them on earth. Only this boon must be understood in its rational and practical sense. To aid a population to achieve independence when it is so intrinsically weak that, to preserve its independence from a foreign oppressor, it must always be dependent on foreign succour, would go beyond the limit of duty, because beyond the limit of real benefit. Active succour could not always be given; and when not at hand, the condition of the weak state would be worse than it was before. Therefore the principle of Christianity does not require us to help indiscriminate revolution of petty districts, or declarations of independence on the part of sections of a population, between whom and their neighbours

there is no substantial difference of blood or thought. It points out that aid should be given to distinct and considerable races, —a phrase which it may be very difficult to define in words and numbers, but which it is always comparatively easy to apply to any case that practically occurs. It would refuse help to a local and partial outbreak of passion, but would give help to the wide-spread, deep-seated repugnance to amalgamation on the part of a well-known and recognised people.

Nor is this rule materially affected by the question, whether the people, which claims our aid towards achieving freedom, has been recently, or for a long time, subjugated. If a long-continued subjugation, with all the influences which under an identical government tend to make unity of sentiment among its subjects, has failed in any case to produce that effect, and leaves still two distinct nations, of which one is dominant and the other enchained, the prescription of injustice cannot obliterate the right of freedom. Neither does any degree of recognition by foreign powers of a certain territorial arrangement establish a perpetual bar to its modification. It is quite possible that it might be proper, under certain circumstances, to allow the experiment to be tried, of placing a district under the control of a neighbouring government, in the belief, for instance, that there was no fundamental antipathy between the two populations, or that the one was so feeble that it could not resist the operation of gradual amalgamation. But if facts belie these expectations; if the subject race retains obstinately its nationality, and grows to such strength as to be evidently capable of asserting and maintaining independence, no treaties or course of diplomacy can bind us to the perpetuation of a manifest evil and injustice which we did not foresee. Whether, then, the assertion of nationality may fall under the category of revolt against a recent conqueror, or of dismemberment of an ancient empire, we are bound by Christian principles to grant it, and to aid it, provided only it is the result of so definite an existing repulsion, and affects so considerable a population, as to place beyond a doubt, that the happiness of the world would be enhanced by its success.

Now, let us turn and see what mere selfish policy would counsel. Its aim is to make for us the strongest, the truest, and the most profitable friends we can obtain. Let us try to divest ourselves of the prejudices of the map of Europe, and ask who, in this sense, would form our natural and best allies. Is it the despots, whose overgrown armies waste the substance of the people, and whose apparent strength is a mockery, because it is eaten away by internal discord, and by the necessity of binding their hostile provinces with garrisons and standing camps? Is it the dull nations who submit placidly to be held under domina-

tion, wanting the energy and self-control which are needful to the character of freemen? Can there ever be real sympathy between such as these and ourselves; can we ever depend upon them as friends; can we even expect them to prove profitable customers in our trade? On the contrary, between the Briton and either the despot or the slave there is an insuperable antipathy. Circumstances may make us for a time league ourselves with them; but there can be no hearty and enduring alliance, where on the one side there is mingled hatred and envy, and on the other contempt and pity. We can neither depend on their external policy continuing the same with our own, nor, even when it is, can we be sure that, when we most need their help, they may not be paralysed by internal disaffection. Nor, in time of peace, is the trade much worth to us which is carried on under such restrictions as powers of a tyrannic type always impose, and with a people whose enterprise is broken down by the enervation of political slavery. On the other hand, between ourselves and free nations there is the lasting bond of community of feeling and of interest. Being free, they are as a consequence industrious, energetic, and strong. Their unshackled vigour opens up to us new markets, and yields us new supplies; the intercourse free and of profitable commerce strengthens the ties of regard; identity of aim and interest makes them our fast friends; the wealth and internal union of freedom exalts them into powerful supporters. In every way it is obvious that free nations are our natural, most reliable, and most advantageous allies. Can there, then, be a doubt whether our true policy does not bid us aid in the establishment of their independence, and does not tell us that better far for us would be a Europe permitted and aided thus to shape herself into the states into which the inclinations of her population would naturally arrange her, and in which they would find their full development, than a Europe mapped out into artificial and incongruous principalities, whose discordant elements need the maintenance of enormous armies to keep them from shaking asunder, and to subdue that internal energy which alone can give happiness and prosperity?

The doubt, if it exists, cannot be as to the principle, but only as to the degree of help we should give to such a new reformation, and the expediency of going to war on its behalf. To judge of this, we must turn to the page of experience, and seek there what our acquiescence has cost us, in war itself. Let us take two examples. We abstained from more than remonstrance when Poland was partitioned, and when time after time she struggled for liberty. What has that cost us in tangible penalty? It cost us the enlistment of the gallant Polish cavalry in

the ranks of the French army, when France promised them something more than cold sympathy—that cavalry whose charge up the fortified pass of the Somosierra, after the flower of the French infantry, directed by Napoleon himself, had recoiled, laid Spain a second time at the feet of the conqueror, and directly brought about the retreat of Sir John Moore, the carnage of Corunna, the evacuation of the country by the British army, and the years of subsequent campaign under Wellington. So the fortune of a future deadly war was turned against us, by one little incident springing as an immediate consequence of the policy which held us back from going to war in a just cause. It would be an endless task to enumerate the other exploits of Polish leaders and troops in the French ranks. Let this plain question suffice. Would it not have been cheaper for us, in money and in blood, to have despatched an expedition to help that nation in resisting invasion at first, or in throwing off oppression afterwards, if by so doing we could have secured them as allies, and deprived our enemies of their succour, in the future wars of the French Revolution? But the lesson closes not with that passage of history. Since the re-establishment of peace, the disturbing fear of Europe, and chiefly of England, has been the stealthy but giant advance of Russian power. To curb this, we invaded Affghanistan; still later, we were compelled to go to war on behalf of Turkey; and after we had repelled the invasion of Turkish territory, we deemed it sound policy to make a descent on the Crimea, with the object of crippling more effectually Russian powers of aggression. What these conflicts cost us, lives fresh in our recollection. Was it less or more, let us ask ourselves, than would have been needed, if in 1830 we had sent an expedition to support Poland when she had all but recovered her freedom—when she had beaten single-handed the Russians in more than one pitched engagement—when Diebitsch was dead, and Paskiewitch was gathering up his forces to cast the last die for Russian supremacy? And would not a Poland liberated then, have proved a far more sufficing and impenetrable barrier to Russia than the subsequent destruction, with infinite waste of life, of a single arsenal on the Black Sea?

Our next test instance shall be by way of comparison. Italy and Western Germany have had this point of resemblance, that they have both for many ages been separated into numerous small political divisions, with merely local jealousy, but not ethnological repulsion, between the component parts of each. But their fate has been different in this respect, that, while the Germanic states have been kept for the most part free from foreign interference, and though generally subject to nominal despotisms, yet despotisms voluntarily accepted, maintained by

purely native force, and therefore not individually oppressive, Italy has had her fairest provinces subjected to a wholly foreign power, maintained by foreign bayonets, and crushing the spirit of the people by foreign violence. Which of the two has been our best friend? Germany, broken up as she is, has always been on our side. She might be for a period overrun by Napoleon, but it was against her will; and he drew nought of permanent strength from his nominal tributaries beyond the Rhine, while German troops formed constantly a large part of our armies. But Italy sprang to arms at the first glitter of French bayonets levelled against her oppressors; she remained the faithful friend of the French deliverers; she was one vast recruiting ground for French troops; and her legions were, with those of Poland, to the last the trusted auxiliaries of the French armies. Such was the actual difference to us, in time of war, of a prior support of, or contempt for, national rights. In time of peace the contrast has been as striking. Between ourselves and self-governed and contented Germany there has been ever a large and profitable trade; between ourselves and an enslaved and revolutionary Italy there has been next to nothing in the shape of trade. Now that Italy is again free, we begin to experience her riches, and the value of her friendship. But it is well we should recollect, that had our friendship been a little less hesitating, there would have been no cession of Savoy to France. That iniquitous bargain and perilous precedent was the immediate result of our leaving Italy without a friend in time of need except France, and without a supporter in time of success, still unconsolidated, except a power which was strong enough to exact a rich price for her support. Have prudence and selfishness proved themselves in this instance, then, real wisdom?

From the history of every people in the Old and the New World we might, did space permit, draw corroboration of the truth which these two European instances suggest. But these are enough for the purpose. They establish, in striking but different cases, that when Christianity bids us do what good we can, by interfering to procure the free development of national life, she counsels us to no other acts than the most enlightened and far-seeing policy would direct,—a policy the neglect of which is ever avenged speedily and heavily, by unlooked-for loss and peril to ourselves.

But if the two principles thus lead to identical results, why, it will be asked, press us to take for monitor that religious teaching which is less obviously our guide in temporal matters, than the dictates of earthly policy? Why not leave us to the guidance of reason, without seeking to supersede it by the admittedly similar precepts of faith?

The answer is this. Because, though Divine Wisdom has ordained that true religion and true reason shall never be at variance, yet of the two, religion is infinitely the longer sighted. Reason is but human wisdom; religion is the Divine Wisdom itself. As we grow in knowledge and in enlightenment, our wisdom approaches nearer to God's. But it is still subject to partial prejudice—to temporary error from imperfect information, from inaccurate deduction. We know by experience that when these are removed, it leads to the same conclusions as religion at once prescribes. It were folly in us, then, longer to adopt the weaker and less perfect guide, when we may at once resort to the clearer and wholly perfect. For it is of the very nature of human aberration that we cannot tell when we have fallen into it. Only afterwards we discover it by its consequences, and know that we have drunk poison by the bitter taste it leaves. But if we accept divine teaching, we take a guide that cannot err. No doubt, even in this we may mistake the application of the precepts we receive. But the danger from this source is infinitely small, compared with that which we run when we ask, not what is the duty commanded, but what is the profit to be gained. The one is plain, and simple, and near at hand; the other involves all the complexity of human affairs, and all the uncertainty of the unknown and distant future. The one is the Sermon on the Mount; the other is the record of diplomacy for a thousand years.

Thus, then, we have established that Christian precept is after all the wisest director of our foreign policy; and that to do the evident good which we can do to our neighbour, at whatever present and apparent loss, is our most certain ultimate gain. And now, before we leave the subject, let us consider, as we have done in some instances in the past, what would, in the present and future, be the course of policy which this direction would enjoin.

First of all, it would bid us hold back from interference with any states wholly ruled from within, because it would warn us that, while a nation is satisfied with the government it has selected or permitted, foreign interposition would be not only useless but injurious. So, however strange it may seem to our notions that men should choose to live under such a rule as prevails in France, in the Germanic States, or in Russia proper, our intervention can have no place with them. They form great and united populations, whose determined will no army raised from their own bosom could resist; and, therefore, though a scattered minority of enlightened men may desire an advance in the path of liberty, yet, till that minority can leaven the mass, it must be content to submit to the will of the majority, which

really, though without express acknowledgment, is the foundation of the subsisting despotic and military rule. We may indeed, when occasion offers, give friendly counsel if it should seem likely to be of service ; but as our mission is not to force but to help, it bids us abstain from action, and as decidedly from unwelcome and irritating counsel. We are at liberty, however, to choose our own friends ; and if the governors of any state shall, even with the implied sanction of a sufficient portion of the population, commit acts unworthy of humanity, we may justly mark our detestation by withdrawing from fellowship with them. So we rightly recalled our minister from Naples when it was ruled by Bomba ; and so we might justly have broken off our relations with Louis Napoleon on the morrow of the massacre which followed the *coup d'état*.

Neither have we any concern with insurrection, while it remains purely internal. It is then the struggle between two parties to ascertain which is the stronger, and as such entitled to direct affairs according to its own ideas. No doubt it is a very rough and cruel test ; but so are the strikes which in our own country form the sole ultimate mode of ascertaining the balance between the supply of, and the demand for, labour. To interfere with the weight of an external authority in either case, would only be to mislead the parties, to give a victory which probably could not be sustained, to introduce a new and most irritating element into the struggle—and so most effectually to prolong it. The sole remedy is that which Nature provides—the stronger must overcome the weaker ; and the weaker must become sensible that the efforts of force are bootless, and that, if its principles are really true, it must first gain for them a wider assent. These are the considerations which have wisely formed our guide in accepting, of late years, whatever government in any foreign nation the apparent will of the majority establishes, and in refraining from help to the minority, even where it seems to combat for principles nearly akin to our own. And they form, in a different sense, the reason which at this moment forbids our recognition of the Southern States in America as an independent people. For these States have broken off from their Northern brethren, not because they are of different and incompatible races, for their blood is the very same mixture in both, but because, on a single question of municipal law, they cannot agree. The question may seem to the combatants at this moment (and no doubt it is) of immense importance, but it is essentially such as falls within the province of the majority to regulate ; its importance practically may vary from hour to hour, and the logic of facts may speedily convert either party to the opinions of the other,—in which case there

would remain no other matter of contention. To hold that a regulation affecting only what the dissenting States call a question of property would justify revolt, and call for foreign recognition of the revolt while it is yet incomplete, would be to break up the principles upon which all political institutions rest. If, on any ground whatsoever, a portion of a nation succeeds in establishing its independence, we must, of course, then recognise the fact; but no principle calls upon us to favour dismemberment on a question put at the highest as one of title to property and of freedom of trade, because it is evident that no permanent good can be effected by interposition in such a quarrel.

But passing from cases in which Christian precept has no mode of operation, let us now glance rapidly at those in which it has. It bids us, we have seen, support the freedom of nations against the domination of aliens, and it does not regard whether the domination is so recent as to be called conquest, or so ancient as to be called union, provided that in either case the nationality survives, distinct, hostile, and self-sustaining. On these principles it would bid us be ready to help either Poland, or Venice, or Rome, when either of them demonstrates by resolute and nearly unanimous effort and sacrifice the strength of its convictions. For the one is capable of being, and long was, an independent nation; the other two are set upon forming part of a kindred nation which is independent; while all three have proved by the experience of years that they are wholly discordant from the dominant races who hold them in chains. The case of Hungary is in a great degree different. At present it is engaged in protracted negotiations with its own monarch, a matter with which we have no concern. It is also so very large a portion of the empire to which it is united, that, if unanimous in itself, it can scarcely be overpowered by the troops of the other provinces. Therefore we ought to leave it, in case of revolt, to assert its own privileges by its own force,—sufficient if the will is sincere and general. But the position of affairs would be changed if Austria were to call in foreign auxiliaries to put down a revolt which she could not stem of her own strength. Then our clear duty is, not to intervene, but to prevent intervention. By so doing, we should secure the rights of the Hungarians, and not interfere with those of the Austrians; for no nation has a right to enforce a tyrannical power by foreign force. Therefore, in 1849 we ought to have forbidden the Russians to cross the frontier, and have left Austria and Hungary to adjust their own future relations. A word from us would have checked Russia; and a check there, as we have already seen in Poland, would have saved us the coming Crimean war, and possibly another war yet to come. For it seems as if Nature herself had placed

between these barbarian Scythian hordes, ever pressing onwards, and the civilisation of Western Europe, a chain of ineffaceable nationalities for our bulwark. Poland, Hungary, the Rouman States, Greece, are the outposts of Europe. That on the southern flank has constituted itself in independence under every conceivable difficulty. But the three on the north we have suffered to be divided, surrounded, and captured. When shall we be wise enough to aid instead of resisting nature? When shall we be Christian enough to help our brethren, even if we cannot see distinctly at the moment that we are benefiting ourselves?

Such suggestions, and the policy to which they point, have not the demerit of being new. But we must leave them for the present to stand on their intrinsic truth, rather than on the authorities which might be adduced in support of them. There are, however, two thinkers, among the greatest by whom our country has been adorned, whose opinions we cannot resist the temptation to quote. The notes which Sir James Mackintosh drew up as the basis of his Lectures on International Law have fortunately been preserved, and the two first propositions he laid down, we are informed by Professor Lorimer, in his Inaugural Lecture on the same subject (an outline which gives a happy omen of the success that, under his teaching, may be expected to accrue from the institution of a Chair devoted to that science in the University of Edinburgh), were these: 'It is the interest of all men, 1st, that every nation should exclusively direct their own affairs, and should enjoy, undisturbed by others, all those advantages which nature and situation have bestowed upon them; 2d, that every nation should defend by arms their independence, their natural advantages, their safety, and their honour, which is one of their greatest advantages, and one of the chief bulwarks of their safety.' The thought, which Mackintosh doubtless expanded, has been carried to its legitimate conclusions by Mr Stuart Mill. That clear and profound reasoner, in whom strictness of logic only confirms generosity of sentiment, thus (in his essay entitled 'A Few Words on Non-intervention') sums up his argument:—

'With respect to the question, whether our country is justified in helping the people of another in a struggle against their government for free institutions, the answer will be different, according as the yoke which the people are attempting to throw off is that of a purely native government or of foreigners; considering as one of foreigners, every government which maintains itself by foreign support. When the contest is only with native rulers, and with such native strength as those rulers can enlist in their defence, the answer I should give to the question as to the legitimacy of intervention is, as a general rule, No. The reason is, that there can seldom be anything approaching to

assurance that intervention, even if successful, would be for the good of the people themselves. The only test possessing any real value, of a people's having become fit for popular institutions, is that they, or a sufficient portion of them to prevail in the contest, are willing to brave labour and danger for their liberation.

‘But the case of a people struggling against a foreign yoke, or against a native tyranny upheld by foreign arms, illustrates the reasons for non-intervention in an opposite way, for in this case the reasons themselves do not exist. A people the most attached to freedom, the most capable of defending and of making a good use of free institutions, may be unable to contend successfully for them against the military strength of another nation much more powerful. To assist a people thus kept down is not to disturb the balance of forces on which the permanent maintenance of freedom in a country depends, but to redress that balance when it is already unfairly and violently disturbed. The doctrine of non-intervention, to be a legitimate principle of morality, must be accepted by all governments. The despots must consent to be bound by it as well as the free states. Unless they do, the profession of it by free countries comes but to this miserable issue, that the wrong side may help the wrong, but the right must not help the right. Intervention to enforce non-intervention is always rightful, always moral, if not always prudent. Though it be a mistake to *give* freedom to a people who do not value the boon, it cannot but be right to insist that if they do value it, they shall not be hindered from the pursuit of it by foreign coercion. It might not have been right for England (even apart from the question of prudence) to have taken part with Hungary in its noble struggle against Austria, although the Austrian government in Hungary was in some sense a foreign yoke. But when, the Hungarians having shown themselves likely to prevail in this struggle, the Russian despot interposed, and, joining his force to that of Austria, delivered back the Hungarians, bound hand and foot, to their exasperated oppressors, it would have been an honourable and virtuous act on the part of England to have declared that this should not be, and that if Russia gave assistance to the wrong side, England would aid the right. It might not have been consistent with the regard which every nation is bound to pay to its own safety, for England to have taken up this position single-handed. But England and France together could have done it, and if they had, the Russian armed intervention would never have taken place, or would have been disastrous to Russia alone; while all that those powers gained by not doing it, was that they had to fight Russia five years afterwards, under more difficult circumstances, and without Hungary for an ally. The first nation which, being powerful enough to make its voice effectual, has the spirit and courage to say that not a gun shall be fired in Europe by the soldiers of one power against the revolted subjects of another, will be the idol of the friends of freedom throughout Europe. That declaration alone will secure the almost immediate emancipation of every people which desires liberty sufficiently to be capable of maintaining it; and the nation which gives

the word will soon find itself at the head of an alliance of free peoples, so strong as to be able to defy the efforts of any number of confederated despots to bring it down. The prize is too glorious not to be snatched sooner or later by some free country ; and the time may not be distant when England, if she does not take this heroic part because of its heroism, will be compelled to take it from consideration for her own safety.'

Nor let us, while daring to bring others under these tests, shrink from the proof of applying them to our own conduct. We too have dependencies—we have had hostile provinces. What, by the same principles, ought to be our conduct to them ? Assuredly none other than what we recommend, and should be justified in helping to enforce, elsewhere. When, either because of difference of race, or of distance, they cease to feel as one with us, and have gained strength enough to stand alone, we ought to bid them go in God's name. Thus we are doing now with the Ionian Islands, because they desire to unite with Greece, and Greece seems now able to keep them without peril to Europe. Thus we are ready to do with Canada, or the Australian colonies, when any of them shall desire to part from us. We hold India on a different footing. Whatever our original title, we are now the governors chosen by the people. If doubtful before, this fact is ascertained by the late mutiny. When our hired troops revolted, and had all but expelled us, the population, as a rule, remained faithful. So, anomalous as our authority may be, we cannot doubt that it is voluntarily submitted to ; and therefore we do right to hold it, exercising it always under a solemn sense of its responsibilities. Lastly, let us apply our tests to Ireland. Of our rule as it once existed there, they are the absolute condemnation. We were conquerors and oppressors, being also aliens. The population was large enough to be able to maintain independence if dealt with as independent. Therefore we were not justified in resisting the demand of the people to be free from our tyrannical yoke, and France was justified in aiding their revolt. Nor is it indeed doubtful, that during last century they cost us far more than the gain they brought. Happily, the circumstances are altered now. We have repented, we have done penance, we have borne our share in making amends. Ireland, therefore, seeks no longer to separate ; even the cry for repeal of the legislative union has died out ; and her angriest remonstrance of late years was that excited by the proposal to withdraw the representative and emblem of English Royalty. The lesson is an important one for ourselves and for Europe.

So now, with clean hands, with the sad but blessed knowledge in our own consciences of the wrong we have heretofore done, we

may as a nation inaugurate a new epoch. The world has dreed its weird of sin and suffering—a brighter day seems now to dawn upon it. The cycle of education has nearly run its course. The false civilisation of heathenism was fifteen hundred years ago swept away by the irruption of fresh and untainted barbarism. Christianity found in it a healthy seedbed—in the hearts of devout men it sprang at once to a hundred-fold fruition—in the mass it has grown from the grain of mustard-seed to the tree which shelters all living things within its branches. But as yet men have confined its precepts to the regulation of individual life, and to the dealings of man with man. So they have forbidden personal violence and commanded respect for private property. But they have not yet openly and avowedly proclaimed that it forms the rule for nations as for men. What unnumbered woes have followed its non-recognition in this wider field! The conquest of nation by nation, the attempt to redress conquest by assigning nation as subject to nation, war never-ending, the horrors of barbarism made perennial, industry annihilated, manhood crushed. At length we have learned the folly of fighting against God. Simultaneously with our recognition of the fact that nationalities are ineradicable by territorial arrangement, there has sprung up fresh life in nations. The peoples whom nature made one, and whom only local dissention kept asunder, have rushed together, and clasped hands in brotherly self-sacrifice. Those whom we almost thought broken and humbled at last to the level of their fate, have sprung up with the frantic energy of the buried in a living tomb. Meanwhile, the extreme case of all in the problems relating to the domination of race over race is hastening to solution before our eyes. African slavery, abolished already in this generation by every European power except Spain, is in the course of inevitable extinction in the nation that has profited most by it, and to whose industry it was deemed most essential. There, as everywhere it must, the sin is indeed bearing bitter fruit. The penalty which we had to abide for it was mercifully restricted to loss of property. But in America the life of a white man is being paid down for that of every black man who has perished by the lash or by disease in the cotton lands or the rice swamps, and the wailing of a white mother or wife rises to expiate the agony of every severed domestic tie of the unregarded slave. Yet out of all evil springs good at last, and, terminate how the contest will, the end of slavery is inevitably come. Alone, this might event would stamp our age as an epoch in the world. But it is not alone. It is consentaneous with the advancing knowledge of God in all the world, with the new deference to divine law among every people, with the clearer working of the Spirit in

the hearts of mankind. Shall we not give it its free course? Shall we not resolve to make it henceforth our public law as it is our private? Shall not our faith be strong enough to make us dare to do what is simply right, though it may seem fraught with danger, and though few of the world's great may at first be on our other side? Shall we count timidly the human odds when we know that we are warring for the love of Christ, or shall we not rather believe, in the devoutly daring figure of Lloyd Garrison, that 'One man, with God, is a majority.'

So preaching and so acting, let us doubt not the coming triumph. The instinct which the breath of God is breathing anew into so many nations, the instinct of national life and of universal brotherhood, is no deceptive guide. We have tried it whether it be of God, and it returns a clear answer to our questionings. It leads us in the way where the highest reason and the teachings of the most indisputable experience bid us go. To the supreme test it yields as clear response. It confesses that Christ is come in the flesh, and it commands us to give expression by our acts to the message of His advent, Peace on earth, and good-will toward men. For it desires us to take those means by which lasting peace may be alone purchased, and good-will may be alone secured for the heritage of all. It bids us respect the divinely implanted longing for national independence, and aid in the struggle for liberty of body and soul, wherever we can strike a blow in its behalf. It is in harmony with the Apostle's declaration, that 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.' Distinction of nationality, unity of brotherhood, are its maxims, as they were of Paul, standing in the midst of Mars Hill. We have won the former for ourselves through many a bloody struggle. Be it ours now to confess the latter, not in words only, but in acts. In the struggles of our brethren let us no longer give barren sympathy while we pass by on the other side, but let us, acknowledging the call of honour, duty, reason, and religion, give that active help which shall ensure their triumph. A help which has in it no seductive sound of glory, or misleading hope of self-aggrandisement, but which is only to spring from the spirit of self-sacrifice, to be rewarded by the gratitude of our fellow-men, and to be sanctified by the blessing of that God of Love and Lord of Hosts whose ministers and whose soldiers we shall so approve ourselves.

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